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# *Memoirs of the life, writings, and amours of William Congreve, Esq*

Charles Wilson, Mr. Oldmixon (John)

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M.r Cooke Scalp

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M.r Vdr Gucht Sculp.

Mr William Congreve

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# MEMOIRS

OF THE

## *Life, Writings,* and *Amours*

OF

## WILLIAM CONGREVE *Esq;*

Interſperſed with

## Miſcellaneous Eſſays, Letters, and Characters, Written by Him.

ALSO

Some very Curious Memoirs of Mr. DRYDEN and his FAMILY, with a Character of Him and his Writings, by Mr. CONGREVE.

---

Compiled from their reſpective Originals,
By *CHARLES WILSON Esq;*

---

*Poets* have an unqueſtion'd Right to claim,
If not the *Greateſt*, the *moſt Laſting Name.*
CONGREVE.

---

*LONDON:*
Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXX.
(Price 5 s.)

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To the Honourable

# George Duckett *Esq*;

One of the Commissioners of His Majesty's Revenue of Excise.

*SIR*,

WITH a formal kind of Ceremony, had I ask'd your leave for this Address, so very sensible



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am I of the Benevolence of your Temper (which delights much more in doing generous Actions, than in having them blazon'd abroad) you would have declin'd it. Yet tho' I have taken this Freedom, I am ſure I ſhall not diſpleaſe you, becauſe my Offering is a *Memorial* of one of the fineſt *Genii* this Nation ever produc'd, (if Mr. *Dryden*'s Judgment be of any weight) and one whom all knew to be a hearty Lover of his Country. He was

like-

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likewiſe a *Brother-Commiſſioner*, which in theſe Days of *Dunciad-Scandal*, is, it ſeems a *notorious Sarcaſm*; but the *Impotent Malice* of ſuch Libellers (who love to *Laugh*, where they cannot *Ridicule*; and to *Rally*, where they cannot *Reaſon*) has no *Force*, and the *Effect* is fully ſumm'd up in this excellent Diſtich of my Lord *Rocheſter*'s Satire againſt Man.

So

*So Magick Ointments make*
*an old Witch fly,*
*And bear a cripled Carcaſs*
*thro' the Sky.*

Your Affection for the Muſes will be as immortal as the Fame of the Author of PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS; and I dare ſay, you do not deſire it ſhould have a longer Date.

To conclude, Sir, I will not *flatter* you, but be very *vain* myſelf, by a firm Confidence, that the following

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lowing Papers will afford you *ſome Pleaſure*; and the greateſt Satisfaction I can enjoy, is your permitting me to ſubſcribe myſelf, *Sir*,

*Your Moſt Obedient*,

*Humble Servant*,

*Bath, July 14, 1729.*

CHA. WILSON.



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Dedication. vii

loving Papers will afford
you some Pleasure; and
the greater Satisfaction I
can enjoy, is your permit-
ting me to subscribe my-
self, Sir,

Your Most Obedient,

Humble Servant.

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# PREFACE.

I *Shall take this proper, and just Opportunity of admoniſhing one Dr.* A*** *a* Scot, *rather to apply* Terence's Hoc Age *to his own Profeſſion, than to be ſo officious in playing the* Buſy-Body, *by intermedling in Affairs which no ways concern him. I know he is much more re-*

*remarkable for* Politicks * *than* Physick, *and for* Wit *than* Wisdom †; *and 'tis great pity that his Qualifications were remov'd from their Center of Gravity; for as our renowned Countryman* Cleveland *has demonstratively observ'd,*

*Had* CAIN *been* Scot, GOD *had*
revers'd *his* Doom,
*Not forc'd him* wander, *but confin'd*
*him* home.

*A*

* Mr. *Bell*, a Bookseller in *Cornhill*, formerly told me, that our Dr. was Author of a Sermon said to have been preach'd at the *Mercat-Cross* of *Edinburgh*, during the time of negociating the UNION between the two Kingdoms.

† Witness his notable Farce, call'd, *Three Hours after Marriage*, level'd at Dr. *Woodward*, a Man to whom, even in the minutest Degree, he is not worthy to compare.

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*A certain Lady, to whom Mr.* Congreve *bequeath'd a handſome Legacy, would be more prudent, if hereafter ſhe would not be ſo fond of expoſing her own Ignorance in the* Republick *of* Letters; *for her Inquiſitiveneſs led her ſo far, as to* fancy *ſhe had a* Right *to demand a ſight of theſe Papers, while they were under the Preſs; which being* juſtly *refus'd her, ſhe then wanted to know by what Authority Mr.* Congreve's *Life was written, and what Pieces were contain'd in it that were genuine? Upon being civilly told, there would be found ſeveral Eſſays, Letters and Characters of that Gentleman's writing, ſhe with a moſt affected, contradictory, Dramatick-drawl, cry'd out,* Not one ſingle Sheet of Paper I dare to ſwear.



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*I know no more Business that any Person whatever has, nor any more Authority, to make any Inquisition after the* Printing *Mr.* Congreve's *Will, than I have to censure Him for* making *it. And therefore as my Sphere of Life is in a tolerable Degree of Situation, I value neither the Messages nor Threats, either of Peer or Peasant, on these occasions; and as such* Drawcansir-*Bullyings proceed only from an* insolent Arrogance, *I here return for* Answer, *the most* abject Contempt, *being the only* suitable Requital. *I employ'd Mr.* Curll *to print these* Memoirs, *and think my* own Authority *sufficient for whatever I am* inclin'd *to* publish. *Therefore if Dr.* A*** *be dispatch'd with any more Expresses, he may, if he pleases, come to*



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*me; who are as easily to be found in* Great-Ruſſel-Street, Bloomsbury, *when in Town, as he is in* Burlington-Gardens.

Chs. Wilſon.

P. S. *For the Sum of three Shillings and Sixpence, the following* moſt notable Advertiſement *was inſerted in the* Daily-Post *of* April 29. 1729. viz.

"*Whereas it has been advertis'd by* "E. Curll, *that there is now in the* "*Preſs, miſcellaneous Eſſays and fa-* "*miliar Letters, by* William Con- "greve *Eſq; to which will be prefix'd* "*Memoirs of his Life, Writings and* "*Amours, by* Charles Wilſon *Eſq;* "*This is therefore to inform the Pub-* "*lick, that Mr.* Congreve's *Life*, &c.

"*will*

*" will be publiſh'd with all poſſible*
*" ſpeed from authentick Papers, by a*
*" good Hand ſufficiently authorized.*
*" To which will be added, an Account*
*" of his Works already printed, as well*
*" as of his poſthumous Writings, of*
*" which no other Perſon can have any*
*" Memoirs relating thereto.*

*Well, Mr.* Anonymous, *you now have what Mr.* Curll, *by my Direction, adverti ſed. I have written Mr.* Congreve's *Life, not from Papers, but from an intimate Acquaintance with him of near thirty Years. I have alſo given an exact Account of all his Works already printed. As to his poſthumous Papers I know nothing; but am pretty well convinc'd that whenever your doughty Performance*

*ſtarts*

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*ſtarts forth, your* Authority *and* Ability *will appear equally ridiculous.*

*Now to convince our* authorized good Hand *that there was a very friendly Correſpondence between Mr.* Congreve *and Mr.* Curll; *when he was printing the firſt Volume of the Lives of the Poets, intitled,* The Poetical Regiſter, *He intimated his Deſign to Mr.* Congreve *requeſting his Account of himſelf, and Writings, (he having been repreſented by ſome Scriblers as an* Iriſhman ;) *upon which Mr.* Congreve *ſent the following Letter,* viz.

*Surrey-ſtreet, July* 7, 1719.

*Sir,*

" I much approve the Uſefulneſs " of your Work; any Morning, about " Eleven, I ſhall be very ready to " give

"give you the Account of my "own poor Trifles and Self, or any "thing else that has fallen within "the compass of my Knowledge, "relating to any of my Poetical "Friends.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your Humble Servant,*

William Congreve.

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# MEMOIRS, &c.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, *Esq*; (descended from the very ancient Family of the *Congreves*, of *Staffordshire*) was the only surviving Son of *William Congreve*, Esq; (who was second Son to *Richard Congreve*, Esq; of *Congreve* and *Stretton*, in that County.) He was born at *Bardsa*, a small Village, near *Leeds* in *Yorkshire*, 1672; which Place is a part of the Estate of Sir *John Lewis*, his Great-Uncle by his Mother's Side. His Father being a younger Brother, his Affairs, and Command in the Army, carry'd him into *Ireland*, when our Author was very young; by which Means, he had his Education, as to Human Learning, in the great School or College of *Kilkenny*, and the University of *Dublin*; from whence returning into *England* soon after the Revolution, 1688, he was enter'd of the *Middle-Temple*, where he began the Study of the Law; but did not make so great a Progress as ever to be called to the Bar. His Taste was too delicate, and his Wit of too fine a Turn, to be long



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pleas'd with a crabbed unpalatable Study; in which, the laborious dull plodding Fellow, generally excells the more ſprightly and vivacious Wit. This, concurring with his natural Inclinations to Poetry, diverted him from the Bar, to the Aſſiſtance of the declining Stage, which then ſtood in need of ſuch a Support.

The ſmall ſpace of four Years, or leſs, put a Period to Mr. *Congreve*'s Study of the Law, and produc'd an excellent Comedy. In the Year 1693, the *Old Batchelor* was Acted on the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*. The Author in his Dedication of this Comedy to the Lord *Clifford*, ſaid, *It was with a great deal of Pleaſure, that he laid hold on this firſt Occaſion, which, the Accidents of his Life had given him, of writing to his Lordſhip.* He proceeds to acknowledge the Obligations he had to his Lordſhip and his Family. The ſincereſt Gratitude, being one of Mr. *Congreve*'s moſt remarkable Accompliſhments, in all Inſtances of Life, whether Public or Private. The *Prologue* to the *Old Batchelor* was ſpoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and the *Epilogue* by Mrs. *Barry*, who thus repreſents the Poet's Caſe,

As a raſh Girl; who will all Hazards run,
And be Enjoy'd, tho' ſure to be undone;

Soon

Soon as her Curiosity —— is over,
Would give the World she could her Toy recover.
Women and Wits are us'd e'en much at one,
You gain your Ends, and damn 'em when you've done.

The Moral of this Play, as summ'd up in the Simile of a Cart-Horse, is extreamly entertaining.

With gaudy Plumes, and jingling Bells made Proud,
The youthful Beast sets forth, and neighs aloud.
A Morning Sun his Tinsell'd Harness gilds,
But, Oh ——
What rugged Ways attend the Noon of Life!
(Our Sun declining) with what anxious Strife,
What Pain we tug that galling Load, a Wife?
All Coursers the first Heat with Vigour run;
But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won.

This Comedy was Acted with universal Applause, and ushor'd into the World with several Copies of Verses, suitable to its Merit; tho' Mr. *Congreve* when he wrote it, was not nineteen Years of Age, and about One and twenty when it was brought on the Stage.

The next Year 1694, The *Double Dealer* was Acted on the same Theatre. This Co-



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medy was Dedicated to the Lord *Halifax*. His Patron's fine Taſte is moſt elegantly deſcrib'd: *For*, ſays Mr. *Congreve* to him, *I think I don't ſpeak improperly when I call you a Lover of Poetry; for it is very well known, ſhe has been a very kind Miſtreſs to you; ſhe has not deny'd you the laſt Favour; and ſhe has been very fruitful to you in a moſt beautiful Iſſue.* In this Addreſs, our Poet likewiſe examines ſome malevolent Objections brought againſt this Comedy, and thus ſums up the Evidence very conciſely; *It may be found*, ſays he, *that my Criticks have miſtaken* Cunning *in one Character*, * *for* Folly *in* || *another.*

*But there is one Thing, at which I am more concern'd, than all the falſe Criticiſms that are made upon me; and that is, ſome of the Ladies are offended. I am heartily ſorry for it; for I declare, I would rather diſoblige all the Criticks in the World than one of the Fair Sex. They are concern'd that I have repreſented ſome Women Vicious and Affected: How can I help it? They who are Virtuous or Diſcreet ſhould not be offended, for ſuch Characters as theſe, diſtinguiſh* them; *and make their Beauties more ſhining and obſerved. And they who are of the other kind, may*

* *Maskwell.* || *Mellefont.*

*never-*

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*nevertheless pass for such, by seeming not to be displeas'd, or touch'd with the Satire of this* Comedy. *Thus have they also wrongfully accus'd me of doing them a Prejudice, when I have in reality done them a Service.*

The *Prologue* was likewise spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, but the *Epilogue* by Mrs. *Mountfort*. This Comedy closes with a just Moral.

Let *secret* Villany from hence be warn'd, *&c.* *

Both these Plays were honour'd with the Royal Presence of the incomparable Queen *MARY*, which occasion'd the following Verses, on her Majesty's seeing the *former*, after the *latter*,

By this repeated Act of Grace, we see
Wit is again the Care of Majesty;
And while thus Honour'd our proud Stage appears,
We seem to rival antient Theaters.
Thus flourish'd Wit in our Forefather's Age,
And thus the *Roman* and *Athenian* Stage.

Whose Wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;
But this we know, our Audience will excell;

* Pag. 37. see more on this Topic.



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For never was in *Rome*, nor *Athens* seen
So fair a *Circle*, and so bright a QUEEN.

But these *Halcyon* Days were soon o'ercast, by the setting of our glorious Sun; for the Close of the Year 1694, depriv'd us of that immortal Princess: Upon whose Death, Mr. *Congreve* has given us one of the finest *Pastorals* extant in the *English* Tongue.

The Portrait of her Majesty, whom he shadows under the Name of *PASTORA*, is, in my Opinion, beyond any Thing to be found among the *Ancients*.

O she was heav'nly fair, in Face and Mind!
Never in Nature were such Beauties join'd:
Without, all shining; and within, all white;
Pure to the Sense, and pleasing to the Sight;
Like some rare Flow'r, whose Leaves all Colours yield,
And op'ning, is with sweetest Odours fill'd.
As lofty *Pines* o'ertop the lowly *Reed*,
So did her graceful Height, all Nymphs exceed,
To which excelling Height, she bore a Mind
Humble as *Osiers*, bending to the Wind.
Thus excellent she was ——
Ah wretched Fate! She was, but is no more.
Help me ye Hills, and Vallies, to deplore.



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*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,*
*And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

The next Year 1695, The Stage Factions grew so high, that the Company divided, and Mr. *Betterton* being the most injur'd Person, Mr. *Congreve* the more stedfastly adher'd to him and his Party, and accordingly gave them the Comedy of *Love* for *Love*, to open the New Theatre, which Mr. *Betterton* had made out of the Tennis-Court, in *Portugal-Row*, in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. It had a greater Run than either of the former Plays, and was Dedicated to the Earl of *Dorset*. As Mr. *Congreve* before prov'd my Lord *Halifax* a most successful *Lover* in *Poetry*, he now, as judiciously, confers the *Laurel* on his present Patron. *Whoever is King*, says he, *is also the Father of his Country; and as no Body can dispute your Lordship's* Monarchy *in* Poetry; *so all that are concern'd, ought to acknowledge your Universal Patronage: And it is only presuming on the Privilege of a Loyal Subject, that I have ventur'd to make this my Address of Thanks to your Lordship; which at the same Time, includes a Prayer for your Protection.*

A *Prologue* suited to the Occasion of the *Stage Differences*, was spoken by Mr. *Betterton*, who thus address'd the Audience,

As Nature gave the *World* to *Man*'s first Age,
So from your Bounty, *we* receive this *Stage*, &c.

The *Epilogue* was ſpoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, to the ſame Purpoſe, founded on the agreeable Simile of *Pythagoras*'s Doctrine concerning *Tranſmigration*, for, ſays ſhe,

Methinks we *Players* reſemble Such a *Soul*,
That, does from *Bodies*, We from *Houſes* ſtrole.
Thus *Ariſtotle*'s Soul, of Old that was,
May now be doom'd to animate an *Aſs*;
Or in this very Houſe, for aught we know,
Is doing painful Penance in ſome *Beau*.
And thus our Audience, which did once reſort
To ſhining Theaters, to ſee our Sport,
Now find us toſt into a *Tennis-Court*.
Thus from the paſt, we hope for future Grace,
I beg it ———
And ſome here know, I have a begging Face.
Then pray continue this your kind Behaviour,
For a clear Stage won't do without your Favour.

Our Poet, in this Comedy, has fixt the Conſtancy on the Male-ſide of the Queſtion, thus pronouncing, in favour of the Man of Honour,

The Miracle to Day is, that we find
A *Lover* true: Not that a *Woman*'s Kind.

Mr.

Mr. *Congreve*'s next Performance, was, The *Mourning Bride*, a Tragedy; which was likewise Acted in *Lincoln*'s-*Inn-Fields*, 1697, and Dedicated to Princess *ANNE* of *Denmark*. Herein he tells his Royal Patroness, that *this Poem constituted on a Moral, whose End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of consequence has recourse to her Royal Highness's Patronage; aspiring*, says he, *to cast it self beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence. 'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Fashion in the People, for even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.*

The *Prologue* was spoken by Mr. *Betterton*, wherein he assures the Audience, that in this Piece,

To Please and Move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miss'd, in vain he boasts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart. *&c.*

The *Epilogue* was spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, who dismiss'd the Audience in good Humour, and the Fault-finders with this just Sarcasm,

*Cri-*

*Criticks* to *Plays* for the ſame End reſort,
That *Surgeons* wait on Tryals in a *Court*;
For Innocence Condemn'd they've no reſpect,
Provided they've a Body to Diſſect.
*As Suſſex* Men, that dwell upon the Shore,
Look out when Storms ariſe and Billows roar,
Devoutly praying with uplifted Hands,
That ſome well-laden Ship may ſtrike the Sands;
To whoſe rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So *Criticks* throng to ſee a New Play ſplit,
And thrive and proſper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope our Poet from theſe Proſpects draws,
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cauſe,
With whom he hopes this Play will Favour find,
Which was an Off'ring to the Sex deſign'd.

The Moral of this Tragedy is wound up by *Alonſo*, who thus addreſſes *Garcia*,

Let us, who thro' our Innocence ſurvive,
Still in the Paths of Honour perſevere,
And not, from paſt, or preſent Ills deſpair:
For Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late, a ſure Reward ſucceeds.

In the Year 1698, Mr. *Congreve*'s four Plays were attack'd from the Preſs, by Mr. *Collier*,

*Collier*, in his *View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*. To which, Mr. *Congreve* gave a very just Reprehenſion, as will be found in the following Papers.

The laſt of Mr. *Congreve*'s Plays, brought upon the Stage, was, *The Way of the World*. This Comedy was alſo perform'd by Mr. *Betterton*'s Company, in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, Dedicated to the Earl of *Montagu*, *Whatever Value*, ſays he, *may be wanting to this Play, while yet it is Mine, will be ſufficiently made up to it when it is once become your Lordſhip's; and it is my Security, that I cannot have over-rated it more by my Dedication, than your Lordſhip will dignify it by your Patronage.*

The unkind Reception this excellent Comedy met with, was truly the Cauſe of Mr. *Congreve*'s juſt Reſentment; and upon which, I have often heard him declare, that he had form'd a ſtrong Reſolution never more to concern himſelf with Dramatical Writings. But before we purſue this ungrateful Topic any farther, (tho' the mention of it in this Place was abſolutely neceſſary, in order to do his Memory Juſtice) we will take a ſhort View of this Comedy.

The *Prologue* was ſpoken by Mr. *Betterton*, and the Sentiments of the Players were theſe, Some

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Some *Plot* we think he *has*, and ſome new *Thought*,
Some *Humour* too, no Farce; but that's a *Fault*,
*Satire* he thinks, you ought not to expect;
For ſo reform'd a Town, who dares correct?

The *Epilogue* was ſpoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, who, addreſſing herſelf to a certain Part of the Audience, fairly tells them,

There are ſome Criticks ſo with ſpleen diſeas'd,
They ſcarcely come Inclining to be pleas'd:
And ſure he muſt have more than mortal Skill,
Who pleaſes any one againſt his Will.
Then all bad Poets we are ſure are Foes,
And how their Number's ſwell'd, the Town well knows.
In Shoals I've mark'd 'em, judging in the Pit;
Tho' they're on no Pretence for Judgment fit,
But that they have been damn'd for want of Wit.

The Moral of the Play is thus ſumm'd up.

From hence, let thoſe be warn'd, who mean to Wed;
Leſt *mutual Falſhood* ſtain the Bridal Bed;
For each Deceiver to his Coſt may find,
That *Marriage Frauds* too oft are paid in *Kind*.

The

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The Critical Incapacity of the poor Wretches, who pretended to find Fault with the *Way of the World*, is very justly reprehended by Mr. *Congreve* himself; for he tells his Patron, the Earl of *Montagu*, that, *but little of this Play was prepar'd for that general Taste, which seems now to be predominant in the Pallats of our Audience. Those Characters*, adds he, *which are meant to be ridicul'd in most of our Comedies, are of Fools so gross, that in my humble Opinion, they should rather disturb, than divert the well-natur'd and reflecting* Part *of an Audience; they are rather Objects of Charity than Contempt; and instead of moving our Mirth, they ought very often to excite our Compassion.*

We now come to *The Judgment of PARIS.*

The Chorus of the Three Goddesses, in this *Masque*, (*Venus*, *Pallas*, and *Juno*) who each cry out,

*Hither turn Thee gentle Swain*, &c.

Makes the Sentiments *Paris* pronounces, appear inimitably beautiful, *viz.*

Distracted I turn, but I cannot decide;
So equal a Title sure never was try'd.

United

United your Beauties so dazzle the Sight,
That lost in Amaze,
I giddily gaze,
Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a Torrent of Light.

Apart let me view then *each* Heav'nly Fair,
For *Three* at a Time there's no Mortal can bear;
And since a gay Robe an ill Shape may disguise,
When *each* is undress,
I'll judge of the best,
For 'tis not a Face that must carry the Prize.

Every Word in this Masque is Music, and *Juno*'s Song, *Let Ambition fire thy Mind*, &c. renders it Immortal.

At length this un-answerable Plea, obtains the *Apple* from *Paris*.

*VENUS rules* the *GODS* above,
*LOVE rules them*, and *SHE rules Love*.

In the Year 1710, he publish'd SEMELE, an Opera, (never perform'd, but excellently set to Music, by his Friend Mr. *John Eccles*,) form'd upon this *Story*, *viz.* 'After *Jupiter*'s 'Amour with *Europa*, he again incenses *Juno*, by a new Affair, in the same Family, 'with *Semele*, Neice to *Europa*. The Nuptials of *Semele*, being about to be solemniz'd with *Athamas*; *Jupiter*, by ill Omens, 'inter-

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'interrupts the Ceremony; and afterwards, 'transports *Semele* to a private Abode pre-'par'd for her. *Juno* after many Contri-'vances, at length assumes the Stage, and 'the Voice of *Ino*, Sister to *Semele*, by the 'help of which Disguise and artful Insinua-'tions, she contrives her utter Ruin.

*Semele* being discover'd sleeping in an Apartment of her Palace, *Cupid* thus Sings.

See, after the Toils of an Amorous Fight,
Where weary and pleas'd still panting she lies;
While yet in her Mind, she repeats the Delight,
How sweet is the slumber that steals on her Eyes! &c,

Having gone through all Mr. *Congreve*'s *Plays*, we come next to his *Miscellaneous Poems*, for,

By no one Measure bound, his Numbers range,
And unresolv'd in Choice, delight in Change.

This Volume is Dedicated, in an elegant Poetical Epistle, to the Earl of *Halifax*, concluding thus,

The

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The Honours which from Verſe their Source derive,
Shall both ſurmount Detraction, and ſurvive:
And Poets have unqueſtion'd Right to claim,
If not the Greateſt, the moſt Laſting Name.

This Collection opens with his fine *Paſtoral*, on the Death of Queen *MARY*, (before mention'd) and his next Piece, is an *ODE* on the taking of *Namure*, thus painting the Immortal King *WILLIAM*.

*WILLIAM* alone, my feeble Voice can raiſe;
What Voice ſo weak, that cannot ſing his Praiſe?
The liſt'ning World, each Whiſper will befriend
That breathes his Name, and ev'ry Ear attend *&c.*

There are many other fine Pieces in this Collection *; but what I ſhall next obſerve, is, his *Paſtoral* on the Death of the Marquiſs of *Blanford*, (only Son of the Duke of *Marlborough*, who died of the Small-pox, at *Cambridge*, and lies interr'd in *King*'s-*College* Chapel) He is ſhadow'd in this *Paſtoral*, under the Name of *Amyntas*, whom thus, the Poet moſt Pathetically explores.

* The *Birth* of the *Muſe*. Select Tranſlations from *Homer*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Ovid*, &c.

To

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To mourn thy Fall, I'll fly the hated Light,
And hide my Head in Shades of endleſs Night:
For thou wert Light, and Life, and Health to me;
The Sun but thankleſs ſhines, that ſhews not Thee.
Wert thou not Lovely, Graceful, Good, and Young?
The Joy of Sight, the talk of ev'ry Tongue;
Did ever Branch ſo ſweet a Bloſſom bear?
Or ever early Fruit appear ſo fair?
Did ever Youth ſo far his Years tranſcend?
Did ever Life ſo immaturely end?
For Thee the tuneful Swains, provided lays,
And ev'ry Muſe prepar'd thy future Praiſe.
For Thee the buſy Nymphs ſtript ev'ry Grove,
And Myrtle Wreaths, and Flow'ry Chaplets wove.
But now, ah diſmal Change! The tuneful Throng,
To loud Lamentings, turn the chearful Song.
Their pleaſing Task, the weeping Virgins leave,
And with unfurniſh'd Garlands, ſtrew thy Grave.
There let me fall; there, there, lamenting lie,
There grieving, grow to Earth, deſpair and die.

This *PASTORAL*, Mr. *Congreve* inſcrib'd to the late Earl of *Godolphin*. To whom alſo, he addreſs'd, A *Pindarick ODE*, thus reciting his Lordſhip's noble Endowments;

Whether, thy Days and Nights are ſpent
In Cares, on Public-Good intent;
Or whether, leiſure Hours invite
To manly Sports, or to refin'd Delight;
In Courts reſiding, or to Plains retir'd,
Where gen'rous Steeds conteſt, with Emulation fir'd.

This fine Alluſion, is to the great Pleaſure his Lordſhip took in the *Horſe*-Races at *New-Market*, where he built himſelf a very elegant Sporting-Seat.

Thus, thou *Godolphin*, doſt with *Marlbro*, ſtrive,
From whoſe joint Toils, we Reſt derive:
Triumph in Wars Abroad, his Arm aſſures,
Sweet Peace at Home, thy care ſecures.

Mr. *Congreve*, in his *Ode* to the late *QUEEN*, on the victorious Progreſs of her Majeſty's Arms, under the Conduct of the Duke of *Marlborough*; has this beautiful Invocation!

Riſe, fair *Auguſta*, lift thy Head,
With golden Tow'rs thy Front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from *Tithon*'s Bed,
With chearful Ray the ruddy Morn.

Thy

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Thy lovely Form, and fresh reviving State,
In cryftal Flood of *Thames* survey;
Then, bless thy better Fate:
Bless *ANNA*'s most auspicious Sway.
While distant Realms, and Neighb'ring Lands,
Arm'd Troops, and hostile Bands
On ev'ry Side molest,
Thy happier Clime is free,
Fair *CAPITAL* of Liberty;
And plenty knows, and Days of *Halcyon* rest.

After his *Royal Mistress*, he thus Records the *Duke*.

Cou'd but thy Voice of *Bleinheim* sing,
And with Success that Song pursue;
What Art cou'd aid thy weary Wing,
To keep the Victor still in view?
For as the Sun ne'er stops his radiant Flight,
Nor sets but with impartial Ray,
To all who want his Light,
Alternately transfers the Day:
So in the glorious Round of Fame,
Great *Marlbro* still the same,
Incessant runs his Course;
To Climes remote, and near,
His conqu'ring Arms by turns appear,
And universal is his Aid and Force.



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Many other entertaining Copies of Verſes are to be met with, in Mr. *Congreve*'s Poems, but the laſt I ſhall here take Notice of, is his moſt polite Epiſtle *Of PLEASING*; Addreſs'd to Sir *Richard Temple*, (now Lord *Cobham*) wherein, having juſtly enumerated the Praiſes of the *beſt Poets*, he gives this impartial Cenſure of the *worſt*; including the Snarlers againſt himſelf,

Well do they play the careful Critic's Part,
Inſtructing *doubly* by their matchleſs Art:
Rules for *good* Verſe they *firſt* with Pains indite,
*Then* ſhew us what are *bad*, by what *they write*.

Thus have we regularly gone through the Edition of Mr. *Congreve*'s Works, publiſh'd by himſelf in three Volumes *Octavo*, 1710. Theſe do not contain the whole of his Writings, but are only his *Poetical Works*. The Public are likewiſe oblig'd to him for ſeveral ingenious Pieces in Proſe, among the Papers of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian* There are alſo, ſome *Familiar Letters* of his, and an excellent *Novel* which we ſhall ſubjoin to theſe Memoirs.

A true State of the Controverſy between Mr. *Collier* and Mr. *Congreve*, is thus given by

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by himself in the following Letters to his dear Friend *Walter Moyle*, Esq.

## LETTER I.

*SIR,*

I Have been told by Some, that They should think me very Idle, if I threw away any Time in taking notice, even of so much of Mr. *Collier*'s late Treatise of the *Immorality, &c.* of the *English STAGE*, as related to my self, in respect of some Plays written by me: For that his Malicious and strain'd *Interpretations* of my Words, were so gross and palpable, that any indifferent, and unprejudic'd Reader, would immediately condemn him upon his own Evidence, and acquit me before I could make my Defence.

On the other Hand, I have been tax'd of Laziness, and too much Security in neglecting thus long to do my self a necessary Right, which might be effected with so very little Pains; since very little more is requisite in my Vindication, than to represent truly at length, those Passages which Mr. *Collier* has shewn imperfectly, and for the most Part by Halves. I would rather be thought Idle than Lazy; and so the last Advice prevails with me.



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I have no Intention to examine all the Abſurdities and Falſhoods in Mr. *Collier*'s Book; to uſe the Gentleman's own Metaphor in his Preface, *An Inventory of ſuch a Ware-Houſe would be a large Work.* My Detection of his Malice and Ignorance, of his Sophiſtry and vaſt Aſſurance, will lie within a narrow Compaſs, and only bear a Proportion to ſo much of his Book, as concerns my ſelf.

Leaſt of all, would I undertake to defend the Corruptions of the Stage; indeed if I were ſo inclin'd, Mr. *Collier* has given me no Occaſion; for the greater Part of thoſe Examples which he has produc'd, are only Demonſtrations of his own Impurity, they only ſavour of his Utterance, and were ſweet enough 'till tainted by his Breath.

I will not juſtifie any of my own Errors, I am ſenſible of many; and if Mr. *Collier*, has by any Accident ſtumbled on one or two, I will freely give them up to him, *Nullum unquam ingenium placuit ſine venia.* But I hope I have done nothing that can deprive me of the Benefit of my Clergy; and tho' Mr. *Collier* himſelf were the Ordinary, I may hope to be acquitted.

My

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My Intention therefore, is to do little elſe, but to reſtore thoſe Paſſages to their primitive Station, which have ſuffer'd ſo much in being tranſplanted by him: I will remove 'em from his Dunghil, and replant 'em in the Field of Nature; and when I have waſh'd 'em of that Filth which they have contracted in paſſing thro' his very dirty Hands, let their own Innocence protect them.

Mr. *Collier*, in the high Vigour of his Obſcenity, firſt commits a Rape upon my Words, *and then* arraigns 'em of Immodeſty; he has Barbarity enough to accuſe the very Virgins that he has deflowr'd, and to make ſure of their Condemnation, he has himſelf made 'em guilty: But he forgets that while he publiſhes Their ſhame, he divulges his Own.

His Artifice to make Words guilty of Profaneneſs, is of the ſame Nature; for where the Expreſſion is unblamable in its own clear and genuine Signification, he enters into it himſelf, like the evil Spirit; he Poſſeſſes the innocent Phraſe, and makes it bellow forth his own Blaſphemies; ſo *that one would think the Muſe was Legion*, p. 81.



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To reprimand him a little in his own Words, if these Passages produc'd by Mr. *Collier* are obscene and profane, *Why were they rak'd in and disturb'd, unless it were to conjure up Vice, and revive Impurities? Indeed Mr.* Collier *has a very untoward Way with him; his Pen has such a Libertine Stroke, that 'tis a Question whether the Practice or Reproof be the more licentious.*

*He teaches those Vices he would correct, and writes more like a* Pimp *than a* Parson. *Since the Business must be undertaken, why was not the Thought blanch'd, the Expression made remote, and the ill Features cast into Shadows?* p. 70, 71. So far from this, which is his own Instruction in his own Words, is Mr. *Collier*'s Way of Proceeding, that he has blackned the Thoughts with his own *Smut*; the Expression that was remote, he has brought nearer; and lest by being brought near, its native Innocence might be more visible, he has frequently varied it, he has new-molded it, and stamp'd his own Image on it; so that it is at length become current Deformity, and fit to be paid into the Devil's Exchequer.

I will therefore take the Liberty to exorcise this evil Spirit, and whip him out of my

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my Plays, wherever I can meet with him. Mr. *Collier* has revers'd the Story which he relates from *Tertullian*, *p.* 257. and after his Visitation of the Play-house, returns, having left the Devil behind him.

If I do not return his Civilities in calling him Names, it is because I am not very well vers'd in his *Nomenclatures*; therefore for his *Foot-pads*, which he calls us in his Preface, and for his *Buffoons* and *Slaves in the Saturnalia*, which he frequently bestows on us in the rest of his Book, *p.* 81, 63, 175. I will only call him Mr. *Collier*, and that I will call him, as often as I think he shall deserve it. And, I will always call my self,

July 14, 1697. *Your most oblig'd*

*Humble Servant*

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

## LETTER II.

*SIR*,

BEfore I proceed against Mr. *Collier*, for Method's sake, I must premise some few Things.

*First*,

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*First*, I desire I may lay down ARISTOTLE's *Definition* of *Comedy*; which has been the *Compass* whereby all the *Comic Poets*, since his time, have *steer'd their Course*. I mean those whom Mr. *Collier* so very frequently calls *Comedians*; for the Distinction between *Comicus* and *Comœdus*, and *Tragicus* and *Tragœdus*, is what he has not met with in the long Progress of his Reading.

*Comedy* (says *Aristotle*) is an Imitation of the worse sort of People. μίμησις φαυλοτέρων, *imitatio pejorum*. He does not mean the worse sort of People in respect to their Quality, but in respect to their Manners. This is plain, from his telling you immediately after, that he does not mean κατὰ πάσαν κακίαν, relating to all kinds of Vice: there are Crimes too daring and too horrid for Comedy. But the Vices most frequent, and which are the common Practice of the looser sort of Livers, are the subject Matter of Comedy. He tells us farther, that they must be exposed after a ridiculous Manner: For Men are to be laugh'd out of their Vices in Comedy; the Business of Comedy is to Delight, as well as to Instruct: And as vicious People are made asham'd of their Follies or Faults, by seeing them expos'd in a ridiculous Manner,

so

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ſo are good People at once both warn'd and diverted at their Expence.

Thus much I thought neceſſary to premiſe, that by ſhewing the Nature and End of Comedy, we may be prepared to expect Characters agreeable to it.

*Secondly*, Since Comic Poets are oblig'd by the Laws of Comedy, and to the intent that Comedy may anſwer its true End and Purpoſe above-mentioned, to repreſent vicious and fooliſh Characters: In Conſideration of *this*, I deſire that it may not be imputed to the Perſuaſion or private Sentiments of the Author, if at any time one of theſe vicious Characters in any of his Plays ſhall behave himſelf fooliſhly, or immorally in Word or Deed. I hope I am not yet unreaſonable; it were very hard that a Painter ſhould be believ'd to reſemble all the ugly Faces that he draws.

*Thirdly*, I muſt deſire you, not to conſider any Expreſſion or Paſſage cited from any Play, as it appears in Mr. *Collier*'s Book; nor to paſs any Sentence or Cenſure upon it, out of its proper Scene, or alienated from the Character by which it is ſpoken; for in that place alone, and in

in his Mouth alone, can it have its proper and true Signification.

I cannot think it reaſonable, becauſe Mr. *Collier* is pleas'd to write one Chapter of *Immodeſty*, and another of *Profaneneſs*, that therefore every Expreſſion traduc'd by him under thoſe Heads, ſhall be condemn'd as obſcene and profane immediately, and without any farther Enquiry. Perhaps Mr. *Collier* is acquainted with the *deceptio viſus*, and preſents Objects to the View thro' a ſtain'd Glaſs; things may appear ſeemingly profane, when in reality they are only ſeen through a profane *Medium*, and the true Colour is diſſembled by the help of a Sophiſtical Varniſh: Therefore, I demand the Priviledge of the *habeas Corpus* Act, that the Priſoners may have Liberty to remove, and to appear before a juſt Judge in an open and uncounterfeit Light.

*Fourthly*, Becauſe Mr. *Collier* in his Chapter of the *Profaneneſs* of the *Stage*, has founded gteat part of his Accuſation upon the Liberty which Poets take of uſing ſome Words in their Plays, which have been ſometimes employed by the Tranſlators of the Holy Scriptures: I deſire that the following Diſtinction may be admitted, *viz.* That when Words are apply'd to ſacred Things, and with

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with a purpose to treat of sacred Things; they ought to be understood accordingly: But when they are otherwise apply'd, the Diversity of the Subject gives a Diversity of Signification. And in truth, he might as well except against the common Use of the Alphabet in Poetry, because the same Letters are necessary to the spelling of Words which are mention'd in sacred Writ.

Though I have thought it requisite, and but reasonable to premise these few Things, to which, as to so many *postulata*, I may when occasion offers, refer my self; yet if there should be any Objection to the Latitude, which at first Sight they may seem to comprehend, I dare venture to assure you that may be remov'd by the Caution which I shall use, and those Limits by which I shall restrain my self, when I shall judge it proper for me to refer to them.

It may not be impertinent to take notice of a very common Expedient, which is made use of to recommend the *Instruction* of our *Plays*; which is this, After the Action of the Play is over, and the Delight of the Representation at an end, there is generally Care taken, that the *Moral* of the whole shall be summ'd up, and deliver'd to the Audience, in the very last and concluding Lines

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Lines of the Poem. The Intention of this is, that the Delight of the Repreſentation may not ſo ſtrongly poſſeſs the Minds of the Audience, as to make them forget or overſee the Inſtruction: It is the laſt thing ſaid, that it may make the laſt Impreſſion; and it is always comprehended in a few Lines, and put into Rhyme, that it may be eaſy and engaging to the Memory.

Mr. *Collier* divides his Charge againſt the Stage into theſe four Heads, 1. *Immodeſty*, 2. *Profaneneſs*, 3. *Abuſe* of the *Clergy*, and 4. *Encouragement* of *Immorality*.

I have yet written but four poor Plays; and this Author, out of a particular Favour to me, has found the means to accuſe 'em every one; of one, or more, of theſe four Crimes. I will examine each in its turn, by his Citations; and in my next, begin with the Plays in the order that they were written.

*I am, SIR,*

*Yours*, &c.

LET-

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# LETTER III.

*SIR*,

MR. *COLLIER*, in his Chapter of the *Immodesty* of the *Stage*, has not made any Quotation from my *Comedies*: But in general, finds fault with the lightness of some Characters. He mentions slightly, and I think, without any Accusation, *p.* 10, 12. *Belinda*, in the *Old Batchelor*, and *Miss Prue*, in *Love for Love*. *Miss Prue*, he says, is represented *silly to screen her Impudence*, which *amounts to this Confession, that Women when they have their Understandings about them, ought to Converse otherwise*, *p.* 11. I grant it; this is in truth the Moral of the Character. If Mr. *Collier* would examine still at this rate, we should agree very well. *Belinda* he produces as a Character *under Disorders of Liberty*, *p.* 12. this last is what I do not understand, and therefore desire to be excused, if I can make no Answer to it. I only refer these two Characters to the Judgment of any impartial Reader, to determine whether they are represented so as to engage any Spectator to imitate the Impudence of one, or the Affectation of the other; and whether they are not both ridicul'd rather than recommended.

But

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But he proceeds, *p.* 12. *The Double Dealer is particularly remarkable. There are but four Ladies in this Play, and three of the biggeſt of them are Whores.* Theſe are very *big* Words; very much too *big* for the Senſe, for to ſay *three of the biggeſt*, when there are but four in Number, is ſtark Nonſenſe: Whatever the *Matter* may be in the Gentleman's Book, I perceive his *Stile* at leaſt is admirable.

Well, ſuppoſe he had ſaid—and the three Biggeſt, *&c* for I am ſure he cannot part with *biggeſt* he has occaſion to uſe it ſo often in the reſt of his Book. But mark, he gives us an inſtance of his *big* good Breeding. *A great Compliment to Quality, to tell them, there is not above a quarter of them honeſt!* This Computation I ſuppoſe he makes by the help of political Arithmetick. As thus, the Stage is the Image of the World; by the Men and Women repreſented there, are ſignified all the Men and Women in the World; ſo that if four Women are ſhewn upon the Stage, and three of them are vicious, it is as much as to ſay, that three Parts in four of the whole Sex are ſtark naught. He who dares be ſo hardy as to gain-ſay this Argument, let him do it; for my part, I love to meddle with my Match. It was a Mercy that all the four Women were not naught;

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naught; for that had been maintaining that there was not one Woman of Quality honest. What has *Virgil* to answer for at this rate, in his *Æneis*? Where, for two of the Fair Sex that do good, *viz. Venus* and the *Sibyll*, (for *Cybele* and *Andromache* are but Well-wishers) he has the following Catalogue, who are always engag'd in Mischief, *viz. Juno*, *Juturna*, *Dido*, her Sister, her Nurse, an old Witch, *Alecto* the Fury, all the *Harpies*; to these you are reminded of *Helen* the first Incendiary, *Sylvia* is produced as a Second, next *Camilla*, then *Amata*, who despised the Decrees of the Gods; nay, poor *Creusa*, and *Lavinia*, are made subservient to unfortunate Events. This is *Bossu*'s Remark, (in his Treatise of *Epic Poetry*, B. IV. C. 2. and he says that *Virgil* in the Characters of the Sex, has closely observed the Rule of *Aristotle*, who in his Treatise of Poetry, has ventur'd to affirm, That there are more bad than good Women in the World; and that they do more harm than good.

In an *Epic Poem*, Ladies of Quality may be used as *Aristotle* pleases; but Comedy was meant to *compliment*, and *tickle*, and *flatter*, and *all that*, as Mr. *Bays* has it.



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Here I take the *first* Liberty to refer to my *first* Propoſition. Mr. *Collier*, who talks with great Intimacy of *Ancient* and *Modern Criticks*, *p.* 175. and among others, makes familiar mention of *Rapin*, has unluckily overſeen a particular Remark that is made by that learned Critic, on the Improvement of *Modern Comedy* by *Moliere*, in his raiſing his ridiculous Characters. If he does not know where to find it, I can help him to it.

'The ancient Comic Poets, have none 'but Valets for the Droles of their Thea-'tre; and the Droles of *Moliere*'s Theatre 'are Marquiſes, and Others of Quality: 'The others have played in Comedy, only 'City and Common-Life; and *Moliere* has 'played all *Paris*, Court and all. See, *Rapin*'s Reflections upon Poetry, *&c.*

Well, this may be the *French*, and it may be the *Engliſh*-Breeding; but Mr. *Collier* aſſures us, *p.* 12. *This was not the Roman*-Breeding. They uſed to compliment Vice in Quality, the genteel *Perſius* (SAT. 1.) gives us an Inſtance of it.

*Vos*

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*Vos ô Patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est*
*Occipiti cæco, posticæ occurrite sannæ.* *

But *Persius* was a Man of Quality, and perhaps might be a little familiar with his Equals. As for *Juvenal*, (SAT. XI.) he kept his Distance, and made it as plain as the Sun.

*Namq; ibi fortunæ veniam damus. Alea turpis,*
*Turpe & adulterium mediocribus: hæc eadem illi*
*Omnia cum faciant, hilares, nitidiq; vocantur.* §

I am finely employed, to furnish my Adversary with two such Authorities against my self: But reflecting that Mr. *Collier* has no great Esteem for *Juvenal*, who, he says, *writes more like a* Pimp *than a* Poet, *p.* 71. 'Tis likely that he will return me his Au-

* —Noble Scribblers are with Flattery fed:
For none dare find their Faults, who eat their Bread.
To pass the Poets of Patrician Blood, &c.
DRYDEN.

§ —Fortune extenuates the Crime;
What's Vice in Me, is only Mirth in Him:
The Fruits which Murder, Cards, or Dice afford,
A Vestal ravish'd, or a Matron whor'd,
Are laudable Diversions in a *Lord*.
CONGREVE.



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thority, to make the best Use that I can of it for my self; therefore I will take the Liberty to state a short Question.

*Juvenal*, by the help of an *Irony*, has in these three Lines, lash'd the Vices of great Persons with more Severity, than he could have done by the means of a direct and point-blank Invective. Mr. *Collier* is in plain Terms, *p.* 12. for having Compliments pass'd on Persons of Quality, and neither will allow their Follies nor their Vices to be expos'd. *p.* 173, 175. Now the Question that I would ask, *is only*, Which agrees best with the Character of a *Pimp*, the Satire of *Juvenal*, or the Complaisance of Mr. *Collier*? In the Conclusion of his Preface, he is quite of another Opinion; there *he confesses he has no Ceremony for Debauchery, for to compliment Vice, is but one remove from worshipping the Devil*; now that Mr. *Collier* compliments Vice is plain. *Ergo*, &c.

This is his *own Confession*, and so I leave him to lick himself whole with one of his *own Absolutions*.

When Vice shall be allowed as an Indication of Quality and good Breeding, then it may also pass for a Piece of good Breeding

ing to compliment Vice in Quality: But till then, I humbly conceive, that to expose and ridicule it, will altogether do as well.

The *Double-Dealer* (he says) *p.* 27. *runs riot* upon some Occasion or other, *and gives Lord* Touchwood *a Mixture of Smut and Pedantry to conclude with:* For Proof of this, he directs in his Margin to the 79th Page, which is the last of the Play. He has made no Quotation, therefore I will do it for him, and transcribe what Lord *Touchwood* says in that place, being the concluding Lines and Moral of the whole Comedy. *Millefont* and *Cynthia* are to be Married, the Villanies of *Maskwell* having been detected, Lord *Touchwood* gives 'em Joy, and then concludes the Play as follows,

Lord *Touch.*——*be each others Comfort;*——*let me join your Hands.*——*unwearied Nights, and wishing Days attend you both; mutual Love, lasting Health, and circling Joys tread round each happy Year of your long Lives.*

*Let secret Villany from hence be warn'd;*
*Howe'er,* in private, *Mischiefs are conceiv'd,*
*Torture and Shame attend their* open Birth:
*Like Vipers in the Womb, base Treach'ry lies,*
*Still gnawing* that *whence first it did arise;*
*No sooner born but the vile Parent dies.*

This, in Mr. *Collier*'s polite Phraſe, *is running riot upon Smut and Pedantry.* I hope this is ſome reaſon for my having laid down my *third* Propoſition; where I deſire you not to rely upon Mr. *Collier*'s bare Word, but to conſult the Original 'ere you paſs Cenſure.

Before he finiſhes his Chapter of *Immodeſty*, he taxes the *Mourning-Bride*, with *Smut* and *Profaneneſs*; if he can prove it, I muſt of neceſſity give up the Cauſe. If there be *Immodeſty* in that Tragedy, I muſt confeſs my ſelf incapable of ever writing any thing with *Modeſty* or *Decency*.

*I am*, &c.

## LETTER IV.

*SIR*,

I Shall now conſider the Exceptions to the *Mourning-Bride*. Had *Oſmin*, ſays Mr. *Collier*, *parted with* Almeria *civilly*, *it had been much better*; *that rant of* Smut *and* Profaneneſs *might have been ſpared*, *p.* 32, 33, 34. What he means by *civilly* I know not, unleſs he means *dully* and *inſenſibly*; neither Civility

Civility not Incivility have any thing to do with passion; where a Scene is wrought to an Excess of tenderness and Grief, there is no room for either Rudeness or Complaisance. Mr. *Collier* is pleas'd to condemn the parting of *Osmin* and *Almeria*, by comparing it with the meeting of *Menelaus* and *Helen*; but I must take the Liberty to tell him, that *meeting* and *parting* are two Things, and especially between two Lovers. Now for the rant of *Smut* and *Profaneness*,

Osm. O *my* Almeria!
*What do the Damn'd endure but to despair,*
*But knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever.*

I will not here so much as refer my self to my third Proposition, nor desire you to trouble your self so far as to look on these Lines in their proper Scene and Place, tho' most of the foregoing Incidents in the Poem were contrived so as to prepare the Violence of this Scene; and all the foregoing part of this Scene was laid as a Gradation of Passion, to prepare the Violence of these Expressions, the last and most extream of the whole, in *Osmin*'s Part.

For once, I will let these Lines remain as they are set by Mr. *Collier*, with his own filthy Foil beneath, hem'd in, and sullied o-



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ver with his own *Smut*, And ſtill what is there either of *Profaneneſs* or *Immodeſty* in the Expreſſion? Is not the Reflection rather *moral* and *religious*, than otherwiſe? Does not the Alluſion ſet forth the Terrors of Damnation? I dare affirm that Mr. *Collier* himſelf cannot ſo tranſpoſe thoſe Words as to make 'em ſignifie any thing either *ſmutty* or *profane*: What he may be able to do with the Letters if they were diſjointed, I know not; I will not diſpute his Skill in *Anagram*; and if the Truth were known, I believe there lies the Streſs of his Proof. Well, Mr. *Saygrace*, in the *Double-Dealer*, is beholding to him for his new Amuſement, for the future he ſhall renounce *Acroſticks*, and purſue *Anagrams*.

As to what he ſays after, that theſe Verſes are a Similitude drawn from the *Creed*; I no more *underſtand* it, than he himſelf would *believe* it, tho' he ſhould *affirm* it.

In the reſt of his Remarks upon this Scene, his *Zeal* gives way to his *Criticiſm*; he had but an ill hold of *Profaneneſs*, and was reduc'd to catch at the *Poetry*. The Corruption of a rotten Divine is the Generation of a ſour Critic.

He

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He is very merry, and as he ſuppoſes, with me; in laughing at *waſting Air*. *Waſting* he thinks is a ſenſeleſs *Epithet* for *Air*, truly I think ſo too, I will not loſe this Occaſion of conſenting with him, becauſe he will not afford me many more: But where does he meet with *waſting Air*? Not in the *Mourning-Bride*; for in that Play it is printed *wafting Air*, ſo that all his aukward Raillery about this Word, reflects alone upon himſelf: To ſay nothing of his Honeſty in making a falſe Quotation, or of his becoming Aſſurance in charging me with his own Nonſenſe.

He proceeds in his unlucky and ſatirical Strain, and ridicules half a dozen Epithets, and about as many Figures, which follow in the ſame Scene, with much delicacy of fine Raillery, excellence of good Manners, and elegancy of Expreſſion.

*Almeria*, in the Play, oppreſs'd and ſinking beneath her Grief, adapts her Words to her Poſture, and ſays to *Oſmin*——

——*O let us not ſupport,*
*But ſink each other lower yet, down, down,*
*Where levell'd low*, &c.

One

*One would think* (says Mr. *Collier*) *she was learning a Spaniel to set.*

*Learning* a Spaniel to set! *Delectus verborum est Origo eloquentiæ*, is an Aphorism of *Julius Cæsar*, and Mr. *Collier* makes it plain. This poor Man does not so much as understand even his own *Dog-Language*, when he says *learning*, I suppose he means *teaching a Spaniel to set*, a dainty Critic, indeed!

A little before, *Almeria* is cold, faint, and trembling in her Agony, and says,

*—I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling Fears.*

*By the way* (says Mr. *Collier*, for now he is Mr. *Collier emphatically*) *'tis a mighty Wonder to hear a Woman chatter! But there is no Jesting*, &c.

Jesting quotha! What, does he take the letting off a Pun, to be the breaking of a Jest? A Whip and a Bell, and away with him to Kennel again immediately.

Ay, now he's in his Element, as you shall hear.

*This*

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*This litter of Epithets makes the Poem look like a* Bitch *over-stock'd with* Puppies, *and sucks the Sense almost to Skin and Bone.* The Comparison is handsom, I must needs say; but I desire you to consider that it is Mr. *Collier* the Critic that talks at this odd rate; not Mr. *Collier* the Divine: I would not, by any means have *one* mistaken for the *other.*

If it is necessary for me to give any Reason, why I have used Epithets and Figures in this Scene, I will do it in few Words. First I desire my Verses may be remov'd from amongst Mr. *Collier*'s Interlineations of sad Drollery, and reinstated in the Scene of the Play from whence they were torn. If there is found Passion in those parts of the Scene where those Epithets and Figures are used, they will stand in need of no Vindication; for ever Body knows that Discourses of Men in Passion, naturally abound in Epithets and Figures, in Agravations and Hyperboles. To this I add, That the Diction of Poetry consists of Figures; by the frequent use of bold and daring Figures, it is distinguish'd from Prose and Oratory. Epithets are beautiful in Poetry, but make Prose languishing and cold; and the frequent use of them in Prose, makes it pretend too much, and approach too near to Poetry, *Arist. Rhet.* B. III. C. 3.

If

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If Figures and Epithets ate natural to Paſſion, and if they compoſe the Diction of Poetry, certainly Tragedy, which is of the ſublime and firſt-rate Poetry, and which ought every where to abound in *Paſſion*, may very well be allow'd to uſe Epithets and Figures, more eſpecially in a Scene conſiſting entirely of Paſſion, and ſtill more particularly in the moſt violent part of that Scene. Thus much, to juſtify the uſe and frequency of Epithets and Figures in the Scene above-mention'd. Ay, but Mr. *Collier* ſays ſome of the Figures there, *are Stiff*: He ſays ſo, I confeſs; but what then? Why in anſwer, I ſay *they are not*; and ſo leave it to be determin'd by better Judges.

Having ſhewn that Men in Paſſion, naturally make uſe of violent Figures and Epithets; I will produce no leſs a Man than Mr. *Collier* himſelf for an Example: If you would behold the Gentleman beginning to ſwell, ſee him in *p.* 80. there he puffs and blows, and deals mightily in ſhort Periods: At firſt he is ſcarce able to Breathe, but at length he Opens; and anon finds vent for a very odd Expreſſion. He is angry with ſome Play or other, and ſays, ——*Nature made the ferment and riſing of the Blood, for ſuch Occaſions.* I hope he ſpeaks Figuratively, or elſe I am ſure he ſpeaks at leaſt Profanely; for

for we know who is meant by *Nature in the Language of Christianity, and especially under the Notion of a* Maker, *p.* 72.

He discovers in this Expression, that his Religion and his Natural Philosophy are both of a Size. He has declared the very Source of Living, and the Spring of Motion in the mechanical Part of Man, to be no more than the Fountain-head of Follies and Passions; and intimates very strongly, That *Nature* made it only for that Purpose.

But I *think* nothing that he says, should be consider'd seriously; therefore I will proceed, and produce Mr. *Collier* as he stands advanc'd both in *Ferment and Figure*. In (*p.* 84.) he has drawn Quotations from Comedies, *that look Reeking as it were from* Pandemonium, *and almost smell of Fire and Brimstone; Eruptions of Hell with a Witness! He almost wonders the Smoke of them has not darkned the Sun, and turn'd the Air to Plague and Poison. Provocations enough to Arm all Nature in Revenge; to exhaust the Judgments of Heaven*, &c. He goes on with such terrible Stuff for a considerable while together. I give this only as a Sample of some of this Gentleman's Figures.

Me-

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Methinks I hear him pronounce 'em, every time I behold 'em, they are almoſt noiſy and turbulent, even in the Print. In ſhort, they are Contagious, and I find he that will ſpeak of them, is in great danger to ſpeak like them. But why does Mr. *Collier* uſe all this Vehemence in a written Argument? If he were to Preach, I grant it might be neceſſary for him to make a Noiſe, that he might be ſure to be heard: But why all this Paſſion upon Paper? Judgment is never outragious; and Chriſtianity is ever meek and mild.

I have read it ſomewhere, as the Remark of St. *Chryſoſtom*, "That the Prophets of "*God* were as much diſtinguiſh'd from the "Prophets of the *Devil* by their Behaviour, as "by the Divine Truths which they utter'd. "The former gave Oracles with all Mild-"neſs and Temper; the other were ever bel-"lowing with Fury and Madneſs; no won-"der *(ſays he)* for the firſt were inſpir'd "with the *Holy Ghoſt*; and the laſt were "poſſeſs'd with the *Devil*. So the Reaſon "is plain.

But I have employ'd too much Time in digreſſing from my Purpoſe, which is chiefly to vindicate my ſelf; and only from Caſual

sual Observation, to take Notice of Mr. *Collier*'s Errors, as they shall appear blazing up and down in those Pages where I am concern'd, or others into which I may dip accidentally, in searching for Expressions cited from my own Plays.

I have done with him in his Chapter of *Immodesty*. You have seen his Charge against the *Mourning-Bride*, and are a Judge of the Justness and Strength of it. I confess, I have not much to say in Commendation of any thing that I have Written: But if a fair-dealing Man, or a candid Critic had examin'd that Tragedy, I fancy that neither the general Moral contain'd in the two last Lines; nor the several particular Morals interwoven with the Success of every principal Character, would have been over-seen by him.

The Reward of Matrimonial Constancy in *Almeria*, of the same Virtue, together with filial Piety and Love to his Country in *Osmin*; the Punishment of Tyranny in *Manuel*, of Ambition in *Gonsalez*, of violent Passions, and unlawful Love in *Zara*: These it may be, were Parts of the Poem as worthy to be observ'd, as one or two erronious Expressions; and admit they were such, might in some Measure have atton'd for them.

*I am*, &c.

LET-

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## LETTER V.

*SIR*,

MR. *COLLIER* in his *second* Chapter, charges the Stage with *Profaneness*, almost All the Quotations which he has made from my Plays therein, are represented falsly, or by halves; so that I have very little to do in their Vindication, but to represent 'em as they are in the Original, fairly and at length; and to fill up the Blanks which this worthy honest Gentleman has left. *Coll. p. 62.*

In the *Old Batchelor* (says he) Vainlove *asks* Bellmour, *Could you be content to go to Heav'n?*

Bell. *Hum, not immediately, in my Conscience not Heartily;* ——

Here Mr. *Collier* concludes this Quotation with a dash, as if both the Sense and the Words of the whole Sentence, were at an end. But the remainder of it in the Play *Act.* 3. *Scene* 2. is in these Words——*I would do a little more good in my Generation first, in order to deserve it.*

I

I think the Meaning of the whole, is very different from the Meaning of the first half of this Expression. 'Tis one Thing for a Man to say positively, *he will not go to Heaven*; and another to say, that *he does not think himself worthy, till he is better prepared*. But Mr. *Collier* undoubtedly was in the right, to take just as much as would serve his own Turn. The Stile of this Expression is Light, and suitable to Comedy, and the Character of a wild Debauchee of the Town; but there is a moral Meaning contain'd in it, when it is not represented by halves.

From Scene 3. of the 4th Act of the same Comedy, he makes the following Quotation, *Fondlewife*, a jealous *Puritan*, is oblig'd for some Time to be absent from his Wife:

Fond. *Have you thoroughly consider'd how detestable, how heinous, and how crying a Sin the Sin of* Adultery *is? Have you weigh'd it, I say? For it is a very weighty Sin: And altho' it may lie—— yet thy Husband must also bear his Part; for thy Iniquity will fall upon his Head.* Here is another Dash in this Quotation, I refer you to the Play to see what Words Mr. *Collier* has omitted; and from thence you will guess at the Stength of his Imagination.



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You see this Quotation in the same Condition that Mr. *Collier* thinks fit to shew it: His Notes upon it are as follow,

*This Fit of Buffoonry and Profaneness, was to settle the Conscience of Young Beginners, and to make the Terrors of Religion insignificant.*

Indeed I cannot hold laughing, when I compare his dreadful *Comment* with such poor silly Words as are in the *Text*: especially when I reflect how *young a Beginner*, and how very much *a Boy* I was, when that Comedy was written; which, several know, was some Years before it was Acted. When I wrote it, I had little Thoughts of the Stage; but did it to amuse my self in a slow Recovery from a Fit of Sickness. Afterwards, through my Indiscretion it was seen; and in some little time more it was Acted: And I, through the remainder of my Indiscretion, suffer'd my self to be drawn in, to the Prosecution of a difficult and thankless Study; and to be involved in a perpetual War with Knaves and Fools. Which Reflection makes me return to the Subject in hand.

Bellmour *desires* Lætitia *to give him leave to swear by her* Eyes *and* Lips. Well, I am very

glad Mr. *Collier* has so much Devotion for the *Lips* and *Eyes* of a pretty Woman, that he thinks it Profanation to Swear by 'em. I'll give him up this, if he pleases. To the next.

*He kisses the Strumpet, and tells her* —— Eternity *was in that* Moment.

To say *Eternity is in a Moment*, is neither Profane nor Sacred, nor good nor bad. With Reverence of my Friend the Author be it spoken, I take it to be stark Nonsense; and I *had not cared if* Mr. *Collier* had discover'd it.

Something or other he saw amiss in it, and writing a Chapter of *Profaneness*, at that Time, like little *Boys*, he popt it down for his own.

*Letitia* when her Intrigue was like to be discover'd, says of her Lover,

*All my Comfort lies in his Impudence, and Heav'n be prais'd, she has a considerable Portion.*

This Mr. *Collier* calls the *Play-house Grace*. It is the Expression of a wanton and a vicious Character, in the Distress and Con-

fusion of her Guilt. She is discover'd in her Lewdness and suffer'd to come no more upon the Stage.

In the End of the last Act, *Sharper* says to *Vain-love*,

*I have been a kind of Godfather to you yonder:*
*I have promis'd and vow'd some Things in your Name, which I think you are bound to perform.*

I meant no Ill by this Allegory, nor do I perceive any in it now. Mr. *Collier* says, it was meant for *Drollery* on the *Catechism*; but he has a way of *discovering* Drollery where it never was *intended*; and of *intending* Drollery where it can never be *discovered*. So much for the *Old Batchelor*, and

*Your humble Servant*, &c.

## LETTER VI.

*SIR*,

I Come next to the *Double Dealer*, wherein, Mr. *Collier* says, *Lady* Plyant *cries out* Jesu, *and talks* Smut *in the same Sentence*. That

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That *Exclamation* I give him up freely. I had my self long since condemn'd it, and resolv'd to strike it out in the next Impression. I will not urge the *Folly*, *Viciousness*, or *Affectation* of the *Character*, to excuse *it*. I think my self also oblig'd to make my Acknowledgments for a Letter which I received after the Publication of this Play, relating to this very Passage: It came from an old Gentlewoman and a Widow, as she said, and very well to pass: It contain'd very good Advice, and requir'd an Answer, but the Direction for the Superscription was forgot. If the good Gentlewoman is yet *in being*, I shall desire her to receive my Thanks for her good Counsel, and for her Approbation of all the Comedy, that Word alone excepted.

That Lady *Plyant* talks *Smut* in the same Sentence, lies yet upon Mr. *Collier* to prove. His bare Assertion without an Instance, is not sufficient. If he can prove that there is downright *Smut* in it, why e'en let him take it for his Pains; I am willing to part with it.

His next Objection is, that Sir *Paul*, who he observes, bears the Character of a Fool, makes mention too often of the Word *Providence*; for, says Mr. *Collier*, *p.* 62. *the*

*Meaning* must *be* (by the Way, that *must* is a little hard upon me) *that Providence is a ridiculous Superstition; and that none but Blockheads pretend to Religion.* What will it avail me in this Place to signify my *own Meaning*, when this modest Gentleman says, I *must mean* quite contrary? I am civiller to him; I take his Sense as he would have it understood; though his Expression is exquisite Nonsense; and I humbly conceive, he may mean, that *a Belief in Providence is a ridiculous Superstition*, when he says, *that Providence is a ridiculous Superstition.*

*Lady* Froth *is pleas'd to call* Jehu *a Hackney Coachman.* (ibid.)

Lady *Froth*'s Words are as follow——*Our* Jehu *was a Hackney Coachman when my Lord took him.* Which is as much as to say, that the Coachman's Name is *Jehu*: And why might it not be *Jehu* as well as *Jeremy*, or *Abraham*, or *Joseph*, or any other Jewish or Christian Name? *Brisk* desires that this may be put into a Marginal Note in Lady *Froth*'s Poem.

This, Mr. *Collier* says, is meant to *burlesque the* Text, *and* Comment *under one.* What *Text*, or what *Comment*, or what other earthly Thing he can mean, I cannot

not possibly imagine? These Remarks are very wise; therefore I shall not Fool away any Time about them.

Sir *Paul* tells his Wife; *he finds Passion coming upon him by Inspiration.* p. 64.

The poor Man is troubled with the *Flatus*, his Spleen is puffe up with Wind; and he is likely to grow very angry and peevish on the suddain; and desires the Privilege to Scold and to give it Vent. The word *Inspiration*, when it has *Divine* prefix'd to it, bears a particular and known Signification: But otherwise, to *inspire* is no more than to *Breathe into*; and a Man without Profaneness may truly say, that a Trumpet, a Fife, or a Flute, deliver a Musical Sound, by the help of Inspiration. I refer you to my *fourth* Proposition, in this Case. For a Dispute about this Word, would be very like the Controversy in *Ben. Johnson*'s *Bartholomew Fair*, between the *Rabbi* and the *Puppet*; it *is* profane, and it *is not* profane, is all the Argument the Thing will admit of on either side.

*The* Double Dealer *is not yet exhausted.* ib.

That is, Mr. *Collier* is not yet exhausted; for to give double Interpretations to single Expressions, with a Design only to lay hold

of the worſt, is double dealing in a great Degree.

Cynthia *the top Lady grows thoughtful. Cynthia* it ſeems is the top Lady now; not long ſince, the other Three were the three *biggeſt. p.* 12. Perhaps the Gentleman ſpeaks as to perſonal Proportion, *Cynthia* is the Talleſt, and the other Three are the Fatteſt of the Four,

Well. *Cynthia is thoughtful, and upon the Queſtion relates her Contemplation.*

Cyn. *I am thinking, that tho' Marriage makes Man and Wife* one *Fleſh, it leaves them* two *Fools.*

Here he has filch'd out a little Word ſo ſlily, 'tis hardly to be miſs'd; and yet without it, the Words bear a very different Signification. The Sentence in the Play is Printed thus——*Though Marriage makes Man and Wife one Fleſh, it leaves 'em* S T I L L *two Fools.* Which by means of that little word *ſtill*, ſignifies no more, than that if two People were Fools, before or when they were married, they would continue in all probability to be Fools ſtill, and after they were married. *Ben. Johnſon* is much bolder in the firſt Scene of his *Bartholomew Fair.*

There

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There he makes *Littlewit* say to his Wife—*Man and Wife make one Fool*; and yet I don't think he design'd even that, for a Jest either upon *Genesis* ii. or St. *Matthew* xix. I have said nothing comparable to that; and yet Mr. *Collier* in his Penetration, has thought fit to accuse me of nothing less.

Thus I have summ'd up his Evidence against the *Double-Dealer*. I have not thought it worth while to Cross-examine his Witnesses very much, because they are generally silly enough to detect themselves.

*I am* &c.

## LETTER VII.

SIR,

I Am now come to *Love* for *Love*; in which Comedy, Mr. *Collier* observes, *p.* 74. that *Scandal* tells Mrs. *Foresight*, he will *die a Martyr rather than disclaim his Passion*. The word *Martyr* is here used Metaphorically to imply Perseverance. *Martyr* is a *Greek* Word, and signifies in plain *English*, no more than a *Witness*. A *holy Martyr*, or a *Martyr* for *Religion* is one thing; a *wicked Martyr*, or *Martyr* for the *Devil* is another:

ther: A Man may be a *Martyr* that is a Witness to Folly, to Error, or Impiety. Mr. *Collier* is a *Martyr* to Scandal and Falshood quite thro' his Book. This Expression, he says, is *dignifying Adultery with the Stile of Martyrdom*; as if any Word could dignify Vice. These are very trifling Cavils, and I think all of this kind may reasonably be referr'd to my *Fourth* Proposition.

*Jeremy who was bred at the University, calls the natural Inclinations to Eating and Drinking, Whoreson Appetites*, ibid.

*Jeremy* bred at the University! Who told him so? What *Jeremy* does he mean, *Jeremy Collier*, or *Jeremy Fetch*? The last does not any where pretend to have been bred there. And if the t'other would but keep his own Counsel, and not Print *M*, *A*, on the Title Page of his Book, he would be no more suspected of such an Education than his Name-sake. *Jeremy* in the *Play*, banters the Coxcomb *Tattle*, and tells him he has been at *Cambridge*: Whereupon *Tattle* replies—— *'Tis well enough for a Servant to be bred at an University*

Which is said to expose the Impudence of illiterate Fops, who speak with Contempt of Learning and Universities. For the Word *Whoreson*,

*Whoeſon*, I had it from *Shakeſpeare* and *Johnſon*, who have it very often in their Low Comedies; and ſometimes their Characters of ſome Rank uſe it. I have put it into the Mouth of a Footman. 'Tis not worth ſpeaking of. But Mr. *Collier* makes a terrible Thing of it, and compares it to the *Language of the Manicheans, who made the Creation to be the Work of the Devil.* After which, he civilly ſolves all, by ſaying, *the Poet was* Jeremy's *Tutor, and ſo the Myſtery is at an end.* This by a Periphraſis is calling me *Manichean*; well let him call me what he pleaſes, he cannot call me *Jeremy Collier.*

His next Quotation is of one line taken out of the middle of eight more, in a Speech of Sir *Sampſon* in the ſecond Act of this Comedy: He repreſents it as an Aphoriſm by it ſelf, and without any regard to what either preceeds or follows it. I refer to my third Propoſition, and deſire you to view it in its place. Mr. *Collier*'s Citation is—— *Nature has been provident only to Bears* and *Spiders.* I beg you to peruſe that Scene, and then to look into the cxxxix *Pſalm*, becauſe Mr. *Collier* ſays it is paraphraſed by me in this Place. I wonder how ſuch remote Wickedneſs can enter into a Man's Head. I dare affirm the *Scene* has no more reſemblance of the *Pſalm*, than Mr. *Collier* has of the Character;

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Character of a Christian Priest, (which he gives us, *p.* 127, 128. of his own Book.) Towards the end of Act III, *Scandal* has occasion to flatter Old *Foresight*. He talks to him, and humours him in the Cant of his own Character, recites Quotations in favour of Astrology, and tells him the wisest Men have been beholding to that Science——

*Solomon* (says he) p. 75. *was Wise, but how? By his Judgment in Astrology.* So *says* Pineda *in his* 3*d Book and* 8*th Chap.* But the Quotation of the Authority is omitted by Mr. *Collier*, either because he would represent it as my own Observation to ridicule the Wisdom of *Solomon*, or else, because he was indeed Ignorant that it belong'd to any Body else.

The Words which gave me the Hint are as above cited.

——*Illum Judiciariam Astrologiam calluisse circa naturalia, circa inclinationes hominum*, &c. *

Does Mr. *Collier* believe in Prognostications from *Judicial Astrology*? Does he think

* *Pineda* de Rebus *Salomonis.*

that

that *Solomon* had his Wisdom only from thence? If he does not, why will he not permit the Superstitions growing from that Science to be expos'd? Why will he not understand that the exposing them in this Place and Manner, does not ridicule the Wisdom of *Solomon*, but the Folly of *Foresight*?

*Scandal*, he adds, continues his Banter, and says, *The* Wise *Men of the* East *ow'd their Instruction to a* Star, *which is rightly observ'd by* Gregory *the Great, in favour of* Astrology.

*Scandal* indeed Banter's *Foresight*, but he does not banter the Audience, in mentioning *Gregory* the Great: Take his own Words.

> *Deus accommodate ad eorum scientiam docuit, ut qui in Stellarum Observatione versabantur ex stellis Christum discerent.*

The rest of the Banter is what *Scandal* relates from *Albertus Magnus*, who makes it the most *valuable Science, because it teaches us to consider the* Causation *of* Causes *in the* Causes *of* things.



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I am but a bare Translator in this place; for example:

——*Nos habemus unam scientiam mathematicam, quæ docet nos in* rerum causis Causationem causarum. *Considerare.* Alb. Mag. *Tom.* 5. *p.* 659.

Is not all this Stuff, and fit to be expos'd; yet these and some other like Sayings, have I sometimes met with as Authorities in Vindication of *Judicial Astrology.*

Mr. *Collier*, *p.* 76. is very angry that Sir *Sampson* has not another Name; because *Sampson* is a Name in the *Old Testament.*

He says it is Burlesquing the Sacred History, for Sir *Sampson* to boast of his *Strength*; because *Sampson* in the *Bible* is said to be *very strong.* The rest that he quarrels at, is a metaphorical Expression or two, of less Consideration if possible, than any of his former Cavils. I refer you to the last Scene of the Play: And for an Answer, to what I have before said on the word *Martyr.* When I read in this Page these Words of Mr. *Collier* ——*to draw towards an end of this Play*, I thought he had no more to say to it; but his Method is so admirable, that he never knows

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knows where to *begin*, nor when to make an *end*. Five or six Pages farther *Coll. p.* 83. I find another of his Remarks.

In *Love* for *Love*, *Valentine* says, *I am* TRUTH.

If you please to consult the IVth Act of that Comedy, you will there find a Scene, wherein *Valentine* counterfeits *madness*.

One Reason of his Counterfeiting in that manner, is, that it conduces somewhat to the *design and* end of the Play. Another Reason is, that it makes a Variation of the Character; and has the same effect in the Dialogue of the Play, as if a new Character were introduc'd. A third use of this *pretended madness* is, that it gives a Liberty to Satire; and authorises a Bluntness, which would otherwise have been a Breach in the Manners of the Character. Mad-men have generally some one Expression which they use more frequently than any other. *Valentine* to prepare his Satire, fixes on one which may give us to understand, that he will speak nothing but *Truth*; and so before and after most of his Observations says——*I am* TRUTH. For example *Foresight* asks him

——*What*

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——*What will be done at Court?*

Val. *Scandal will tell you*——*I am* Truth, *I never come there.*

I had at firſt made him ſay, *I am Tom-tell-truth*; but the ſound and meanneſs of the Expreſſion diſpleas'd me: and I alter'd it for one ſhorter, that might ſignify the ſame Thing. What a Charitable and Chriſtian-like Conſtruction my dear Friend Mr. *Collier* has given to this Expreſſion, is fit only to be ſeen in his own Book, to which I refer; and will only repeat his Remarks as it perſonally aims at me——*Now a* Poet *that had not been ſmitten with the pleaſure of* Blaſphemy, *would not have furniſh'd Frenzy with* Inſpiration, &c. Now I ſay, a *Prieſt* who was not himſelf furniſh'd with *Frenzy* inſtead of *Inſpiration*, would never have miſtaken *one* for the *other*.

In his next Chapter, he Charges the *Stage* with the Abuſe of the *Clergy*. He quotes me ſo little in this Chapter, and has ſo little reaſon even for that little, that it is hardly worth examining.

The *Old Batchilor* has a *Throw* (as he calls it) *p.* 101. at the *Diſſenting Miniſters*.

Now

Now this *Throw*, in his own Words, amounts to no more, than that a Pimp provides the Habit of a *dissenting Minister*, as the safest Disguise to conceal a *Whoremaster*: Which is rather a Compliment than an Affront to the Habit.

Barnaby *calls another of that Character Mr.* Prig. Calls him Mr. *Prig?* Why what if his Name were Mr. *Prig?* Or what if it were not? This is furiously simple! *Fondlewife, to hook the Church of* England *into the Abuse, tacks a* Chaplain *to the End of the Description.*

How this pretty little Reasoner has (as he calls it) hook'd in the Church of *England?* Can't a Man be a *Chaplain* unless he is of the Church of *England?*

Father * *Dominick* the *Second! he's for bringing in Heaven and the Church by hook or by crook into his Quarrel.* If a *Mufti* had been tack'd to the Description, he would have been equally offended; for *Mufti* in the Language of the Theatre, he says, pag. 103. signifies *Bishop.*

* i.e. The *Spanish* Fryar in Mr. *Dryden's* Comedy of that Name.

*Maskwell* in the *Double Dealer*, has a Plot, and is for engaging *Saygrace* in it. He is for *inſtructing the Levite*, and ſays, *without one of them have a Finger in't, no Plot, publick or private, can expect to proſper*. Pag. 102.

Perhaps that is a Miſtake; many damnable Plots have miſcarried, wherein Prieſts have been concern'd.

After this, he has preſcrib'd a broken Piece of a Dialogue between *Maskwell* and *Saygrace*, which I leave to ſhift for itſelf; having nothing in it worth an *Accuſation*, or needing a *Defence*.

Mr. *Collier* is very florid in this Chapter; but it is very hard to know what he would be at. He ſeems to be apprehenſive of being brought upon the Stage, and in ſome Places endeavours to prove, that as he is a Prieſt, he ſhould be exempted from the Correction of the *Drama*. Pag. 124, 127.

In other Places he does not ſeem to be averſe to treading the Stage; but he would do it in Buskins: He would be *all Gold, Purple, Scarlet, and Embroidery; and as rich*

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*rich as Nature, Art, and Rhetorick, can make him.* Pag. 118.

We will first enquire whether he may be brought on the Stage or not; and then shew both how he *would* and how he *should* be represented; granting the Representation of his Character to be lawful.

Here he lays down something with the appearing face of an Argument, under *three* Heads, Pag. 127. to shew that the *Clergy* have a *Right to Regard and fair Usage.* I'm sure I will never dispute that with him in the *general* Terms. But I suppose he is *particular* here; and means that they have a Right to be exempted from the Theatre. Whether they have or not, I will not pretend to determine; This I know, that the Custom of the Theatre in all Ages and Countries is against this Opinion, as is sufficiently prov'd by the Examples which himself has produc'd.

If Mr. *Collier* is in earnest of that Opinion, he has behav'd himself either very treacherously or very weakly, in offering to assert it by a false and sophistical Argument. His Proof begins.

1. Because of their *relation* to the *Deity.*

*Now* (says he) *the Credit of the Service always rises in proportion to the Quality and Greatness of the Master.* Upon this Position he builds all the Argument under this first Head. The Position is sophistical, and his Inferences consequently false. The Trick lies here. It being granted him that the Credit of the *Service* rises in proportion, *&c.* he slily infers, that the Credit of the *Servant* also rises in proportion to the Credit of the *Service*, which is false: For every body knows that an ill Servant both discredits his Service, and is discredited by it. And by how much the more honourable the Service is, in which he is employ'd, so much the more is he accounted an ill Man who behaves himself unworthily in that Service.

If an offending Servant is punish'd by the Law, the Honour of the Service is not by that means violated; so far from that, that it is rather vindicated: Neither on the Stage is the divine Service ridicul'd, only the ridiculous Servant is expos'd.

2. Because of the Importance of their Office. And,

3. They

5. They have Prescription for their Privilege, their Function has been in Possession of Esteem in all Ages and Countries.

These *two* are but Branches of the *first* Head: For *their relation to the Deity* implies the *Importance of their Office*; and bespeaks that Privilege and Esteem which ever ought to be paid to their Holy Function.

But here again Mr. *Collier* confounds the Function with the Person, the Service with the Servant: He is Father *Dominick* still.

I would ask Mr. *Collier*, whether a Man, after he has receiv'd holy Orders, is become incapable of either playing the Knave, or the Fool?

If he is not incapable, it is possible that some time or other his Capacity may exert it self to Action.

If he is found to play the knave, he is subject to the Penalties of the Law, equally with a Lay-man; if he plays the fool, he is, equally with a Lay-Fool, the Subject of Laughter and Contempt.

By this Behaviour the *Man* becomes alienated from the *Priest*; as such Actions are in their own nature separated and very far remov'd from his Function, and when such a one is brought on the Stage, the Folly is expos'd, not the Function; the *Man* is ridicul'd, but not the *Priest*.

Such a Character neither does nor can asperse the sacred Order of Priesthood, neither does it at all reflect upon the Persons of the pious and good Clergy: For as *Ben. Johnson* observes on the same Occasion from St. *Jerom*, *Ubi generalis est de vitiis disputatio, ibi nullius esse personæ injuriam*; "where the Business is to expose and reprehend Folly and Vice in general, no particular Person ought to take offence." And such Business is properly the Business of Comedy.

That this may not look like a sophistical Distinction in me, to say that the *Man* does, by his Behaviour, as it were alienate himself from the *Priest*, and become liable to an ill Character, apart from his Office: I desire it may be observ'd, that the Church it self makes the same Distinction.

It

It was foreseen by the Reverend Bishops and Clergy of this Realm, in their Convocations for establishing the 39 Articles of our Religion in the Years 1562, and 1604. that evil Men (unperceiv'd to be such) might creep into the Ministry of the Church. That afterwards they might become openly profligate, and notoriously scandalous in their Lives and Conversations; even to that degree, that some scrupulous Christians, and of a very tender Conscience, might probably take such Offence at the Unworthiness of their Minister, as dangerously to avoid his Administration of the Holy Word and Sacraments: To refrain from publick Worship, and to lose the real Benefit of the Communion, thro' a misconceiv'd Opinion of the Invalidity of it when administred by unclean and wicked Hands.

They might (and not without some reasonable Grounds) doubt whether the same Man who was *personally* impious, could be *spiritually* sacred; whether he, who by his Example would seduce them to the Devil, could by his Precepts be conducing to their Salvation. This, I say, they might doubt; and not without some reasonable Grounds; and not without the Opinions of two of the



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Fathers, *viz.* St. *Cyprian* an St. *Origen*, to authorize their Diſtruſt,

But to remove this Doubt, and to invalidate the Authorities of thoſe Fathers, the XXVI^th Article of Religion was thus eſtabliſhed by the Convocations abovementioned.

ARTICLE XXVI.

Although in the viſible Church the Evil be ever mingled with the Good, and ſometime the Evil have chief Authority in the Miniſtration of the Word and Sacrament: Yet foraſmuch as they do not the ſame in their *own* Name, but *in Chriſt*'s, and do miniſter by his Commiſſion and Authority, we may uſe *their* Miniſtry both in hearing the Word of God, and in receiving the Sacraments. Neither is the Effect of *Chriſt*'s Ordinance taken away by their Wickedneſs, nor the Grace of God's Gifts diminiſhed from ſuch, as by Faith, and rightly do receive the Sacraments miniſtred unto them; which are effectual, becauſe of *Chriſt*'s Inſtitution and Promiſe, although they be miniſtred by evil Men.

Nevertheleſs it appertaineth to the Diſcipline of the Church, that Enquiry be made of evil Miniſters: And that they be accuſed by thoſe that have knowledge of their Offences; and finally, being found guilty by juſt Judgment, be depoſed.

Here

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Here is a most manifest Distinction made between the *Man* and the *Priest*: Between the regard to his *Person*, and the respect to his *Function*.

I will likewise shew that Mr. *Collier* himself has made this very *Distinction*, when he is pleased to approve of the Characters of JOIDA and MATHAN in the ATHALIA of *Racine*.

If any Man has, in any Play, expos'd a *Priest*, as a *Priest*, and with an intimation, that as such, his Character is ridiculous: I will agree heartily to condemn both the Play and the Author. I am confident no Man can defend such an Impiety; and whoever is guilty of it, my Advice to him is, that he acknowledge his Error, that he repent of it, and sin no more.

I confess I do not remember any such Character; Mr. *Collier*, who is more conversant with bad Plays than any Man that I know, perhaps may.

Mr. *Collier* in this Chapter produces many Instances of the Characters of Priests in the Poems of Heathen Writers; he is extreamly delighted with the Distinctions of their Habits,

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bits, with the Show and Splendour in which they appear'd. The Crown and gilt Scepter of *Chryſes*, with the valuable Ranſom which he had in his power, are Objects that gratify his vain Imagination extreamly. He is indeed ſo rapt with his ſplendid Ideas of *Chryſes*, *Laocoon*, and *Chloreus*, that to uſe his own Phraſe, he *runs riot* upon their Deſcription from *page* 112, to 118. he ſeems to have quite laid aſide the Thoughts of the *twelve poor Men who over-bore all the Oppoſitions of Power and Learning*, in pag. 81.

He now talks of nothing but great Families, great Places, wealthy and honourable Marriages, fine Clothes, and in ſhort, of *all the Pomps and Vanities of this wicked World.* To give him his Due, as in ſome Places of his Book he criticizes more like a *Pedant* than a *Scholar*; argues more like a *Sophiſter* than a *right Reaſoner*, and rallies more like a *Waterman* than a *Gentleman*; ſo in this Place he talks more like a *Herald-Painter* than a *Prieſt*, and inſiſts more upon *Pedigrees* and *Coats* of *Arms*, than on *moral Virtues* or a *generous Education.*

He tells us the *Jewiſh* and *Ægyptian* Prieſts, the *Perſian Magi*, and *Druids* of *Gaul*, were all at the *upper end of the Government*, p. 131. What then? What is that to us, any more than

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than if they were uſed to ſit at the upper end of the Table? No doubt this Gentleman's Affection for ſuch a Seat, furniſh'd him with this florid and metaphorical Expreſſion.

In p. 132. he ſays, *the Prieſthood was for ſome time confin'd to the Patrician Order.* Very well; we know the Reaſon of that; but with Submiſſion, that is not the ſame thing as if the *Patrician* Order had been confin'd to the *Prieſthood.* However, this Gentleman's Meaning is plain; certainly if he were *Pope*, he would renounce the Title of *Servus Servorum Dei.*

He quotes *Tully*, p. 133. for his Approbation of the ſame Perſon's being ſet at the Head both of Religion and Government. What does he mean by this? What Occaſion is there for this Quotation, in our Country? Is not our King both at the Head of our Religion and Government? When Mr. *Collier* allows him *one*, perhaps he will not deny him the *other*.

But to come to his Meaning (if he has any) thro' all this vain Stuff. I take it, he would give us to underſtand, that in all Ages the Function of a Prieſt was held to be a very honourable Function. Did Mr. *Collier* ever meet

meet with any body Fool enough to engage him to assert that?

He tells us that Men of the first Quality; nay, Kings and Emperors have been *employ'd* in the *sacred Ministry*: And I can tell him that Kings and Emperors have been in all Ages *expos'd* on the *Stage*; their Ambition, Tyrannies and Cruelties, all the Follies and Vices which were Consequences of their arbitrary Power and ungovern'd Appetites, have been laid open to the People's View. They have been punish'd, depos'd, and put to death on the Stage; yet never any King complain'd of the Theatre, or the Poets. On the contrary, all great Princes have cherish'd and supported them so long as they themselves were Great; till they have diminish'd in their own Characters, and turn'd to Bigotry and Enthusiasm.

Yet, I. Kings have a Relation to the Deity. They are his Deputies and Vicegerents on Earth. II. They are possess'd of a very important Office. And, III. Their Function has been in possession of Esteem in all Ages and Countries.

That Men of Quality have always been, and are now employ'd in the sacred Ministry, is evidently true; and I could heartily wish that

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that more were ſtill employ'd in it: So ſhould the moſt honourable Office be executed by the moſt honourable Hands. So ſhould we behold Men of Birth, Title, and Heraldry, deſpiſing tinſel Shew, Pageantry, and all Mr. *Collier's* beloved Bells, Bawbles, and Trinkets: And preferring Decency, Humility, Charity, and other Chriſtian Virtues, to ſhining Ornaments; or even the *upper End of a Government*. How ill ſuch temporal Pride agrees with the Perſon and Character of a truly pious and exemplary Divine, I will not pretend to determine. I will only tranſcribe the Words of a learned and honour'd Miniſter of the *Church*, *to this purpoſe*; (and that is the ever memorable Mr. *Hales* of *Eton*, in his Tract on *Schiſm*, p. 224, 225.)

" For we have believ'd him that hath told " us, *That in* Jeſus Chriſt *there is neither* " *high nor low; and that in giving Honour,* " *every Man ſhould be ready to prefer ano-* " *ther before himſelf*; which Sayings cut off " all Claim moſt certainly to Superiority, by " Title of Chriſtianity, except Men can think " that theſe things were ſpoken only to poor " and private Men. Nature and Religion " agree in this, that neither of them hath a " hand in this Heraldry of *ſecundum, ſub &* " *ſupra*; all this comes from Compoſition " and Agreement of Men among themſelves.

" Where-

" Wherefore this Abuſe of Chriſtianity, " to make it *Lacquey* to Ambition, is a " Vice for which I have no extraordinary " Name of Ignominy, and an ordinary " I will not give it, leſt you ſhould take ſo " tranſcendent a Vice to be but trivial."

Here is not one Syllable of *Heraldry regulated by* Garter, *and blazon'd by* Stones, Coll. p. 135. I would deſire you immediately after this Paragraph from Mr. *Hales*, to conſult Mr. *Collier* in *p.* 136. and to obſerve how he ſtickles for Place, and thruſts *himſelf* before the *Gentlemen*.

*The Addition of Clerk is at leaſt equal to that of Gentleman.* (How ſnappiſh and ſhort his *Clerkſhip* is in his Periods! mark him) *were it otherwiſe, the Profeſſion would in many Caſes, be a kind of Puniſhment.* Good Heaven! To profeſs the *Service* of *God* would be a *Puniſhment*, if the Title of *Clerk* were not at leaſt equal to that of *Gentleman*. Well, *---The Heraldry is every jot as ſafe in the Church, as it was in the State. When the Laity are taken leave of, not Gentleman but Clerk is uſually written.* And a little after: *The firſt Addition is not loſt, but covered.* Good Sir, return to Mr. *Hales*, that you may be reminded of the true Reſpect and Veneration which is due to his

his Memory; and to the reſt of the Meek, the Modeſt, and the Humble Miniſters of the Church: For while Mr. *Collier* is before you, you will be very apt to forget it.

I know many Clergymen now living, whoſe Names I cannot hear without Awe and Reverence: And why is that? Not from their Heraldry, but their Humility, their Humanity, their exceeding Learning, which is yet exceeded by their Modeſty; their exemplary Behaviour in their whole Lives and Converſations; their charitable Cenſures of youthful Errors and Negligences, their fatherly and tender Admonitions, accompany'd with all Sweetneſs of Behaviour; and full of mild, yet forcible Perſuaſion.

He were next to a *Manichean* that would not hold ſuch Men's Perſons in a Degree of Veneration, next to their Profeſſion. But a Mr. *Prig*, a Mr. *Smirk*, and I'm afraid a Mr. *Collier*, are Names implying Characters worthy of Averſion and Contempt.

*I am*, &c.

LET-

## LETTER VII.

*SIR,*

I Shall now take a View of Mr. *Collier*, as he appears upon the Stage; for while he is examining of Plays, I look upon him as one who has *elaped* from his Pulpit, and ſtrayed within the Incloſures of the Theatre; and I do not ſee why the Players ſhould not, as *they have catch'd him in the* Corn, *put him in the* Pound, *till he has given them* Abſolution. Why does he abandon his Gown and Caſſock to come capering and friſking, in his Lay-Doublet and Drawers, between the Scenes? Is he Maſter of the Revels? Is the Stage under his Diſcipline? *And is he fit to correct the Theatre, who is not fit to come into it?* (Coll: p. 139.) He is not fit to come into it, 1ſt, Becauſe his Office requires him in another Place. And *2dly*, Becauſe he makes naughty Uſes of innocent Plays, and writes baudy and blaſphemous Comments on the Poets Works.

Well, he has at length diſcover'd a Play which is *an Exception to what he has obſerved in* France, (Coll. p. 124.) the Play is the ATHALIA of *Racine*. In this Play are the

the Characters of two Priests, *Joida* and *Mathan*; of both which Mr. *Collier* is pleased to admit: By enquiring into his Reasons for licensing this Play, we shall see in what manner he will allow a Priest to be represented on the Stage; and from thence we may guess how he himself would be contented to appear there also.

JOIDA (says he) *the High-Priest has a large Part, but then the Poet does him Justice in his Station; he makes him honest and brave, and gives him a shining Character throughout.* That's well. MATHAN *is another Priest in the same Tragedy, he turns Renegado, and revolts from God to Baal.* That is not altogether so well. But has not the Poet done him Justice too, in giving him the Character that belong'd to him? Whether he has or not, Mr. *Collier* thinks he has made him ample Reparation and more than amends, as you shall see. He goes on. *He is a very ill Man, But*---ay, now for the *BUT*---. He has turn'd Renegado, has revolted from God to *Baal*, is *positively* a very Ill-Man, But, what? O, *BUT makes a considerable Appearance.* There, now 'tis out, and all's well. If he has but *a gilt Crown, and Sceptre, Scarlet and Embroidery in abundance*, let him rebel or revolt, he makes a good Figure, and it becomes him very well.



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Your Servant Monſieur RACINE, it was well for you that *Baal* gave good Benefices, and his Prieſts could afford to make a conſiderable Appearance: or *Mathan*'s Revolt had not been ſo well taken at your hands. But hold, Mr. *Collier* goes on.

I'm afraid the Reparation enlarges, and the Compliment riſes. For the ſake of Connexion let us repeat.--*But makes a conſiderable Appearance*, And,-- (Ay now, what can follow this *AND* in the Name of *Climax*? You ſhall hear,) *And is one of the Top of* Athalia's *Faction.*

Nay, then there is no more to be ſaid. If he had fine Clothes, and was ſet at the Top, or rather at the *upper End* of a *Faction* too, he had his Heart's Content: A reaſonable *Mathan* would have been ſatisfied with any one of thoſe Bleſſings. Tho' I would not anſwer for Mr. *Collier*'s Continence; at this time, eſpecially: He is ſo tranſported with *Racine*'s Bounty to *Mathan*, that he excuſes him frankly for ſhewing him a Renegado.

He goes on. --*As for the Blemiſhes of his Life, they ſtick all upon his own Honour, and reach no farther than his Perſon.*

I

I think I have now kept the Promiſe that I made, to ſhew that Mr. *Collier* himſelf, when he is in the Humour, will allow of the Diſtinction betwixt the *Man* and the *Prieſt*, the *Perſon* and the *Function*.

But to ſhew that I can be as peeviſh as he; now when he alledges this Diſtinction, it ſhall not by any means be granted him. Here is a renegade Prieſt, that revolts from the *true* God to *Baal:* And this Man is only branded with a Blemiſh on his *Perſon*. What, is it no Affront to his *Function* then? I take it to be no Excuſe for him, that he ſhould afterwards become a Prieſt of *Baal*. Sure Mr. *Collier* does not mean to make uſe of Mr. *Dryden*'s Key, as he calls it, and ſay that,

*Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame.*

Well, 'tis only a *Blemiſh* upon his *Perſon*; or if Mr. *Collier* pleaſes, becauſe he delights in Phraſes of Heraldry, 'tis only a *Blot* in his *Eſcutcheon*. Let Mr. *Collier* anſwer for this, to thoſe who have Authority to examine him further. He is in every Line growing more and more gracious to *Racine*. And now he is come to the very *Top* or *upper End* of his Civility; and ſays with a *good Grace* and *belle Air*, that—*in fine, the* Play *is a very religious* Poem.



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Indeed! why then *in fine* we are tack'd about; then a Play *in fine*, may be a religious Poem it ſeems: Why then Sir *Martin* * with his, *in fine* here, has *quite unravell'd his own Plot.* Ay, ay, the Play is a very religious Poem; if Faction and fine Clothes won't make a religious Poem, it muſt be made of ſtrange Stuff indeed.---*'Tis upon the Matter all Sermon and Anthem*——

O Lord! nay, now I proteſt Mr. *Collier* this muſt not be; nay now you're ſo infinitely obliging! fye, this is too much on t'other Side: You quite forget the Fathers indeed Sir, and the Biſhop of *Arras.*——*And if it were not deſign'd for the Theatre*—

Out with it, Man.——*I have nothing to object.*

Why that's well, now he's come to himſelf. O' my Word, I was half afraid he would have play'd *Mathan*, and have revolted to the Theatre. The Miſchief is, this naughty Theatre will be interloping; when Sermon and Anthem become the Stage as ill, as Faction and fine Clothes do

* Alluding to Mr. *Dryden's* Comedy of, Sir *Martin Mar-All.*

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the Pulpit: But Men sometimes travel into foreign Provinces for Variety.

I cannot forbear enquiring into one Example more, which this Gentleman offers us in the very next Page. *In the History of Sir* John Oldcastle, *Sir* John, *Parson of* Wrotham, *Swears, Games, Wenches, Pads, Tilts and Drinks; this is extremely bad.*

Extremely bad! Can any thing be worse? and yet (says he) *Shakespear's Sir* John *has some Advantage in his Character.* Now who can forbear enquiring what Advantage a Character can possibly have, consistent with such abominable Vices? First, *he appears loyal and stout; he brings in Sir* John, Acton, *and other Rebels, Prisoners.* So! as 'tis in the *Spanish Fryar*, a manifest Member of the Church Militant! That he was Stout, was plain before, from his Padding and Tilting. But this will not do; the Advantage does not yet appear. No! why then—*He is rewarded by the* King, *and the* Judge *uses him civilly and with Respect.*

This Advantage appears still but coldly. Kings reward Spies and Executioners, and necessary Instruments of Policy and Punish-



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ment. And Judges are generally Men of Years, Temper and Wiſdom, and uſe all Gentlemen with Civility. Ay, ſay you ſo? why then——*in ſhort*——ay, now for the ILIAD in a *Nut-ſhell.* Here is the *But* coming again, I had a glimpſe of him juſt now. *ex. gr.*——*In ſhort he is repreſented* Lewd, but *not* Little.

There is an Advantage for you now; *in ſhort, Lewd,* but not *Little.*

Conciſe and pretty! the Gentleman had beſt take it for a Motto, and have it annex'd to his Coat-Armour, when he can get *his Heraldry regulated by Garter, and blazon'd by Stones.*

Well, I confeſs I have been in an Error; I thought a Man never appear'd ſo very *little,* as when he appear'd *extremely lewd.* If I have undervalued Lewdneſs, I ask Mr. *Collier's* pardon. *And the Diſgrace falls rather on the Perſon than the Office.*

Here again you ſee, he will allow this Diſtinction to all his Favourites. Here is the *Perſon* and the *Function* ſeparated again; the *Prieſt* and the *Man*: In ſhort, he anſwers himſelf

himself so often, that I will dispute this Point no more with him,

But you may see what this poor Gentleman in the wretched Pride of his little Heart, thinks a sufficient Alloy to make current a most dissolute or impious Character. Though you expose a Priest revolting from God to *Baal*, yet if you let him make a considerable Figure, and place him at the Head of a Faction, all is well enough; and the Poem may be a *religious Poem*, &c. Shew *another* in Comedy, let him *Swear, Game, Wench, Pad, Tilt* and *Drink*, but withal let him keep good Company; let a Judge, or some great Man treat him with Respect, that he may not appear *little*, tho' he appear *lewd*, and you give *some advantage to his Character*; at least you will shew that he *understands his Post, and converses with the Freedom of a Gentleman*.

Our Author has observ'd, p. 122. *how the Heathen Poets behav'd themselves in the Argument. Priests seldom appear in their Plays; and when they come, 'tis business of Credit that brings them. They are treated like Persons of Condition; they act up to their Relation, neither sneak, nor prevaricate, nor do any thing unbecoming their Office.*



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Indeed when Men neither ſneak, nor prevaricate, nor do any thing unbecoming their Office in the World, they ought not to be repreſented otherwiſe on the Stage: Nay, they ought not to be expos'd at all in Comedy; for the Characters expos'd there, ſhould be of thoſe only, who misbehave themſelves.

Let us ſuppoſe that the Character of this Author were to be ſhewn upon the Stage: he who ſhould repreſent him behaving himſelf as he ought, would be to blame, and that for theſe Reaſons.

*Firſt*, To repreſent him behaving himſelf as he ought, would be to repreſent him in the diſcharge of ſome part of his Holy Office, which is by no means fit to be ſhewn on the Stage; eſpecially in Comedy, where Men's Vices and Follies are expos'd: That would be to bring Mr. *Collier*'s *Function*, not his *Perſon* on the Stage, which is not to be permitted.

*Secondly*, He that ſhould repreſent Mr. *Collier* behaving himſelf as he ought, would very much miſrepreſent Mr. *Collier*, in reſpect to the Manners of his Character.

Let

Let us take a ſlight Sketch of him as he preſents himſelf to us in his Book. Let Mr. *Collier* be repreſented as he *is*, not as he *ought* to be; that by ſeeing *what he is*, Mr. *Collier* may be aſham'd of *what he is*, and endeavour at what he *ought to be*.

And that the Inſtruction of the Repreſentation may not be loſt, let us borrow that Diſtinction which ſevers the *Prieſt* from the *Man*: If *Mathan*, and Sir *John* of *Wrotham*, have done with it, they may lend it to us; 'tis for the uſe of an Humble Servant of theirs, and whenever the Humour takes 'em to *Revolt*, *Pad*, *Tilt*, *Wench*, *Drink*, and *ſo forth*, let 'em give us a Quarter of an Hour's Notice, and they ſhall have it again.

Well, Our Author being thus divided, we will deſire the better Part of him, to take his Place in the Pit, and let the other appear to him, like his evil Genius, on the Stage.

Suppoſe the Gentleman in the Scene to appear very intent upon the very Obſcene Comedies of *Ariſtophanes*, *Coll.* p. 40, 44. *Quær.* Whether the Perſon in the Pit, beholding how very ill this becomes him, will not think that he might with much more Decency, betake himſelf to his *Septuagint*?

Mr.

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Mr. *Collier* on the Stage ſhall anathematiſe the Poets, and tell 'em in plain Terms, they ſhould be excommunicated, and that *they are not fit to come into the Church.* p. 139. *Quær.* whether Mr. *Collier*, in the Pit, will not think it had been more becoming his Character, to have invited and exhorted them to it?

Mr. *Collier* on the Stage ſhall behave himſelf with all the Arrogance, and little Pride of a ſpruce *Pedant*, p. 136. that the Gentleman in the Pit, may be induc'd to practiſe the Meekneſs and Humility of a Chriſtian Divine. The former, ſhall pervert and miſconſtrue, (as Mr. *Collier* in moſt of his Quotations has done) every thing that is ſaid to him, that the latter may learn to uſe Juſtice, Candour, and Sincerity, in his Interpretations.

The Player *Collier* ſhall call the Gentlemen that he converſes with Foot-pads, Buffoons, Slaves, *Pref.* p. 81, 63, 125, *&c.* that the Spectator *Collier* may remember they are Chriſtians, and ſhould be catechis'd by other Names.

Mr. *Collier*, on the Stage, ſhall rack Bawdery and Obſcenity out of modeſt and innocent Expreſſions; and having extorted it, he ſhall

ſh all ſcourge it, not out of Chaſtiſement but Wantonneſs; he ſhall forget, that *ſometimes to report a Fault is to repeat it*, p. 71. The Spectator in the Pit ſhall plainly perceive that he loves to look on naked Obſcenity; and that he only flogs it, as a ſinful Pædagogue ſometimes laſhes a pretty Boy, that looks lovely in his Eyes, for Reaſons beſt known to himſelf. *Coll.* Ch. I. II. *Caſtigo te non quod odio habeam, ſed quod amem.*

Mr. *Collier*, on the Stage, ſhall ridicule, rail at, and condemn all Plays whatſoever: He ſhall tire himſelf, and his Audience, with his Inveteracy and Exclamations againſt them. Which done, he ſhall all on the ſudden, and that there may be ſomething ſurprizing, and *præter expectatum* in his Character, from a Perſecutor, become a Promoter of the *Drama*: He ſhall be as furious a *Critick* as he was a *Bigot*; and give the beſt Rules and Inſtructions of which he is capable for the Compoſure of Comedy. He ſhall talk in all the Pedantical Cant of Fable, Intrigue, Diſcovery, of Unities of Time, Place, and Action. *V. from* p. 209, *to* 228, *& ſeq.* But leſt this Behaviour in Mr. *Collier's* Character ſhould appear inconſiſtent, and a violation of the Precept of *Horace*,

——*Servetur ad imum,*
*Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit; & ſibi conſtet.*

His

His Vanity ſhall bear proportion with his Diſſimulation; his Ignotance ſhall be as great as his Malice; and he ſhall not be able to deviate from his inveterate Zeal againſt Plays; for he ſhall not appear to underſtand one Syllable of the Rules of Writing, but ſhall miſlead Poetry as much by his Inſtructions, as he has perverted it by Interpretations; he ſhall favour his Adverſaries without obliging them; the Zeal of his Character ſhall be preſerv'd even in his own deſpite; and his Devotion, in this Particular, ſhall be the Child of his Ignorance: For he can make but

*—Lame Miſchief tho' he mean it well.* p. 104.

And if Plays are pernicious, Mr *Collier* ſhall only be wicked in his Wiſhes, he ſhall be acquitted in his Performances; his Inſtigations to Poetry ſhall prove checks upon it. He ſhall appear mounted upon a falſe *Pegaſus*, like a *Lancaſhire* Witch upon an imaginary *Horſe*, the *Phantom* ſhall be unbridled, and the *Broomſtick* made viſible. p. 230.

At this *Cataſtrophe*, Mr. *Collier*, in the Pit, ſhall exclaim like *Flecknoe*, and with very little variation.

*O why didſt thou on Learning fix a Brand,*
*And rail at Arts thou didſt not underſtand?*

Now,

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Now, leſt the Poet who ſhall undertake this Character, ſhould be gravell'd in the imitation of the Stile of this elaborate Writer, let him take theſe few Inſtances of his alluſive and highly metaphorical Expreſſions, for Patterns; *viz. running riot upon Smut: A Poem with a Litter of Epithets, like a Bitch over-ſtock'd with Puppies: Sucking the Senſe to skin and bone: A Fancy ſlip-ſtocking high: The upper End of a Government: A whole Kennel of Beaus after a Woman*, &c. For his Elegancy, theſe are Originals: *Learning a Spaniel to ſet: This belike is the meaning: Three of the biggeſt of Four: Big Alliances, Men of the biggeſt Conſideration for ſenſe, &c. To marry up a Top-Lady:* Cum multis aliis. *V.* p. 12, 27, 34, 92, 132, 225, 233, *&c.*

'Tis a ſtrange thing that a Man ſhould write ſuch Stuff as this, who is capable of making the following Obſervation. p. 205.

*Offenſive Language, like Offenſive Smells, does but make a Man's Senſes a burthen, and affords him nothing but Loathing and Averſion.*

*For theſe Reaſons, 'tis a Maxim in Good Breeding never to ſhock the Senſes or Imagination.* Ibid.

Indeed

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Indeed there are few things which distinguish the manner of a Man's Breeding and Conversation more visibly, than the Metaphors which he uses in Writing; I mean in writing from himself, and in his own Name and Character. A Metaphor is a Similitude in a Word, a short Comparison; and it is used as a similitude, to illustrate and explain the meaning. The Variety of *Ideas* in the Mind, furnish it with variety of Matter for Similitudes; and those *Ideas* are only so many Impressions made on the Memory, by the force and frequency of external Objects.

Pitiful and mean Comparisons proceed from pitiful and mean *Ideas*; and such *Ideas* have their beginning from a familiarity with such Objects. From this Author's poor and filthy Metaphors and Similitudes, we may learn the Filthiness of his Imagination; and from the Uncleanness of that, we may make a reasonable guess at his rate of Education, and those Objects with which he has been most conversant and familiar.

To conclude with him in this Chapter; I will only say that on Man living has a greater respect for a *good* Clergy-man, nor more contempt for an *ill* one, than my self; the former I have often been proud to shew, the lat-



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ter never fell in my way till now. I never yet introduced the Character of a Clergyman in any of my Plays, excepting that little Apparition of *Say-grace*, in the *Double-Dealer*; and I am very indifferent whether ever the Gown appear upon the Stage, or not. If it does, I think it should not be worn by the Character of a good Man; for such a one ought not to be made the Companion of foolish Characters. If ever it is shewn there, it ought to be hung loosely on the shoulders of such a one as I have lately instanced; but to no other end, than to demonstrate that even the sacred Habit is abus'd by some; but by their Characters and Manners the Audience may observe what manner of Men they are. And no question but if our Author, in the Pit, did behold his Counterpart on the Stage, thus egregiously to play the Fool in his *Pontificalibus*, *the rebuke would strike stronger upon his sense*, Coll. p. 111. and prove more effectual to his Reformation.

*I am*, &c.

LET-

# LETTER VIII.

I Come now, *Sir*, to Mr. *Collier*'s Chapter of the *Immorality* of the *Stage*.

His Objections here, are rather Objections againſt Comedy in general, than againſt mine, or any one's elſe in particular. He ſays the Sparks that *marry up the Top-Ladies*, p. 142. and are rewarded with Wives and Fortunes in the laſt *Acts*, are generally debauch'd Characters. In anſwer to this, I refer to my *firſt* and *ſecond* Propoſition. He is a little particular in his Remarks upon *Valentine*, in *Love for Love*. He ſays, *This Spark the Poet would paſs for a Perſon of Virtue, but he ſpeaks too late.*

I know who, and what he is, that always ſpeaks too ſoon. Why is he to be paſs'd for a Perſon of Virtue? Or where is it ſaid that his Character makes extraordinary Pretenſions to it! *Valentine* is *in Debt*, and *in Love*; he has honeſty enough to cloſe with a hard Bargain, rather than not pay his Debts, in the firſt

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first *Act*; and he has Generosity and Sincerity enough, in the last *Act*, to sacrifice every thing to his Love; and when he is in danger of losing his Mistress, thinks every thing else of little worth. This, I hope, may be allow'd a Reason for the Lady to say, *He has Vertues*: They are such in respect to her; and her once saying so, in the last *Act*, is all the notice that is taken of his *Vertue* quite thro' the Play.

Mr. *Collier* says, he is *Prodigal*. He was prodigal, and is shewn, in the first *Act*, under hard Circumstances, which are the Effects of his Prodigality. That he is unnatural and undutiful, I don't understand: He has indeed a very unnatural Father; and if he does not very passively submit to his Tyranny and barbarous Usage, I conceive there is a Moral to be apply'd from thence to such Fathers. That he is *profane* and *obscene*, is a false Accusation, and without any Evidence. In short, the Character is a mix'd Character; his Faults are fewer than his good Qualities; and, as the World goes, he may pass well enough for the best Character in a Comedy; where even the best must be shewn to have Faults, that the best Spectators may be warn'd not to think too well of themselves.



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He quotes the *Old Batchelor* twice in this Chapter. His firſt Quotation is made with his uſual aſſurance and fair dealing. p. 171, 172.

*If any one would underſtand what the Curſe of all tender-hearted Women is,* Bellmour *will inform him. What is it then? 'Tis the Pox.*

Here he makes a Flouriſh upon Ill-Nature's being recommended as a Guard of Virtue and of Health, *&c.*

The whole Matter of Fact is no more than this.

*Lucy* to *Bellmour*, *Act* 5. *Scene* 2.

*If you do deceive me, the Curſe of all kind tender-hearted Women light upon you.*

Bell. *That's as much as to ſay, The Pox take me.*

It is his Interpretation; and it is agreeable to his Character. He is a Debauchée, and he thinks there is but one way for Women to be kind and tender-hearted; and, I think, his threat'ning them with ſuch a Curſe as the conſequence

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ſequence of too much eaſineſs, does not ſeem to recommend the Vice at all, but rather to forbid it: His very Lewdneſs, in this place, is made moral and inſtructive.

I am very glad our Author is in ſuch Circumſtances in this Chapter, that he can bear the ſight of that *Helliſh Syllable*, *Pox*; and prevail with himſelf to write it at its full length. *Non ita pridem.* In Page 82. he loves his Love with a P—— but no naming: That is not like a Cavalier. What *Ermin* was ever an Inſtance of ſuperfine Nicety comparable to Mr. *Collier?* I will not ſay, what *Cat?* Tho' if I ſhould, I can quote a *Spaniſh* Proverb to juſtify the Compariſon.

*El Gato ſcaldado tiene miedo de agua fria.* *

He makes one Quotation more, to what purpoſe indeed I know not; but I will repeat it, in Juſtice to him, becauſe it is the *laſt* that he has made, and the *firſt* fair one. *Old Batch.* Act 4. *Belinda* to *Sharp.* p. 172.

——*Where did you get this excellent Talent of Railing?*

* The ſcalded *Cat* is afraid even of cold Water.



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Sharp.——*Madam, the Talent was born with me.——— I confeſs I have taken care to improve it, to qualify me for the Society of Ladies.*

Theſe are the Words juſt as the Gentleman quotes 'em; but why, or wherefore, he is not pleas'd to diſcover; for he ſays not one Syllable, *for*, not *againſt* 'em: I ſuppoſe he thinks the Proof plain, and the Evidence firm without a Corroborator.

I hope you will not forget, that theſe Inſtances are produc'd, to prove that I have encourag'd Immorality in my Plays. I thought the Expreſſion above-mentioned, had been a gentle Reproof to the Ladies that are addicted to railing; and ſince Mr. *Collier* has not ſaid that it *muſt* mean the contrary, I don't ſee why it may not be underſtood ſo ſtill?

I have now examin'd all Mr. *Collier*'s Quotations; I have been as ſhort as I poſſibly could in their Vindication; I have avoided all Recriminations, and have not ſo much as made one Citation from any of my Plays in favour of them: Whatever they contain of Morality, or Invectives againſt Folly and Vice, is no more than what ought to be in them; therefore I do not urge it as a Merit.

My

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My Business was not to *paint*, but to *wash*; not to shew *Beauties*, but to wipe off *Stains*.

Mr. *Collier* has indeed given me an opportunity of reforming many Errors, by obliging me to a review of my own Plays.

*Dum relego scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno*
*Me quoq; qui feci, Judice, digna Lini.*

But I must affirm, that they are only Errors occasion'd by Inadvertency or Inexperience, and that *I* am conscious of nothing that can make me liable to his Censure, or rather Slander. I am as ready to own the Advantages I have received from his Book, as to demonstrate the Wrongs; if I resent the latter, it is because they *were* intended me; and if I do not thank him for the other, it is because they were *not*: He would have poison'd me, but he overdosed it, and the Excess of his Malice has been my Security.

To give him his due, he seems every where to write more from Prejudice, than Opinion; he *rails* when he should *reason*; and for *gentle Reproofs*, uses *scurrilous Reproaches*. He looks upon his Adversaries to be his Enemies; and to justify his Opinion in that Par-



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ticular, before he has done with them, he makes them so. If there is any Spirit in his Arguments, it evaporates and flies off unseen, thro' the heat of his Passion, which does not only make him appear in many Places to be in the wrong, but it also makes him appear to be conscious of it. That which shews the Face of Wit in his Writing, has indeed no more than the Face; for the Head is wanting. *Wit* is at the best but the *Sign* to *good Understanding*; it is hung *out* to recommend the Entertainment which may be found *within*: And it is very well when the Invitation can be made good. As the outward Form of Godliness is Hypocrisy, which very often conceals Irreligion and Immorality; so is Wit also very often an Hypocrisy, a Superficies glaz'd upon false Judgment, a good Face set on a bad Understanding.

It is a Mask which Mr. *Collier* sometimes wears, but it does not fit the Mold of his Face; he presumes too much on the Security of his Disguise, and very often ventures till he is discover'd: He does not know himself in his Foreign Dress, and from thence concludes that no body else can. His Ancestor of honour'd Memory, recorded in *Æsop*, miscarried thro' the same Self-sufficiency. Mr. *Collier*, when he cloathed himself in the *Lion's* Skin, should have thought of an Expedient

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pedient to have conceal'd his Ears: But, it may be, he is proud of them, and thinks it proper to ſhew that he has them *both*, and at their full length.

He has put himſelf to ſome pain to ſhew his Reading; and that is ſuch, that it puts us to pain to behold it. He diſcovers an ill Taſte in Books, and a worſe Digeſtion. He has ſwallow'd ſo much of the Scum of Authors, that the overflowing of his own Gall was ſuperfluous to make it riſe upon his Stomach. But he ought in good Manners to have ſtept aſide, and not to have been thus nauſeous and offenſive to the Noſes of the whole Country. But as his Reading would not ſtay with him, ſo his Writing ran away with him.

*Ben Johnſon*, in his Diſcoveries, p. 702. ſays, *There be ſome Men are born only to ſuck the Poiſon of Books.* Habent venenum pro victu, imo pro deliciis. *And ſuch are they that only reliſh the obſcene and foul things in Poets; which makes the Profeſſion tax'd: But by whom? Men that watch for it*, &c. Something farther, in the ſame *Diſcoveries*, he is ſpeaking again very much to our purpoſe; for it is in juſtification of preſenting vicious and fooliſh Characters on the Stage in Comedy. It ſeems ſome People were angry at it then; let us compare his Picture of them,



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with the Characters of those who quarrel at it now. *It sufficeth*, (says he) p. 714. *I know what kind of Persons I displease, Men bred in the declining and decay of Vertue, betrothed to their own Vices; that have abandoned, or prostituted their good Names; hungry and ambitious of Infamy, invested in all Deformity, enthrall'd to Ignorance and Malice, of a hidden and conceal'd Malignity, and that hold a concomitancy with all Evil.*

'Tis strange that Mr. *Collier* should oversee these two Passages, when he was *simpling* in the *same Field* where they *both grow*. This is pretty plain; because in p. 51. of his Book he presents you with a Quotation from the same *Discoveries*, as one entire Paragraph, tho' severally collected from the 706th and 717th Pages of the Original; so that he has read both before and beyond these Passages. But a Man that looks in a Glass often, walks away, and forgets his own resemblance.

Mr. *Collier's* Vanity in pretending to *Criticism*, has extreamly betray'd his Ignorance in the *Art* of *Poetry*; this is manifest to all that understand it. And methinks his Affectation of seeming to have read every thing, sometimes betrays him to Confessions that are not much to his advantage. I wonder he is not asham'd to own, that he is so well acquainted

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quainted with the ἐκκλησιαζουσαι of *Aristophanes*. The Dialogues of *Aretine*, or *Aloisia*, are not more obscene than that Piece. The Author there, as Mr. *Bays* says, *does egad name the* thing *directly*, and that in above a hundred Places. But perhaps Mr. *Collier* meant to veil that Play under a *Missommer* (to use his own Phrase); *Coll.* p. 44. and when he call'd it *Concionatores*, thought we could not discover, that in spite of his Artifice, or his Ignorance, he *must* mean no other than the lewd *Concionatrices*, or *Parliament-Women* of *Aristophanes*. He has indeed rak'd together a strange number of Authors Names: But as *Gideon's* Army of 32,000 was order'd to be reduc'd to 300; so his rabble of Citations, without any loss to him, might be reduc'd to a much less number: But his Business is not *Discipline*, but *Tumult*. He appears like the *Captain* of a *Mobb*, that are shuffled together, neither the *World*, nor *They*, can tell why; but since they are met, Plunder is the Word, and the Play-house is first to be demolish'd.

He has outdone *Bays* in his grand Dance; nay, the Heathen Philosophers in their Notions of the grand Chaos, never imagin'd a greater confusion. All Religions, all Countries, all Ages, are jumbled together, to explode what all Religions, all Countries, and all

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all Ages have allow'd. He is not contented with his *Batalia*, compounded of *Bramins*, *Brachmans*, *Mufties*, *Councils*, *Fathers*, the Bishop of *Arras*, &c. But the *Philosophers*, nay, the very *Poets* themselves are press'd to the Service.

*Cicero* endeavour'd with all his might to get himself a Name in Poetry; and *Aristotle* preferr'd *Tragedy* even to *Philosophy*. But Mr. *Collier* has converted them both; in short, between him, and the Bishop of *Arras*, they have been seduc'd and inveigled over to the other side.

He pretends to triumph in the heart of *Parnassus*, and has sown dissension in the bosoms of some of the chief Proprietors. *Ovid* and the *Plain Dealer* are revolted, and take Arms against their Brethren, while Mr. *Collier* sings with *Lucan* and *Hudibras* of—*Civil Dudgeon, &c.*

——*populumque potentem,*
*In sua victrici Conversum viscera dextra:*
*Cognataſq; acies*——
(*Bays* against *Bays*)—*& Pila minantia pilis.*

I wish his Seeds of Sedition were not scatter'd elsewhere; for here I think they will hardly thrive. What effect his Doctrine in private

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private Families will have, I know not, when the Superiority comes to be disputed between the *Country-Gentlemen*, and their *Chaplains*; or rather, as Mr. *Collier* has establish'd it, between the *Chaplains*, and their *Country-Gentlemen*. p. 139.

I am not the only one who look on this Invective of his to be a Gun levell'd at the whole Laity, while the shot only glances on the Theater; what he means by the Attack, or what may be its Consequences, I know not, and I suppose he cares not. *Bellum inchoant inertes, fortes finiunt*. But there are those who will not be displeas'd at an occasion of making Recriminations. With respect to his Parts, it is no wise thing to give any body an Example of searching into Books for negligent and foolish Expressions. Divines have sometimes forgot themselves in Controversial Writings; Disputes begun, or pretended to have been begun on Points of Faith, have ended in scurrilous and personal Reflections; and from Tracts of Divinity, have degenerated into *Pasquils* and *Lampoons*. That Mr. *Collier* has laid the Foundation of such a Controversy, I think is apparent; but I hope his Credit is not sufficient to engage any body to go on with the Building.



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He has assaulted the Town in the Seat of their principal, and most reasonable Pleasure: Down with the *Theatre* right or wrong. *Delenda est Carthago*, let the Consequence be what it will. That was a very rash Maxim; and if *Cato* had liv'd to have seen its Effects, he would have repented it. To persecute an Ally (who desires no more than to continue in our Alliance) as an Enemy, is a weak, and barbarous Piece of Policy.

Persecution makes Men persevere in the right; and Persecution may make 'em persist in the wrong. Men may, by ill usage, be irritated sometimes to assert and maintain, even their very Errors. Perhaps there is a vicious Pride of triumphing in the worst of the Argument, which is very prevailing with the Vanity of Mankind: I cannot help thinking that our Author is not without his share of this Vanity. I think truly he had a fair appearance of Right on his side in the Title-Page of his Book; but with reason I think I may also affirm, that by his mis-management he has very much weak'ned his Title. He that goes to Law for more than his Right, makes his Pretensions, even to that which is his Right, suspected; as a true Story loses its Credit, when related from the Mouth of a known Lyar.

Mr.

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Mr. *Collier*'s many false Citations, make his true ones suspected; and his misapplication of his true Citations, very much arraign both his Judgment and Sincerity. His Authorities from the Fathers (with all due respect to them) are certainly no more to the purpose, than if he had cited the two *Attick* Laws against the Licentiousness of the Old Comedy; in truth not so much: For the Invectives of the Fathers, were level'd at the Cruelty of the *Gladiators*, and the Obscenity of the *Pantomimes*. If some of them have confounded the *Drama* with such Spectacles, it was an oversight of Zeal very allowable in those days; and in the Infancy of Christianity, when the Religion of the Heathens was intermingled with their Poetry and Theatrical Representations: therefore Christians, then, might very well be forbidden to frequent even the best of them. As for our Theatres, St. *Austin* * and *Lactantius* † knew no more of them, than they did of the *Antipodes*; and they might with as much difficulty have been persuaded, that the former would in after-times be tolerated in a Christian State, as that the latter would be receiv'd for a manifest and common Truth, and made intelligible to the Capacity of every Child.

* *De Civit. Dei.* l. xvi. C. 9. † *De falsa sapient.* 23.

To

To what end has he made such a Bugbear of the Theatre? Why would he possess the Minds of weak and melancholick People with such frightful *Ideas* of a poor Play? Unless to sour the Humours of the People of most leisure, that they might be more apt to mis-employ their vacant hours. It may be there is not any where a People, who should less be debarr'd of innocent Diversions, than the People of *England*. I will not argue this Point; but I will strengthen my Observation with one Parallel to it from *Polybius*. That excellent Author, who always *moralizes* in his History, and *instructs* as faithfully as he *relates*, attributes the Ruin of *Cynethia* by the *Ætolians*, in plain Terms, to the degeneracy from their *Arcadian* Ancestors, in their neglect of Theatrical and Musical Performances. "The *Cynethians* (says he) had "their Situation the farthest *North* in all "*Arcadia*; they were subjected to an incle-"ment and uncertain Air, and for the most "part cold and melancholick; and, for this "reason, they of all People should last have "parted with the innocent and wholesome "Remedies, which the Diversions of Musick "administred to that Sourness of Temper, "and Sullenness of Disposition, which of "necessity they must partake from the Dispo-"sition and Influence of their Climate: For "they no sooner fell to neglect these whole-"some

" ſome Inſtitutions, than they fell into Diſ-
" ſenſions and Civil Diſcords, and grew at
" length into ſuch depravity of Manners,
" that their Crimes in number and meaſure
" ſurpaſs'd all Nations of the *Greeks* beſide.

" He gives us to underſtand, that their
" *Chorus's* on the Theatres, their frequent
" Aſſemblies of young People, Men and
" Women, mingling in Muſical Performan-
" ces, were not inſtituted by their Anceſtors
" out of Wantonneſs and Luxury, but out
" of Wiſdom; from a deliberated and effe-
" ctual Policy, and for the Reaſons above
" noted. Much more might be cited from
" *Polybius*, who has made a very conſiderable
" digreſſion on this occaſion." *

The Application of what I have borrow'd is very plain. Is there in the World a Climate more uncertain than our own? And, which is a natural Conſequence, is there any where a People more unſteady, more apt to diſcontent, more *ſaturnine*, *dark*, and *melancholick* than our ſelves? Are we not of all People the moſt unfit to be alone, and moſt unſafe to be truſted with our ſelves? Are there not more *Self-murderers*, and *melancholick Lunaticks* in *England*, heard of in one Year, than in a great part of *Europe*

* *See*, Sir *Henry Sheers's* Tranſlation, in two Volumes 8*vo*. Book IV. pag. 46 of the Second Volume.

beſides?

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beſides? From whence are all our Sects, Schiſms, and innumerable Subdiviſions in Religion? Whence our Plots, Conſpiracies, and Seditions? Who are the Authors and Contrivers of theſe things? Not they who frequent the Theatres and Concerts of Muſick. No, if they had, it may be Mr. *Collier's* Invective had not been levell'd that way; his *Gun-Powder-Treaſon* Plot upon *Muſick* and *Plays* (for he ſays *Muſick is as dangerous as Gun-Powder*, p. 279.) had broke out in *another Place*, and all his *Falſe-Witneſſes* been ſummoned *elſewhere*.

*I am*, SIR, &c.

W. CONGREVE.

*The* END *of the* FIRST PART.

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# *MEMOIRS*, &c.

## PART II.

IN the memorable Jubilee-Year of 1700, we loſt Mr. *Dryden*, the greateſt Genius this Nation ever produc'd, if we regard the ſeveral Species of Poetry in which he wrote. And being favour'd with ſome very curious Particulars relating to him and his Family hitherto unknown; I am of opinion, that the inſerting of them in this Work cannot be any improper Digreſſion; eſpecially if it be conſider'd how near a Connection they have with our Subject, from the moſt intimate Friendſhip in which Mr. *Dryden* and Mr. *Congreve* always liv'd, inſomuch that he made him the ſole Executor of his Fame.

Theſe Memoirs were communicated to me by a Lady, now living, with whom Mr. *Dryden* correſponded under the Name of



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*Corinna*, and which Name he himſelf gave her *.

*SIR*,

MR. *Dryden* was the Son of——*Dryden*, of an antient and good Family in *Northamptonſhire*, by a Siſter of Sir *Gilbert Pickering*, Baronet, of the ſame County; who has a handſome Monument at *Tichmarſh*, erected in 1721, by the late Widow *Creed* of *Oundle*, the Daughter of another Siſter of Sir *Gilbert*'s, and Niece to the famous Earl of *Sandwich*, who was kill'd in the *Dutch* War, 1667, being then Admiral. He married Lady *Elſabeth Howard* (a celebrated Beauty) Daughter to the old Earl of *Berkſhire*, Siſter to Sir *Robert Howard*, Col. *Philip Howard*, and Mr. *Edward Howard* (who wrote *The Britiſh Prince*, &c.) ſhe bore him three Sons, *Charles*, *John*, and *Harry*. He liv'd many Years in a very good Houſe in *Gerrard-Street*, the 5th or 6th

* MADAM——"Since you do me the Favour to deſire a Name from me, take that of *Corinna*, if you pleaſe; I mean not the Lady with whom *Ovid* was in Love, but the famous *Theban* Poeteſs, who overcame *Pindar* five Times, as Hiſtorians tell us, *&c.*"——

J. DRYDEN.

*See* Mr. *Dryden*'s Letters to this Lady, annexed to Mr. *Pope*'s Familiar Letters to *Henry Cromwell* Eſq; vol. 1. pag. 150.



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Door on the Left-hand from *Newport Market*. On the 19th of *April* 1700, he said he had been very bad with the Gout, and an Erisipelas in one Leg; but he was then very well, and design'd to go soon abroad: But on the *Friday* following, he had eat a Partridge for his Supper; and going to take a Turn in the little Garden behind his House, was seized with a violent Pain under the Ball of the Great-Toe of his Right-Foot, that, unable to stand, he cried out for Help, and was carried in by his Servants; when, upon sending for Surgeons, they found a small black Spot in the Place affected: He submitted to their present Applications; and when gone, call'd his Son *Charles* to him, using these Words, "I know, says he, this "black Spot is a Mortification; I know "also, that it will seize my Head, and that "they will cut off my Leg: But I command "you, my Son, by your filial Duty, that you "do not suffer me to be dismember'd." As he, too truly, foretold, the Event prov'd; and his Son was too dutiful to disobey his Father's Commands. On the *Wednesday* Morning following, being *May-Day* 1700, under the most excruciating Dolours, he died. Dr. *Sprat*, then Bishop of *Rochester*, sent on the *Thursday* to Lady *Elsabeth*, that he would make a Present of the Ground, which was 40 *l.* with all the other Abbey-



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Fees, *&c.* to his deceased Friend. Lord *Halifax* sent also to my Lady and Mr. *Charles*, that if they would give him leave to bury Mr. *Dryden*, he would inter him with a Gentleman's private Funeral, and afterwards bestow 500 *l.* on a Monument in the Abbey; which, as they had no reason to refuse, they accepted. On the *Saturday* following the Company came, the Corps was put into a Velvet Hearse, and eighteen Mourning Coaches filled with Company attending. When just before they began to move, Lord *Jefferies*, with some of his rakish Companions, coming by, in Wine, ask'd whose Funeral? And being told; *What* cries he! *shall* Dryden, *the greatest Honour and Ornament of the Nation, be buried after this private Manner? No Gentlemen! let all that lov'd Mr.* Dryden, *and honour his Memory, alight, and join with me in gaining my Lady's Consent, to let me have the Honour of his Interment, which shall be after another manner than this, and I will bestow* 1000 *l. on a Monument in the Abbey for him.* The Gentlemen in the Coaches not knowing of the Bishop of *Rochester*'s Favour, nor of Lord *Halifax*'s generous Design, (these two noble Spirits having, out of Respect to the Family, enjoin'd Lady *Elsabeth* and her Son, to keep their Favour conceal'd to the World, and let it pass for

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for her own Expence, *&c.*) readily came out of the Coaches, and attended Lord *Jefferies* up to the Lady's Bed-side, who was then sick: He repeated the Purport of what he had before said; but she absolutely refusing, he fell on his Knees, vowing never to rise till his Request was granted. The rest of the Company, by his Desire, kneel'd also; she being naturally of a timorous Disposition, and then under a sudden Surprize, fainted away. As soon as she recover'd her Speech, she cry'd, No, No. Enough, Gentlemen, reply'd he, (rising briskly) My Lady is very good, she says, Go, Go. She repeated her former Words with all her Strength, but alas in vain! her feeble Voice was lost in their Acclamations of Joy! and Lord *Jefferies* order'd the Hearseman to carry the Corps to *Russell's*, an Undertaker in *Cheapside*, and leave it there, till he sent Orders for the Embalment, which, he added, should be after the Royal Manner. His Directions were obey'd, the Company dispersed, and Lady *Elsabeth* and Mr. *Charles* remained Inconsolable. Next Morning Mr. *Charles* waited on Lord *Halifax*, *&c.* to excuse his Mother and self, by relating the real Truth: But neither his Lordship, nor the Bishop, would admit of any Plea; especially the latter, who had the Abbey lighted, the Ground open'd, the Choir attending, an Anthem ready set, and himself,

waiting, for some Hours, without any Corps to bury. *Russell*, after three Days Expectance of Orders for Embalment, without receiving any, waits on Lord *Jefferies*, who, pretending Ignorance of the Matter, turn'd it off with an ill-natur'd Jest, saying, *Those who observ'd the Orders of a drunken Frolick, deserv'd no better; that he remember'd nothing at all of it, and he might do what he pleas'd with the Corps.* On this Mr. *Russell* waits on Lady *Elsabeth* and Mr. *Dryden*: But alas, it was not in their power to answer. The Season was very hot, the Deceas'd had liv'd high and fast; and being corpulent, and abounding with gross Humours, grew very offensive. The Undertaker, in short, threatned to bring home the Corps, and set it before their Door. It cannot be easily imagin'd what Grief, Shame, and Confusion, seiz'd this unhappy Family. They begg'd a Day's Respite, which was granted. Mr. *Charles* wrote a very handsome Letter to Lord *Jefferies*, who return'd it with this cool Answer, *He knew nothing of the Matter, and would be troubled no more about it.* He then address'd the Lord *Halifax* and Bishop of *Rochester*, who were both too justly, tho' unhappily, incensed, to do any thing in it. In this extream Distress, Dr. *Garth*, a Man who entirely lov'd Mr. *Dryden*, and was withal, a

Man

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Man of Generosity, and great Humanity, sends for the Corps to the College of Physicians in *Warwick-Lane*, and propos'd a Funeral by Subscription, to which himself set a most noble Example; Mr. *Wycherley*, and several others, among whom, must not be forgotten, *Henry Cromwell* Esq; Captain *Gibbons*, and Mr. *Christopher Metcalfe*, Mr. *Dryden's* Apothecary and intimate Friend (since a Collegiate Physician) who with many others contributed most largely to the Subscription; and at last a Day, about three Weeks after his Decease, was appointed for the Interment at the Abbey. Dr. *Garth* pronounced a fine *Latin* Oration over the Corps at the College; but the Audience being numerous, and the Room large, it was requisite the Orator should be elevated, that he might be heard: But as it unluckily happen'd, there was nothing at hand but an old Beer-Barrel, which the Doctor with much Good-Nature mounted; and in the midst of his Oration, beating Time to the Accent with his Foot, the Head broke in, and his Feet sunk to the Bottom, which occasion'd the malicious Report of his Enemies, That he was turn'd a Tub-Preacher: However he finish'd the Oration with a superiour Grace and Genius, to the loud Acclamations of Mirth, which inspir'd the mix'd or rather Mob-Auditors. The Procession began to move, a numerous



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Train of Coaches attended the Hearſe: But good God in what Diſorder, can only be expreſs'd by a Sixpenny Pamphlet, ſoon after publiſh'd, entitled, Dryden's *Funeral*. At laſt the Corps arriv'd at the Abbey, which was all unlighted. No Organ play'd, no Anthem ſung; only two of the Singing Boys preceded the Corps, who ſung an Ode of *Horace*, with each a ſmall Candle in their Hand. The Butchers and other Mob broke in like a Deluge, ſo that only about eight or ten Gentlemen could get Admiſſion, and thoſe forc'd to cut the Way with their drawn Swords. The Coffin in this Diſorder was let down into *Chaucer*'s Grave, with as much Confuſion, and as little Ceremony, as was poſſible; every one glad to ſave themſelves from the Gentlemen's Swords, or the Clubs of the Mob. When the Funeral was over, Mr. *Charles* ſent a Challenge to Lord *Jefferies*, who refuſing to anſwer it, he ſent ſeveral others, and went often himſelf, but could neither get a Letter deliver'd, nor Admittance to ſpeak to him; which ſo juſtly incens'd him, that he reſolv'd, ſince his Lordſhip refus'd to anſwer him like a Gentleman, he would watch an Opportunity to meet him, and fight off hand, tho' with all the Rules of Honour; which his Lordſhip hearing, left the Town, and Mr. *Charles* could never have the Satisfaction to meet him,

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him, tho' he ſought it till his Death with the utmoſt Application. This is the true State of the Caſe, and ſurely no Reflection to the Manes of this great Man.

Thus it is very plain, that his being buried by Contribution, was owing to a vile drunken Frolick of the Lord *Jefferies*, as I have related. Mr. *Dryden* enjoy'd himſelf in Plenty, while he liv'd, and the Surpluſage of his Goods paid all his Debts. After his Deceaſe, the Lady *Elſabeth*, his Widow, took a leſſer Houſe in *Sherrard-Street, Golden-Square*, and had wherewithal to live frugally, genteel, and keep two Servants, to the Day of her Death, by the means of a ſmall Part of her Fortune, which her Relations had obliged Mr. *Dryden* to ſecure to her on Marriage: This was 80 *l. per Annum*, and duly paid at 20 *l. per* Quarter; ſo that I can aſſure you, there was no Want to her Dying-day. He had only three Sons, and all provided for like Gentlemen. Mr. *Charles* had ſerved the PONTIFF of *Rome* above nine Years, in an honourable and profitable Poſt, as *Uſher to the Palace*, out of which he had an handſome Stipend remitted, by his Brother *John*, whom, by the Pope's Favour, he left to officiate, while he came to viſit his Father, who dying ſoon after his Arrival, he return'd no more to *Italy*,

*Italy*, but was unhappily drown'd at *Windsor* in ſwimming croſs the River. Mr. *John* died in his Poſt at *Rome*, and *Harry*, the youngeſt, was a *Religious*; he had 30*l.* a Year allow'd by his College in *Flanders*, beſides a generous Salary from his near Relation the, too well known, Dutcheſs of *Norfolk*, to whom he was domeſtick Chaplain. Behold the great Wants of this deplorable Family!

*I am*, Sir,

May 15, 1729.

*Yours, &c.*

CORINNA.

*P. S.* Mr. *Dryden* was educated at *Weſtminſter* School, under the great Dr. *Buſby*, being one of the King's Scholars upon the Royal Foundation.

In the Year 1709, *April* 7, the Comedy of *Love for Love* was acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, for the Benefit of Mr. *Betterton*, to compenſate in ſome meaſure, a very great Loſs which he had ſuſtain'd. Mr. *Congreve*, not only upon this Occaſion, but any other which at any time offer'd for the Service of Mr. *Betterton*, always exerted his friendly Offices to the utmoſt. "Thoſe excellent Players, Mrs. *Barry*,

"Mrs.

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" Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and Mr. *Dogget*, tho' " not then concern'd in the House, acted " on this Occasion: There has not been " known so great a Concourse of Persons " of Distinction as at that Time; the Stage " itself was cover'd with Gentlemen and La- " dies, and when the Curtain was drawn, " it discover'd, even there a very splendid " Audience. This unusual Encouragement " which was given to a Play for the Ad- " vantage of so great an Actor, then gave " an undeniable Instance, That the true Re- " lish for manly Entertainments and rational " Pleasures was not wholly lost. All the " Parts were acted to Perfection; the Actors " were careful of their Carriage, and no one " was guilty of the Affectation to insert " Witticisms of his own, but a due Respect " was had to the Audience for encouraging " this accomplish'd Player. * " There was a Prologue suitable to the Occasion wrote by Mr. *Congreve*, and spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and an Epilogue by Mr. *Rowe*, spoken by Mrs. *Barry*. The former was never printed, but the latter, being the justest Compliment that could be paid Mr. *Betterton*, was publish'd at the Time, a Copy of which is as follows:

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* See the TATLER, N°. 1.

EPI-

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## EPILOGUE.

AS ſome brave *Knight*, who once with Spear and Shield
Had ſought Renown in many a well-fought Field;
But now no more with ſacred Fame inſpir'd,
Was to a peaceful Hermitage retir'd:
There, if by chance, diſaſtrous Tales he hears,
Of Matrons Wrongs, and captive Virgins Tears,
He feels ſoft Pity urge his gen'rous Breaſt,
And vows once more to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd,
Buckled in *Mail*, he ſallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again:

So we, to former Leagues of Friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful Homes Adieu,
To aid old THOMAS, and to pleaſure you.
Like errant Damſels, boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs Stage.
Time was, when this good Man no Help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any *She* ſhould hold his Back;

But

But now, ſo Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
By * two at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd.
You ſee what Failing Nature brings Man to;
And yet let none inſult, for aught we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you.
Tho' old, you find, his Strength is not clean paſt,
But true as Steel he's Mettle to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in Days of *Yore*,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?

What he has been, tho' preſent Praiſe be dumb,
Shall haply be a Theme in Times to come,
As now we talk of Roscius, and of *Rome*.
Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
Old *Shakeſpeare*'s Ghoſt had ris'n to do him Right.
With Indignation you had ſeen him frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſtleſs Town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him ſay,
Why are the Muſes Labours caſt away?
Why did I only write what only he could play?

* Mrs. *Barry* and Mrs. *Bracegirdle* claſp him round the Waiſt.

But

But ſince, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on, and make the gen'rous Work compleat;
Be true to Merit, and ſtill own his Cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare Applauſe;
In juſt Remembrance of your Pleaſures paſt,
Be kind, and give him a Diſcharge at laſt.
In Peace and Eaſe, Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated Buskin * here.

But Mr. *Betterton* did not long ſhare the Benefit of this well-intended Act of Generoſity, his Afflictions had taken too ſtrong Root in the Heart of a Man of his Spirit, and he died within little more than a Year afterwards. His Remains were decently interr'd in the Cloyſter of *Weſtminſter-Abbey*. But not the leaſt Memorial is yet erected to his Merit, tho' it has been many Years talk'd of.

Mr. *Pope*, in one of his Letters to Mr. *Cromwell*, wrote at the Time, upon the Subject of Deaths of remarkable People, adds this Poſtſcript, " This Letter of DEATHS,

* Pointing to the Top of the Stage.

" ſays,

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" says he, puts me in mind of poor Mr. *Bet-*
" *terton's*, over whom I would have this Sen-
" tence of *Tully* for an Epitaph.

VITÆ BENE ACTÆ, JUCUNDISSIMA EST RECORDATIO. *i. e.*

*A Life well Acted, is the sweetest Remembrance.*

This Sentence is justly applicable to the Man, without the Affectation of the Pun, as to the Word *Acted*, because the Person was a *Player*; and I hope so mean an Allusion could not be the Motive of Mr. *Pope's* Choice of the Phrase: But be it taken in whatsoever Sense the Reader pleases, I only wish Mr. *Pope* may live to repent of his malevolent Spleen, and thereby deserve the same Epitaph himself.

In the Year 1712, Mr. *Rowe* publish'd the following fine Piece of Humour, entitled The RECONCILEMENT, *viz.*

*The*

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## *The* RECONCILEMENT *between* Jacob Tonson *and Mr.* Congreve. *An Imitation of* HORACE, *Book* III. *Ode* IX.

### Ad LYDIAM.

*Donec gratus eram*, &c.

TONSON.

WHILE at my Houſe in *Fleet-ſtreet* once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, Time paſs'd away?
While I partook your Wine, your Wit and Mirth,
I was the happieſt Creature on God's *Yearth**.

CONGREVE.

While in your early Days of Reputation,
You for blue Garters had not ſuch a Paſſion;
While yet you did not uſe, as now your Trade is,
To drink with noble Lords, and toaſt their Ladies;

* Tonſon (*Sen.*) *his Dialect.*

Thou

Thou, JACOB TONSON, wer't, to my conceiving,
The chearfulleſt, beſt, honeſt Fellow living.

TONSON.

I'm in with Captain VANBRUGH at the preſent,
A moſt *ſweet-natur'd* Gentleman, and pleaſant;
He writes your Comedies, draws Schemes, and Models,
And builds Dukes Houſes upon very odd Hills*:
For him, ſo much I doat on him, that I,
If I was ſure to go to Heaven, would die.

CONGREVE.

TEMPLE and DELAVAL are now my Party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;
And tho'for them I ſhall ſcarce go to Heaven
Yet I can drink with them ſix Nights in ſeven.

* BLENHEIM, the Seat of the Duke of *Marlborough*.

B TONSON.

TONSON.

What if from VAN's dear Arms I ſhould retire,
And once more warm my * *Bunyans* at your Fire;
If I to *Bow-ſtreet* † ſhould invite you Home,
And ſet a Bed up in my Dining-Room,
Tell me, dear Mr. CONGREVE, would you come?

CONGREVE.

Tho' the gay Sailor, and the gentle Knight,
Were ten times more my Joy and Heart's Delight;
Tho' civil Perſons they, you ruder were,
And had more Humours than a dancing Bear;
Yet for your Sake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear COB, with only you.

In the Winter of 1713, Mr. *Rowe* likewiſe gave us the following Alluſion from *Horace*.

---

* JACOB's Term for his Corns.
† His Printing-Houſe at that Time.

HORACE

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# HORACE, Book II. Ode IV.

## Ad XANTHIAM.

*Ne sit Ancillæ tibi amor pudori.*

*The Lord* G——, *to the Earl of* S——.

I.

DO not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
To *B*——*le* the Brown;
But publickly espouse the Dame,
And say, G——D—— the Town.

II.

Full many Heroes, fierce and keen,
With Drabs have deeply smitten been,
Altho' right good Commanders;
Some who, with you, have *Hounslow* seen,
And some who've been in *Flanders*.

III.

Did not base *Greber's* * PEGG inflame
The sober Earl of *N*——*m*?
Of sober Sire descended,

* Signiora *Francisca Margueritta de l'Epine*, an *Italian* Songstress.



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That careleſs of his Soul and Fame,
To Play-houſes he nightly came,
And left Church undefended.

IV.

The Monarch who of *France* is hight,
Who rules the Roaſt with matchleſs Might
Since WILLIAM went to Heaven;
Loves MAINTENON, his Lady bright,
Who was but SCARRON's Leaving.

V.

Tho' thy Dear's Father kept an Inn
At griſly Head of *Saracen*,
For Carriers at *Northampton*;
Yet ſhe might come of gentler Kin,
Than e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

Of Proffers large her Choice had ſhe,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
Which ſhe with Scorn rejected;
And can a Nymph ſo Virtuous, be
Of baſe-born Blood ſuſpected?

VII. Her

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VII.

Her dimple Cheek, and roguiſh Eye,
Her ſlender Waiſt, and taper Thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, tho' I talk waggiſhly,
I mean no more than Joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?
My Lady Marchioneſs is nigh,
To ſee I ne'er ſhall hurt ye;
Beſides, you know full well, that I
Am turn'd of five and forty.

I am in this Place moſt agreeably obliged to reſume the Memoirs of Mr. *Dryden* and his Family, by the Receipt of two more Letters from CORINNA. And I am likewiſe to acquaint the Publick, that they had never ſeen theſe invaluable Papers, had it not been for a Paſſage of Mr. *Dennis*, wherein he has moſt ſcandalouſly and falſly affirmed, That "Mr. *Dryden* could never receive Encou-"ragement enough (from his Writings) to ſet "him intirely at Eaſe, died without leaving "enough behind him to inter him, and left



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" behind him a deſtitute and deplorable Fa-
" mily." *

*SIR,*

UPON Recollection, I think it muſt have been that remarkably fine Gentleman, Pope CLEMENT XI. to whom Mr. *Charles Dryden* was *Uſher* of the *Palace*. His Brother *John* died of a Fever at *Rome*, not many Months after his Father, and was buried there; whether before the Pope or after, I cannot ſay; but the Difference was not much. Mr. *Charles*, who was drowned at *Windſor* 1704, was doubtleſs buried there. Lady *Elſabeth* lived about eight Years after her Spouſe, and for five Years of the Time, without any Memory, which ſhe loſt by a Fever in 1703; ſhe was a melancholly Object, and was, by her Son *Harry*, as I was told, carried into the Country, where ſhe died: What Country I never heard. I cannot certainly ſay where Mr. *Harry* died, or whether before his Mother or after.

Mr. *Dryden* never had any Wife, but Lady *Elſabeth*, whatever may have been reported.

* See his Remarks upon Mr. *Pope's* HOMER, *pag.* 7.

As

As he was a Man of a versatile Genius, he took great Delight in *Judicial Astrology*; tho' only by himself. There were some Incidents which proved his great Skill, that were related to Lady *Chudleigh* at the *Bath*, and which she desired me to ask Lady *Elizabeth Abour*, as I after did; which she not only confirmed, by telling me the exact Matter of Fact, but added another, which had never been told to any; and which I can solemnly aver was some Years before it came to pass. I purposely omitted these *Narratives* in the *Memoirs* of Mr. *Dryden*, lest that this over-witty Age, which so much ridicules *Prescience*, should think the worse of all the rest: But if you desire Particulars, they shall be freely at your Service.

*I am*, Sir,

16 June, 1729. *Yours, &c.*

CORINNA.

*The Narratives referr'd to in the foregoing Letter*, viz.

NOtwithstanding Mr. *Dryden* was a great Master of that Branch of *Astronomy*, call'd *Judicial Astrology*, there were very few, scarce any, the most intimate of



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his Friends, who knew of his Amuſements that way, except his own Family. In the Year 1707, that deſervedly celebrated Lady *Chudleigh*, being at the *Bath*, was told by the Lady *Elſabeth*, of a very ſurpriſing Inſtance of this Judgement on his eldeſt Son *Charles*'s Horoſcope. Lady *Chudleigh*, whoſe ſuperiour Genius render'd her as little credulous on the Topick of *Preſcience*, as ſhe was on that of *Apparitions*; yet withal was of ſo candid and curious a Diſpoſition, that ſhe neither credited an atteſted Tale on the Quality or Character of the Relater, nor did ſhe altogether deſpiſe it, tho' told by the moſt ignorant: Her ſteady Zeal for Truth always led her to ſearch to the Foundation of it; and on that Principle, at her Return to *London*, ſhe ſpoke to a Gentlewoman of her Acquaintance, that was well acquainted in Mr. *Dryden*'s Family, to ask his Widow about it; which ſhe accordingly did. It is true, Report had added many Incidents to Matter of Fact, but the real Truth take from Lady *Elſabeth*'s own Mouth, in theſe Words.

" When I was in Labour of *Charles*, Mr. " *Dryden* being told it was decent to with- " draw, laid his Watch on the Table, beg- " ging one of the Ladies, then preſent, in a " moſt ſolemn Manner, to take an exact

" No

" Notice of the very Minute when the " Child was born: Which she did, and ac- " quainted him therewith. This pass'd with- " out any singular Notice; many Fathers " having had such a Fancy, without any far- " ther Thought. But about a Week after, " when I was pretty hearty, he comes into " my Room, *My Dear*, says he, *you lit- tle think what I have been doing this Mor- ning; nor ever shall*, said I, *unless you will be so good to inform me. Why then*, cry'd he, *I have been calculating this Child's Nativity, and in Grief I speak it, He was born in an evil Hour*; Jupiter, Venus, *and the* Sun, *were all under the Earth, and the Lord of his* Ascendant *afflicted by a hateful Square of* Mars *and* Saturn. *If he lives to arrive at his eighth Year, he will go near to die a violent Death on his very Birth- Day; but if he should escape, as I see but small Hopes, he will in his 23d Year be un- der the very same evil Direction. And if he should, which seems almost impossible, e- scape that also, the 33d or 34th Year is I fear*—— *I interrupted him here, O! Mr.* Dryden, *what is this you tell me? my Blood runs cold at your fatal Speech, recall it, I beseech you. Shall my little* Angel, *my* Dry- den Boy, *be doom'd to so hard a Fate? Poor Innocent, what hast thou done? No; I will fold thee in my Arms, and if thou must fall,*

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*fall, we will both perish together.* A Flood of Tears put a stop to my Speech, and thro' Mr. *Dryden*'s comfortable Persuasions, and the Distance of Time, I began to be a little appeased, but always kept the fatal Period in my Mind. At last the Summer arriv'd, *August* was the inauspicious Month in which my dear Son was to enter on his eighth Year. The Court being in Progress, and Mr. *Dryden* at leisure, he was invited to my Brother *Berkshire*'s to keep the long Vacation with him at *Charleton* in *Wilts*; I was also invited to my Uncle *Mordaunt*'s, to pass the Remainder of the Summer at his Country-Seat. *All this was well enough*; but when we came to dividing the Children, I wou'd have had him took *John*, and let me have the Care of *Charles*; because, as I told him, a Man might be engaged in Company, but a Woman could have no Pretence for not guarding of the evil Hour. Poor Mr. *Dryden* was in this too absolute, and I as positive. In fine, we parted in Anger; and, as a Husband always will be Master, he took *Charles*, and I was forc'd to be content with my Son *John*: But when the fatal Day approach'd, such Anguish of Heart seiz'd me, as none but a fond Mother can form any Idea of. I watch'd the Post; That fail'd; I wrote and wrote, but no Answer. Oh, my Friend, judge what I endured, terrified with

Dreams,

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Dreams, tormented by my Apprehensions. I abandon'd my self to Despair, and remained inconsolable.

The Anxiety of my Spirits occasioned such an Effervescence of my Blood, as threw me into so violent a Fever, that my Life was despaired of, when a Letter came from my Spouse, reproving my Womanish Credulity, and assured me all was well, and the Child in perfect Health; on which I mended daily, and recovered my wonted State of Ease, till about six Weeks after the fatal Day, I received an *Eclaircissement* from Mr. *Dryden*, with a full Account of the whole Truth, which belike he fear'd to acquaint me with till the Danger was over. It was this: In the Month of *August*, being *Charles*'s Anniversary, it happen'd that Lord *Berkshire* had made a general Hunting-Match, to which were invited all the adjacent Gentlemen; Mr. *Dryden* being at his House, and his Brother-in-Law, could not be dispensed with from appearing.

I have told you, that Mr. *Dryden*, either through fear of being thought *superstitious*, or thinking it a *Science* beneath his Study, was extremely cautious in letting any one know that he was a *Dabler* in *Astrology*, therefore could not excuse his Absence from the

the Sport; but he took care to ſet the Boy a double Exerciſe in the *Latin* Tongue (which he taught his Children himſelf) with a ſtrict Charge not to ſtir out of the Room 'till his Return, well knowing the Task he had ſet him would take up longer Time. Poor *Charles* was all Obedience, and ſate cloſe to his Duty, when, as ill Fate ordained, the *Stag* made towards the Houſe. The Noiſe of the Dogs, Horns, *&c.* alarm'd the Family to partake of the Sport, and one of the Servants coming down ſtairs, the Door being open, ſaw the Child hard at his Exerciſe without being moved. *Maſter,* cried the Fellow, *why do you ſit there? Come down, come down, and ſee the Sport. No,* reply'd *Charles, my Papa has forbid me, and I dare not. Piſh,* quoth the Clown, *Father ſhall never know it:* ſo takes the Child by the Hand, and leads him away, when juſt as they came to the Gate, the *Stag,* being at Bay with the Dogs, cut a bold Stroke, and leap'd over the Court-Wall, which was very low, and very old, and the Dogs following, threw down at once a part of the Wall ten Yards in length, under which my dear Child lay buried. He was as ſoon as poſſible dug out; but, alas! how mangled! his poor little Head being cruſh'd to a perfect Maſh. In this miſerable Condition he continued above ſix Weeks, without the leaſt Hope of Life. Thro'

the

the divine Providence he recover'd, and in Process of Time, having a most advantageous Invitation to *Rome* from my Uncle Cardinal *Howard*, we sent over our two Sons *Charles* and *John*; (having thro' the Grace of God been our selves admitted into the *true Catholick Faith*:) They were received suitable to the Grandeur and Generosity of his Eminence, and *Charles* immediately planted in a Post of Honour, as *Gentleman-Usher* to his *Holiness*, in which he continu'd about nine Years. But what occasions me to mention this, is in allusion to my dear Mr. *Dryden*'s too fatal Prediction. In his 23d Year, being in perfect Health, he had attended some Ladies of the *Palace*, his Holiness's Nieces, as it was his Place, on a Party of Pleasure: his Brother *John* and he lodg'd together, at the Top of an *old round Tower* belonging to the *Vatican*, (with a Well-Stair-Case, much like the *Monument*) when he knew his Brother *Charles* was return'd, went up, thinking to find him there, and to go to Bed. But alas! no Brother was there: On which he made a strict Enquiry at all the Places he used to frequent, but no News, more, than that he was seen by the Centinel to go up the Stair-Case. On which he got an Order for the Door of the Foundation of the Tower to be open'd, where they found my poor unfortunate Son *Charles* mash'd to a Mummy, and weltering in his own Blood. How this happened,

pened, he gave no farther Account, when he could ſpeak, than, that the Heat of the Day had been moſt exceſſive, and as he came to the *Top of the Tower*, he found himſelf ſeiz'd with a Megrim, or ſwimming in his Head, and leaning againſt the Iron Rails, 'tis to be ſuppoſed, tipp'd over, five Stories deep. Under this grievous Miſchance, his *Holineſs* (God bleſs him) omitted nothing that might conduce to his Recovery; but as he lay many Months without Hopes of Life, ſo when he did recover his Health, it was always very imperfect, and he continues ſtill to be of a hectick Diſpoſition.

You ſee here, continued Lady *Elſabeth*, the too true fulfilling of two of my dear Husband's fatal Predictions. But alas! my Friend, there is a third to come, which is, that in his 33d or 34th Year, he or I ſhall die a violent Death; but he could not ſay which would go firſt; I heartily pray it may be my ſelf: But as I have ten thouſand Fears, the daily Challenges *Charles* ſends to Lord *Jefferies*, on his ungenerous Treatment of my dear Mr. *Dryden*'s Corps, and as he has ſome Value for you, I beg, my deareſt Friend, that you would diſſuade him as much as you can from taking that Sort of Juſtice on Lord *Jefferies*, leſt it ſhould fulfil his dear Father's Prediction.

Thus far Lady *Elſabeth*'s own Words.



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This, if required, I can ſolemnly atteſt was long before Mr. *Charles* died: to the beſt of my Remembrance it was in 1701 or 1702, I will not be poſitive which. But in 1703, Lady *Elſabeth* was ſeiz'd with a nervous Fever, which deprived her of her Memory and Underſtanding, (which ſurely may be term'd a moral Death) tho' ſhe lived ſome Years after. But Mr. *Charles* in *Auguſt* 1704 was unhappily drowned at *Windſor*, as before recited. He had, with another Gentleman, ſwam twice over the *Thames*; but venturing a third time, it was ſuppos'd he was taken with the Cramp, becauſe he call'd out for Help, tho' too late.

*I am*, Sir, *&c.*

June 18, 1729. CORINNA.

## Mr. CHARLES DRYDEN's LETTER to CORINNA.

*Madam*,

NOtwithſtanding I have been ſeized with a Fever ever ſince I ſaw you laſt, I have this Afternoon endeavour'd to do my ſelf the Honour of obeying my Lady *Chudleigh*'s Commands. My Fever is ſtill increaſing, and I beg you to peruſe the following Verſes

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Verſes according to your own Senſe and Diſcretion, which far ſurpaſſes mine in all reſpects. In a ſmall Time of Intermiſſion from my Illneſs, I writ theſe following.

*Madam,*

How happy is our *Britiſh* Iſle to bear
Such Crops of Wit and Beauty to the Fair?
A *female Muſe* each vying Age has bleſt,
And the laſt *Phœnix* ſtill excels the reſt:
But you ſuch ſolid Learning add to Rhimes,
Your *Senſe* looks fatal to ſucceeding Times;
Which, rais'd to ſuch a Pitch, o'erflows like *Nile*,
And with an After-dearth muſt ſeize our Iſle.
Alone of all your Sex, without the Rules
Of formal Pedants, or the noiſy Schools;
(What Nature has beſtow'd will Art ſupply)
Have trac'd the various Tracts of dark Philoſophy.

What happy Days had wiſe AURELIUS ſeen
If, for FAUSTINA, you his Wife had been?
No jarring Nonſenſe had his Soul oppreſs'd,
For he with all he wiſh'd for had been bleſs'd.

Be

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Be pleased to tell me what you find amiss; or correct it yourself, and excuse this Trouble from

*Your most humble*

Easter-Eve. *and most obedient Servant,*

CHAR. DRYDEN.

I have search'd all our *Ecclesiastical Offices* for the WILL of Mr. *Dryden*, but I find he did not make any; ADMINISTRATION was granted to his Son *Charles* (his Wife, the Lady *Elsabeth Howard*, being a Lunatick for some time before her Death) in *June* 1700.

I shall now close all with the Character of this Great Man's Person and Abilities, as drawn up by Mr. *Congreve*, before a new Edition of his PLAYS, in six Volumes in *Duodecimo*, address'd to his Grace the Duke of *Newcastle*. By what Fatality it was this Noble Lord had not the Honour of erecting a Monument to Mr. *Dryden*'s Memory, but that it should devolve upon his Grace of *Buckinghamshire*, I dare not take upon me to determine.



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" AS I had the Happineſs (ſays Mr. *Congreve*) to be very converſant, and as " intimately acquainted with Mr. *Dryden*, as " the great Diſproportion in our Years could " allow me to be; I hope it will not be " thought too aſſuming in me, if in love to " his Memory, and in Gratitude for the ma- " ny friendly Offices, and favourable Inſtruc- " tions, which in my early Youth I receiv'd " from him, I take upon me to make this " publick Acknowledgment to your Grace, " for ſo publick a Teſtimony as you are " pleaſed to give the World of that high E- " ſteem in which you hold the Performances " of that eminent Man.

" Whoever ſhall cenſure me, I dare be " confident, You, my Lord, will excuſe me, " for any thing that I ſhall ſay, with due " Regard to a Gentleman, for whoſe Perſon " I had as juſt an Affection, as I have an " Admiration of his Writings. And indeed " Mr. *Dryden* had perſonal Qualities to chal- " lenge both Love and Eſteem from all who " were truly acquainted with him.

" He was of a Nature exceeding humane " and compaſſionate; eaſily forgiving Inju- " ries, and capable of a prompt and ſincere

" Recon-

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" Reconciliation with them who had of-
" fended him.

" Such a Temperament is the only ſolid
" Foundation of all moral Virtues and ſocia-
" ble Endowments. His Friendſhip, where
" he profeſs'd it, went much beyond his
" Profeſſions; and I have been told of ſtrong
" and generous Inſtances of it, by the Per-
" ſons themſelves who received them: tho'
" his hereditary Income was little more than
" a bare Competency.

" As his Reading had been very exten-
" ſive, ſo was he very happy in a Memory
" tenacious of every Thing that he had read.
" He was not more poſſeſs'd of Knowledge,
" than he was communicative of it. But
" then his Communication of it was by no
" means pedantic, or impos'd upon the Con-
" verſation; but juſt ſuch, and went ſo far,
" as by the natural Turns of the Diſcourſe
" in which he was engag'd, it was neceſſa-
" rily promoted or requir'd. He was extreme
" ready and gentle in his Correction of the
" Errors of any Writer, who thought fit to
" conſult him; and full as ready and pa-
" tient to admit of the Reprehenſion of o-
" thers, in reſpect of his own Overſight or
" Miſtakes. He was of very eaſy, I may
" ſay, of very pleaſing Acceſs. But ſome-

" thing ſlow, and as it were diffident in his " Advances to others. He had ſomething " in his Nature that abhorr'd Intruſion into " any Society whatſoever. Indeed it is to " be regretted, that he was rather blameable " in the other Extream; for by that means, " he was perſonally leſs known, and conſe- " quently his Character might become liable " both to Miſapprehenſions and Miſrepre- " ſentations.

" To the beſt of my Knowledge and Ob- " ſervation, he was, of all the Men that ever " I knew, one of the moſt modeſt, and the " moſt eaſily to be diſcountenanc'd in his " Approaches, either to his Superiors, or " his Equals.

" I have given your Grace this ſlight Sketch " of his perſonal Character, as well to vin- " dicate his *Memory*, as to juſtify myſelf for " the Love which I bore to his *Perſon*.

" As to his *Writings*, I may venture to " ſay, in general Terms, that no Man hath " written in our Language ſo much, and ſo " various Matter, and in ſo various Manners, " ſo well. Another Thing I may ſay was " very peculiar to him; which is, that his " Parts did not decline with his Years: But " that he was an improving Writer to the " laſt,

" last, even to near Seventy Years of Age;
" improving even in Fire and Imagination,
" as well as in Judgment: Witness his ODE
" on St. *Cecilia's* Day, and his FABLES *,
" his latest Performances.

" He was equally excellent in Verse and
" in Prose: His Prose had all the Clearness
" imaginable, together with all the Noble-
" ness of Expression; all the Graces and Or-
" naments proper and peculiar to it, with-
" out deviating into the Language or Diction
" of Poetry. I make this Observation on-
" ly to distinguish his Stile from that of
" many Poetical Writers, who meaning to
" write harmoniously in Prose, do in truth
" often write meer Blank Verse.

" I have heard him frequently own with
" Pleasure, that if he had any Talent for
" *English* Prose, it was owing to his having
" often read the Writings of the great Arch-
" bishop TILLOTSON.

" His Versification and his Numbers he
" could learn of no body: For he first pos-
" sess'd those Talents in Perfection in our

* Ancient and Modern, from HOMER, OVID, BOCCACE, CHAUCER, &c.

" Tongue. And they who have beſt ſuc-
" ceeded in them ſince his Time, have been
" indebted to his Example; and the more
" they have been able to imitate him, the
" better have they ſucceeded.

" As his Stile in Proſe is always ſpecifi-
" cally different from his Stile in Poetry; ſo,
" on the other hand, in his Poems, his Diction
" is, wherever his Subject requires it, ſo ſub-
" limely, and ſo truly Poetical, that its Eſ-
" ſence, like that of pure Gold, cannot be
" deſtroy'd. Take his Verſes, and diveſt them
" of their Rhimes, disjoint them in their
" Numbers, tranſpoſe their Expreſſions, make
" what Arrangement and Diſpoſition you
" pleaſe of his Words, yet ſhall there eter-
" nally be Poetry, and ſomething which will
" be found incapable of being reſolv'd into
" abſolute Proſe: An inconteſtible Characte-
" riſtick of a truly poetical Genius.

" I will ſay but one Word more in ge-
" neral of his Writings, which is, that what
" he has done in any one *Species*, or *diſtinct*
" Kind, would have been ſufficient to have
" acquir'd him a great Name. If he had
" written nothing but his *Prefaces*, or no-
" thing but his *Songs*, or his *Prologues*, each
" of them would have entitled him to the
" Preference and Diſtinction of excelling in
" his Kind."



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Such was Mr. *Dryden*, and such the Bequeſt he left to Mr. *Congreve*.

*Be kind to my* REMAINS, and O defend,
Againſt your Judgment, your departed Friend!
Let not th'inſulting Foe my *Fame* purſue,
But ſhade thoſe *Laurels* which deſcend to you:
And take for Tribute what theſe Lines expreſs;
*You* merit *more*, nor could *my* Love do leſs.

J. DRYDEN. *

Not the leaſt Memorial was erected over the Remains of Mr. DRYDEN for above twenty Years; inſomuch that Sir *Samuel Garth* moſt pathetically complain'd, That "the Man who could make Kings immortal, and raiſe triumphal Arches to Heroes, "wanted a poor ſquare Foot of Stone to "ſhow where the Aſhes of one of the greateſt Poets that ever was upon Earth were "depoſited. †

* See Mr. *Dryden*'s VERSES to Mr. *Congreve* on his DOUBLE DEALER.

† See his Preface to his Tranſlation of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.



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But at length that Blemiſh upon our Nation was wiped off, by the Generoſity of his Grace the late Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*, who erected, next to Mr. *Cowley*'s, a very neat and plain Monument, the more beautiful for its Plainneſs, and containing only this ſufficient Inſcription:

J. DRYDEN

Natus 1632. Mortuus May 1. 1700.

JOHANNES SHEFFIELD,

DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS

POSUIT, 1720.

AN

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AN

# ESSAY

Concerning

## HUMOUR *in* COMEDY:

To Mr. *D******.

*Dear SIR,*

YOU write me, that you have entertain'd your self two or three Days, with reading several Comedies, of several Authors; and your Observation is, that there is more of *Humour* in our *English* Writers, than in any of the other Comick Poets, Ancient or Modern. You desire to know my Opinion, and at the same time my Thoughts, of that which is generally call'd *Humour* in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference of our *English* Writers, in that Particular, But

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But if I tell you my Thoughts of *Humour*, I must at the same time confess, that what I take for true *Humour*, has not been so often written even by them as is generally believed: And some who have valued themselves, and have been esteem'd by others, for that kind of Writing, have seldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labour'd Discourse, and such as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But such little Remarks, as may be contain'd within the Compass of a Letter, and such unpremeditated Thoughts, as may be Communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Censure of the *World*, or setting up for a *Dictator*, you shall have from me, since you have injoin'd it.

To define *Humour*, perhaps, were as difficult, as to define *Wit*; for like that, it is of infinite variety. To enumerate the several *Humours* of Men, were a Work as endless, as to sum up their several Opinions. And in my mind the *Quot homines, tot Sententiæ*, [so many Men, so many Minds.] might have been more properly interpreted of *Humour*; since there are many Men, of the same *Opinion* in many things, who are quite different in *Humours*. But tho' we cannot certainly tell what *Wit* is, or what *Humour* is, yet we may go near to shew something, which is not *Wit*, or

or not *Humour*; and yet often mistaken for both. And since I have mentioned *Wit* and *Humour* together, let me make the first Distinction between them, and observe to you, that *Wit* is often mistaken for *Humour*.

I have observed, that when a few things have been Wittily and Pleasantly spoken by any Character in a Comedy; it has been very usual for those, who make their Remarks on a Play, while it is acting, to say, *Such a Thing is very* Humourously *spoken: There is a great deal of* Humour *in that Part.* Thus the Character of the Person speaking, may be, surprizingly and pleasantly, is mistaken for a Character of *Humour*, which indeed is a Character of *Wit*. But there is a great difference between a Comedy, wherein there are many things *Humourously*, as they call it, which is *Pleasantly* spoken; and one, where there are several Characters of *Humour*, distinguish'd by the particular and different *Humours*, appropriated to the several Persons represented, and which naturally arise, from the different Constitutions, Complexions, and Dispositions of Men. The saying of *Humourous Things*, doth not distinguish Characters; for every Person in a Comedy may be allow'd to speak them. From a *Witty Man* they are expected; and even a *Fool* may be permitted to stumble on 'em by chance. Tho' I make

make a Difference betwixt *Wit* and *Humour*; yet I do not think that *Humourous Characters* exclude Wit: No, but the Manner of *Wit* should be adapted to the *Humour*. As for Instance; a Character of a Splenetick and Peevish *Humour*, should have a Satyrical Wit. A Jolly and Sanguine *Humour*, should have a Facetious Wit. The Former should speak Positively; the Latter, Carelessly. For the former observes and shews Things as they are; the latter, rather over-looks Nature, and speaks Things as he would have them; and his *Wit* and *Humour* have both of them a less Alloy of Judgment than the others.

As *Wit*, so, its opposite, *Folly*, is sometimes mistaken for *Humour*.

When a Poet brings a *Character* on the Stage, committing a thousand Absurdities, and talking Impertinencies, roaring aloud, and laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no occasion, this is a Character of *Humour*.

Is any thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy, stuff'd with such Grotesque-Figures, and Farce-Fools? Things, that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monsters, and Births of Mischance; and consequently as such, should be stifled, and huddled

huddled out of the way, like *Souterkins*; that Mankind may not be shock'd with an appearing Possibility of the Degeneration of a God-like *Species*. For my part, I am as willing to laugh, as any body, and as easily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous: but at the same time, I can never care for seeing things, that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't know how it is with others, but I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey, without very mortifying Reflections; tho' I never heard any thing to the contrary, why that Creature is not Originally of a distinct *Species*. As I don't think *Humour* exclusive of *Wit*, neither do I think it inconsistent with *Folly*; but I think the Follies should be only such, as Mens *Humours* may incline 'em to; and not Follies intirely abstracted from both Humour and Nature.

Sometimes *Personal Defects* are misrepresented for *Humours*.

I mean sometimes Characters are barbarously exposed on the Stage, ridiculing Natural Deformities, Casual Defects in the Senses, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet must both be very ill-natur'd himself, and think his Audience so, when he proposes by shewing a Man Deform'd, or Deaf, or Blind, to give them

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them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raise their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compassion. But much need not be said upon this Head to any body, especially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. *Johnson*'s FOX, have justly excepted against this immoral Part of *Ridicule* in CORBACCIO's Character; and there I must agree with you to blame him, whom otherwise I cannot enough admire, for his great Mastery of true *Humour* in Comedy.

*External Habit of Body* is often mistaken for *Humour*.

By *External Habit* I do not mean the ridiculous Dress or Cloathing of a Character, tho' that goes a good way in some received Characters. (But undoubtedly a Man's *Humour* may incline him to dress differently from other People.) But I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or most of the same Country, Trade, Profession, or Education. I cannot think That a *Humour*, which is only a Habit, or Disposition contracted by Use or Customs; for by a Dis-use or Compliance with other Customs, it may be worn off or diversify'd.

*Affectation* is generally mistaken for *Humour*.

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These are indeed so much alike, that at a Distance they may be mistaken one for the other. For what is *Humour* in one, may be *Affectation* in another; and nothing is more common, than for some to affect particular Ways of saying, and doing things, peculiar to others, whom they admire and would imitate. *Humour* is the Life, *Affectation* the Picture. He that draws a Character of *Affectation*, shews *Humour* at the Second-hand; he at best but publishes a Translation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as these two last Distinctions are the nicest, so it may be most proper to explain them, by particular Instances from some Author of Reputation. *Humour* I take either to be born with us, and so of a natural Growth; or else to be grafted into us, by some accidental Change in the Constitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body; by which it becomes, if I may so call it, naturalized.

*Humour* is from Nature, *Habit* from Custom; and *Affectation* from Industry.

*Humour* shews us as we are.

*Habit*,

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*Habit*, ſhews us, as we *appear*, under a forcible Impreſſion.

*Affectation*, ſhews what we *would be*, under a voluntary Diſguiſe.

Tho' here I would obſerve by the way, that a *continued Affectation* may in time become a *Habit*.

The Character of MOROSE in the *Silent-Woman*, I take to be a Character of *Humour*. And I chuſe to inſtance this Character to you, from many others of the ſame Author, becauſe I know it has been condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce: And you have your ſelf hinted ſome Diſlike of it, for the ſame Reaſon, in a Letter to me, concerning ſome of *Johnſon*'s Plays.

Let us ſuppoſe MOROSE to be a Man naturally ſplenetick and melancholly; is there any thing more offenſive to one of ſuch a Diſpoſition than Noiſe and Clamour? Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enow in *England*) be Judge. We ſee common Examples of this *Humour*, in little, every day. 'Tis ten to one, but three Parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are diſcompoſed and ſtartled at the Cutting of

of a Cork, or ſcratching a Plate with a Knife: It is a Proportion of the ſame *Humour*, that makes ſuch or any other Noiſe offenſive to the Perſon that hears it; for there are others who will not be diſturbed at all by it. Well! but MOROSE, you will ſay, is ſo extravagant, he cannot bear any Diſcourſe or Converſation above a Whiſper. Why, It is his Exceſs of this *Humour*, that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate Proportion of that *Humour*, 'tis odds but half the Audience would have ſided with the Character, and have condemned the Author, for expoſing a *Humour*, which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Beſides, the Diſtance of the Stage requires the Figure repreſented, to be ſomething larger than the Life; and ſure a Picture may have Features larger in proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this Exactneſs of Quantity were to be obſerved in *Wit*, as ſome would have it in *Humour*, what would become of thoſe Characters that are deſign'd for Men of Wit? I believe if a Poet ſhould ſteal a Dialogue of any length, from the *extempore* Diſcourſe of the two wittieſt Men upon Earth, he would find the Scene, but coldly receiv'd by the Town. But to the Purpoſe:



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The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the ſame Play, is a Character of *Affectation*. He every where diſcovers an *Affectation* of Learning; when he is not only conſcious to himſelf, but the Audience alſo plainly perceives that he is ignorant. Of this kind are the Characters of *Thraſo* in the EUNUCH of *Terence*, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the MILES GLORIOSUS of *Plautus*. They affect to be thought valiant, when both themſelves and the Audience know they are not. Now ſuch a Boaſting of Valour in Men who were really valiant, would undoubtedly be a *Humour*; for a fiery Diſpoſition might naturally throw a Man into the ſame Extravagance, which is only *affected* in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of Cob in *Every Man in his Humour*, and moſt of the Under-Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair* diſcover only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the ſeveral Educations and Profeſſions of the Perſons repreſented. They are not *Humours*, but *Habits* contracted by Cuſtom. Under this Head may be rang'd all Country-Clowns, Sailors, Tradeſmen, Jockeys, Gameſters, and ſuch like; who make uſe of *Cant* or peculiar *Dialects* in their ſeveral Arts and Vocations. One may almoſt give a Receipt



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for the Composition of such a Character: For the Poet has nothing to do, but to collect a few proper Phrases and Terms of Art, and to make the Person apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Conversation, with Characters of different natures. Some late Characters of this Kind have been very successful; but in my mind they may be painted without much Art or Labour; since they require little more, than a good Memory and superficial Observation. But true *Humour* cannot be shewn without a Dissection of Nature, and a narrow Search, to discover the first Seeds from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these Distinctions and Examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers. But a bare Hint is sufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject: And I hope by this time you are of my Opinion, that *Humour* is neither *Wit*, nor *Folly*, nor *personal Defect*, nor *Affectation*, nor *Habit*; and yet, that each, and all of these, have been both written and received for *Humour*.

I should be unwilling to venture even on a bare Description of *Humour*, much more



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to make a Definition of it; but now my Hand is in, I will tell you what ſerves me inſtead of either. I take it to be, *A ſingular and unavoidable Manner of doing, or ſaying any thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are diſtinguiſh'd from thoſe of other Men.*

Our *Humour* has relation *to* us, and to what proceeds *from* us, as the Accidents have to a Subſtance; it is a Colour, Taſte, and Smell, diffuſed thro' all; tho' our Actions are never ſo many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the ſame Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which tho' it may be diſguiſed by Art, yet cannot be wholly changed: We may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Inſtrument may be diſtinguiſh'd, tho' the Notes expreſſed by it are never ſo various, and the Diviſions never ſo many. Diſſimulation, may by degrees become more eaſy to our Practice; but it can never abſolutely tranſubſtantiate us into what we would ſeem: It will always be in ſome proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his *Humour*; and there is nothing more provoking, than the being made ſenſible of that

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that Difficulty. Sometimes, one shall meet with those, who, perhaps, innocently enough, but at the same time impertinently, will ask the Question, *Why are you not merry? Why are you not gay, pleasant and cheerful?* then instead of answering, could I ask such a one, *Why are you not handsome? Why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?* Nature abhors to be forced.

The two famous Philosophers of *Ephesus* and *Abdera*, have their different Sects at this day. Some weep, and others laugh, at one and the same thing.

I don't doubt but you have observed several Men laugh when they are angry; others who are silent; some that are loud: Yet I cannot suppose that it is the Passion of *Anger*, which is in it self different, or more or less in one than t'other; but that it is the *Humour* of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to express it in that manner. Demonstrations of Pleasure are as various; one Man has a *Humour* of retiring from all Company, when any thing has happen'd to please him beyond Expectation; he hugs himself alone, and thinks it an Addition to the Pleasure to keep it secret. Another is upon Thorns till he has made Proclamation of it, and must make other People sensible of his Happiness,



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before he can be ſo himſelf. So it is in Grief, and other Paſſions, Demonſtrations of Love, and the Effects of that Paſſion upon ſeveral *Humours* are infinitely different; but here the Ladies who abound in Servants are the beſt Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks ſomething ſhould be obſerved of the *Humour* of the Fair Sex; ſince they are ſometimes ſo kind as to furniſh out a Character for Comedy. But I muſt confeſs I have never made any Obſervation of what I apprehend to be true *Humour* in Women. Perhaps Paſſions are too powerful in that Sex, to let *Humour* have its Courſe; or may be, by reaſon of their natural Coldneſs, *Humour* cannot exert itſelf to that extravagant Degree, which it often does in the Male Sex. For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquir'd Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex, but I think the true Reaſon is, becauſe our Follies are ſtronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think, that the Diverſity of *Humour*, which muſt be allow'd to be diffuſed throughout Mankind, might afford endleſs Matter for the Support of Comedy. But when we come cloſely to conſider that Point, and nicely to diſtinguiſh the *Difference* of *Humours*, I believe we ſhall find the contra-

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ry. For tho' we allow every Man something of his own, and a peculiar *Humour*; yet every Man has it not in quantity to become Remarkable by it: Or, if many do become Remarkable by their *Humours*; yet all those *Humours* may not be diverting. Nor is it only requisite to distinguish what *Humour* will be diverting, but also how much of it, what part of it to shew in Light, and what to cast in Shades; how to set it off by preparatory Scenes, and by *opposing* other *Humours* to it in the same Scene. Through a wrong Judgment sometimes, Mens *Humours* may be opposed when there is really no specific Difference between them; only a greater proportion of the same, in one than t'other, occasion'd by his having more Flegm or Choler, or whatever the Constitution is, from whence their *Humours* derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be said on this Subject; tho' perhaps I have already said too much; but I have said it to a Friend, who I am sure will not expose it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is intirely New, and was never touch'd upon before; and if I would have any one to see this private *Essay*, it should be some one, who might be provoked by my Errors in it, to publish a more Judicious Treatise on the Subject. Indeed I wish it were done, that the World being



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a little acquainted with the ſcarcity of true *Humour*, and the difficulty of finding and ſhewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them, who endeavour to ſearch into Nature for it, and lay it open to the publick View.

I don't ſay but that very entertaining and uſeful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from *Affectation*, and thoſe other Qualities, which I have endeavoured to diſtinguiſh from *Humour*: but I would not have ſuch impoſed on the World for *Humour*, nor eſteem'd of equal Value with it. It were perhaps, the Work of a long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and diſtinct *Humour*. Therefore every Poet muſt be beholden to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think ſuch a one deſerves to be broke, who makes all falſe Muſters; who does not ſhew one true *Humour* in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the end of the Play with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Obſervation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Obſervation of your own, and which I mentioned at the beginning of my Letter, *viz.* That there is more of *Humour* in our *Engliſh*

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*Engliſh* Comick Writers than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon *Humour* to be almoſt of *Engliſh* Growth; at leaſt, it does not ſeem to have found ſuch increaſe on any other Soil. And what appears to me to be the Reaſon of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege, and Liberty which the Common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a *Humour*, is under no reſtraint, or fear of giving it Vent; they have a Proverb among them, which, may be will ſhew the Bent and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Diſcourſe: *He that will have a* May-pole, *ſhall have a* May-pole. This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe ſomething conſiderable too may be aſcrib'd to their feeding ſo much on Fleſh, and the Groſſneſs of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Phyſicians agree that.

Thus you have my Thoughts of *Humour*, to my power of expreſſing them in ſo little Time and Compaſs. You will be kind to ſhew me wherein I have err'd; and as you are very capable of giving me Inſtruction, ſo I think I have a very juſt Title to demand it from you; being, without Reſerve,

*Your real Friend,*

*and humble Servant,*

W. CONGREVE.

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## THE

# HUMOURS of *Tunbridge-Wells*, Described:

## To the SAME.

*Dear SIR,*

IT is not more to keep my Word, than to gratify my Inclination, that I write to you; and tho' I have thus long deferr'd it, I was never forgetful of you, nor of my Promiſe. Indeed I waited in Expectation of ſomething that might enable me to return the Entertainment I received from your Letters; but you repreſent the Town ſo agreeable to me, that you quite put me out of conceit with the Country, and my Deſigns of making Obſervations upon it.

Before I came to *Tunbridge*, I propoſed to my ſelf the Satisfaction of communicating the Pleaſures of the Place to you: But if I keep my Reſolution, I muſt tranſcribe, and return you your own Letters; ſince I muſt own I have met with nothing elſe ſo truly delightful. When you ſuppoſe the Country agreeable to me, you ſuppoſe ſuch Reaſons why it ſhould be ſo, that while I read your

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your Letter, I am of your mind; but when I look off, I find I am only charm'd with the Landscape which you have drawn. So that if I would see a fine Prospect of the Country, I must desire you to send it me from the Town. As, if I would eat good Fruit here, perhaps the best way were to beg a Basket from my Friends in *Covent-Garden*. After all this, I must tell you there is a great deal of Company at *Tunbridge*, and some very agreeable; but the greater Part is of that Sort, who at home converse only with their own Relations; and consequently, when they come abroad, have few Acquaintance but such as they bring with them. But were the Company better or worse, I would have you expect no Characters from me; for I profess my self an Enemy to Detraction: And who is there that can justly merit Commendation? I have a mind to write to you, without the Pretence of any manner of News, as I might drink to you without naming a Health; for I intend only my Service to you. I wish for you very often, that I might recommend you to some new Acquaintance that I have made here, and think very well worth the keeping; I mean, Idleness and a good Stomach. You would not think how People eat here; every body has the Appetite of an Ostrich, and as they drink Steel in the Morning, so I believe at Noon they could digest Iron.

But

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But ſure you will laugh at me for calling Idleneſs a new Acquaintance, when, to your knowledge, the greateſt part of my Buſineſs is little better. Ay, but here's the Comfort of the Change; I am idle now without taking Pains to be ſo, or to make other People ſo; for Poetry is neither in my Head, nor in my Heart. I know not whether theſe Waters may have any Communication with *Lethe*, but ſure I am, they have none with the Streams of *Helicon*. I have often wonder'd how thoſe wicked Writers of Lampoons could croud together ſuch Quantities of execrable Verſes, tagg'd with bad Rhimes, as I have formerly ſeen ſent from this Place. But I am half of Opinion now, that this Well is an *Anti-Hippocrene*. What if we ſhould get a Quantity of the Water privately convey'd into the Ciſtern at *Will's* Coffee-houſe for an Experiment? But I am extravagant.——Tho' I remember *Ben Johnſon*, in his Comedy of *Cynthia's* Revels, makes a Well, which he there calls the Fountain of Self-Love, to be the Source of many entertaining and ridiculous Humours; I am of Opinion that ſomething very comical and new might be brought upon the Stage from a Fiction of the like Nature. But now I talk of the Stage, pray if any thing new ſhould appear there, let me have an Account of it; for tho' Plays are a kind of Winter-Fruit, yet I know there are now

now and then some Wind-falls at this Time of the Year, which must be presently served up, lest they should not keep till the proper Season of Entertainment. 'Tis now the Time when the Sun breeds Insects, and you must expect to have the Hum and Buz about your Ears of Summer-Flies, small Poets. Cuckows have this Time allow'd them to sing, tho' they are damn'd to Silence all the rest of the Year. Besides, the approaching Feast of St. *Bartholomew* both creates an Expectation, and bespeaks an Allowance of unnatural Productions and monstrous Births: Methinks the Days of *Bartholomew-Fair* are like so many Sabbaths, or Days of Privilege, wherein Criminals and Malefactors in Poetry are permitted to creep abroad. They put me in mind (tho' at a different Time of the Year) of the *Roman Saturnalia*, when all the Scum and Rabble, and Slaves of *Rome*, by a kind of annual and limited Manumission, were suffer'd to make abominable Mirth, and prophane the Days of *Jubilee*, with vile Buffoonry, by Authority. But I forget, that I am writing a Post-Letter, and run into length like a Poet in a Dedication, when he forgets his Patron to talk of himself. But I will take care to make no Apology for it, lest my Excuse (as Excuses generally go) should add to the Fault.

Be-

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Besides, I would have no Appearance of Formality, when I am to tell you, that I am,

*Your real Friend,*

*and humble Servant,*

W. CONGREVE.

How naturally has Mr. CONGREVE describ'd these different Kinds of *Humour*! Our Scene now changes to LOVE and the FAIR. A Fate entail'd on all the Race of *Adam*. A venerable *Bard* almost Coremporary with CHAUCER, hath thus truly de-painted it.

**Peasaunt and Peer feeleth ekfoons Love's Flayl,**
**And from the Princess to the Milking-Payl.**

Under this *Article* of AMOUR, I am sensible the ill-natur'd World expect much Scandal, tho' they will find nothing but the most elegant and polite Conversation. But I must observe that our Author from his first Entrance into the World, was always as fond of Quality, as they are of tainted Wild-Fowl or Venison, and the Metaphor may be pursu'd, he generally found their Constitutions much

more

more corrupted than their Food: One fatal Instance of which, he experienc'd in that notorious Lady of Intrigue, the Viscountess of *F.* however on her Soul, Jhesu have mercie.

How many fine Gentlemen have ruin'd their Constitutions by forsaking a *wholesome Country Hunting Match* for a *Chace behind the Scenes*, which almost universally terminates in a *Powdering-Tub*. But this Topick is best clos'd with Mr. *Dryden's* just Sentiment,

The Cause of *Love* can never be *assign'd*,
'Tis in no *Face*, but in the *Lover's Mind*.

## LETTER

*From Mr.* CONGREVE *at* Windsor, to *Mrs.* ARABELLA HUNT *at* Epsom.

ANGEL!

THERE can be no stronger Motive to bring me to *Epsom*, or to the North of *Scotland*, or to *Paradise*, than your being in any of those Places; for you make every Place alike Heavenly where-ever you are. And I believe if any thing could cure me of a natural Infirmity, seeing and hearing you *

* See, his *Verses* on *her* SINGING, among *his* Poems.

would

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would be the ſureſt Remedy; at leaſt I ſhould forget that I had any thing to complain of, while I had ſo much more reaſon to rejoice. I ſhould certainly, had I been at my own Diſpoſal, have immediately taken Poſt for *Epſom*, upon Receipt of your Letter; but I have a Nurſe here, who has Dominion over me, a moſt unmerciful *She-Aſs*. BALAAM was allow'd an *Angel* to his *Aſs*, I'll pray, if that will do any good, for the ſame Grace. I would have ſet out upon my *Aſs*, to have waited upon you, but I was afraid I ſhould have been a tedious while in coming, having great Experience of the Slowneſs of that Beaſt: For you muſt know, I am making my Journey towards Health upon that Animal, and I find I make ſuch ſlow Advances, that I deſpair of arriving at you, or any great Bleſſing, till I am capable of uſing ſome more expeditious means. I could tell you of a great Inducement to bring you to *this* Place, but I am ſworn to *Secrecy*; however, if you were *here*, I would contrive to make you of the *Party*. I'll expect you, as a good Chriſtian may every thing that he devoutly prays for. I am, Madam, your everlaſting Adorer,

W. CONGREVE.

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The NOVEL I mention'd in the *first* Part of these Memoirs, *pag.* 20 is intitled INCOGNITA: or, *Love* and *Duty* reconcil'd. This most ingenious Piece he publish'd *Incog.* Addressing it to the Honoured and worthily Esteemed Mrs. *Katherine Leveson*, under the Name of CLEOPHIL, *viz.*

MADAM,

A clear Wit, sound Judgement, and a merciful Disposition, are things so rarely united, that it is almost inexcusable to entertain them with any thing less excellent in its kind. My knowledge of you were a sufficient Caution to me to avoid your Censure of this Trifle, had I not as entire a Knowledge of your Goodness. Since I have drawn my Pen for a *Rencontre*, I think it better to engage, where tho' there be Skill enough to disarm me, there is too much Generosity to wound; for so shall I have the saving Reputation of an unsuccessful Courage, if I can't make it a drawn Battle. But methinks the Comparison intimates something of a Defiance, and savours of Arrogance; wherefore, since I am conscious to my self of a Fear which I can't put off, let me use the Policy of Cowards, and lay this Novel unarm'd, naked and shivering,



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at your Feet, ſo that if it ſhould want Merit to challenge Protection, yet, as an Object of Charity it may move Compaſſion. It has been ſome Diverſion to me to write it, I wiſh it may prove ſuch to you, when you have an Hour to throw away in reading of it: But this Satisfaction I have at leaſt before hand, that in its greateſt failings it may fly for Pardon to that Indulgence which you owe to the Weakneſs of your Friend; a Title which I am proud you have thought me worthy of, and which I think can alone be ſuperiour to that, of your moſt humble, and obliged Servant,

CLEOPHIL.

ROMANCES, ſays Mr. *Congreve*, are generally compos'd of the conſtant Loves and invincible Courages of Heroes, Heroines, Kings and Queens; Mortals of the firſt Rank and ſo forth; where lofty Language, miraculous Contingencies and impoſſible Performances, elevate and ſurprize the Reader into a giddy Delight, which leaves him flat upon the ground wherever he gives off, and vexes him to think how he has ſuffer'd himſelf to be pleaſed and tranſported, concerned and afflicted at the ſeveral Paſſages which he has read, *viz.* theſe Knights Succeſs to their Damoſels Misfortunes, and ſuch like, when he is forced to be

be very well convinced that 'tis all a lye. NOVELS are of a more familiar Nature; come near us, and represent to us Intrigues in practice; delight us with Accidents and odd Events, but not such as are wholly unusual or unprecedented, which not being so distant from our Belief bring also the Pleasure nearer us. Romances give more Wonder, Novels more Delight. And with reverence be it spoken, and the Parallel kept at a due distance, there is something of Equality in the Proportion, which they bear in reference to one another, with that between Comedy and Tragedy: but the *Drama* is the long extracted Labour from Romance and History: 'Tis the Midwife to Industry, and brings forth alive the Conceptions of the Brain. *Minerva* walks upon the Stage before us; and we are more assured of the real Presence of Wit, when it is delivered *viva voce*.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,*
*Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ*
*Ipse sibi tradit spectator.* ——— Horace.

Since all Traditions must indisputably give place to the *Drama*, and since there is no Possibility of giving that Life to the Writing or Repetition of a Story which it has in the

Action, I resolved in another Beauty to imitate *Dramatic* Writing, namely, in the Design, Contexture and Result of the Plot. I have not observed it before in a NOVEL. Some I have seen begin with an unexpected Accident, which has been the only surprizing Part of the Story, Cauſe enough to make the Sequel look flat, tedious and inſipid; for 'tis but reaſonable the Reader ſhould expect it not to riſe, at leaſt to keep upon a level in the Entertainment; for ſo he may be kept on in hopes that at ſome time or other it may mend: but the other is ſuch a balk to a Man, 'tis carrying him up-ſtairs to ſhow him the Dining-Room, and after forcing him to make a Meal in the Kitchin. This I have not only endeavoured to avoid, but alſo have uſed a Method for the contrary Purpoſe. The Deſign of this NOVEL is obvious, after the firſt meeting of *Aurelian* and *Hippolito*, with *Incognita* and *Leonora*, the difficulty is in bringing it to paſs, maugre all apparent Obſtacles, within the compaſs of two Days. How many probable Caſualties intervene in oppoſition to the main Deſign, *viz.* of marrying two Couple ſo oddly engaged in an intricate Amour, I leave the Reader at his leiſure to conſider: As alſo whether every Obſtacle does not in the Progreſs of the Story act as ſubſervient to that Purpoſe, which at firſt it ſeems to oppoſe.



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In a Comedy this would be called the Unity of Action; here it may pretend to no more than an Unity of Contrivance. The Scene is continued in *Florence* from the Commencement of the Amour; and the time from first to last is but three Days. If there be any thing more in particular resembling the Copy which I imitate (as the curious Reader will soon perceive) I leave it to show it self, being very well satisfy'd how much more proper it had been for him to have found out this himself, than for me to prepossess him with an Opinion of something extraordinary in an Essay began and finished in the idler Hours of a Fortnight's time: For I can only esteem it a laborious Idleness, which is Parent to so inconsiderable a Birth.

The Reader will easily perceive, that Mr. *Congreve* intimates above, as if this Novel were a Translation; but I can assure him, it is an Original; and I stand oblig'd, for a judicious Extract of it, to the most ingenious Corinna.

# *INCOGNITA:*

## OR

# LOVE and DUTY Reconcil'd.

*AURELIAN* was the only Son of a *Florentine* Nobleman, whose great Estate and paternal Indulgence made him spare no Cost in his Education; so that at Eighteen he was esteem'd one of the politest Cavaliers in *Florence*: To which the Beauty of his Person, and Gracefulness of his Motions and Air, contributed not a little. He had been educated from twelve Years old at *Sienna*, a Place much frequented by Foreigners, as well for the delectable Situation, as the Purity of the Air and Language. This gave *Aurelian* the Advantage of an early and free Conversation with the brightest young Gentlemen of several Nations; among whom he

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he contracted an entire Friendſhip; above all the reſt, with a noble *Spaniard*, named *Hippolito*, and Nephew to the Archbiſhop of *Toledo*, whoſe Years, Inclinations and Accompliſhments, ſo exactly ſympathiz'd with his own, that they were ſcarce ever aſunder, or truly reliſh'd any Divertiſement divided from each other.

*Aurelian*'s Father, *Don Fabio*, with pleaſure heard the growing Praiſes of his Son; and fancying, as ſome good old Men do, that his Youth was renewed in him, gave Orders to his Steward at *Sienna* (where he had a large Eſtate) not to limit his Son's Expences in any thing. Some invidious Perſons have ſaid, this was only a politick Feint of the Father, to try the natural Bent of his Inclination and prudent Menage betimes: Be that as it may, 'tis certain it gave *Aurelian* the Advantage of ſhewing himſelf in a true Light, and conferring many well-tim'd Benefits on Strangers, who not only loudly extoll'd the Generoſity of his Diſpoſition at their Return, but the diſtinguiſhing Judgment with which he ſelected the Objects of his Favour.

*Hippolito*, who had now finiſhed the Courſe of his two Years Study, under his Governour *Don Claudio*, was recall'd by his



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Uncle, to the mutual Grief of the two Friends. But as there is no resisting the Commands of our Superiours, *Aurelian* took a Resolution as tender as it was manly. He knew *Hippolito* had never seen *Florence*, and therefore prevail'd with him to take that Rout, adding he wou'd not only bear him Company thither, but if possible obtain his Father's Leave to travel along with him. *Hippolito* not a little pleas'd with this kind Proffer of his Friend, they set out together. But not reaching *Florence* the same Night, they Inn'd at a Villa of the Grand Duke's call'd *Poggio Imperiale*, where they were inform'd, that *Donna Catherina* a near Kinswoman of the Duke's, was to be married to *Don Ferdinand de Roveri* the next day; That the Nuptials were to be publickly solemniz'd in the most magnificent Manner, with Balls, Masks, Tilts, *&c.* No Shop to be open for three Days, no Handicraft to work, but all to partake of the publick Joy, and entertain'd at the Duke's Charge, for which Purpose there were several Tables set out in every Street.

*Aurelian's* generous Soul was touch'd with Joy, that Fortune had provided so lucky an Entertainment for his dear *Hippolito*. They set out the next Morning, before they cou'd well see, taking only *Claudio* and two Valets along with them, the rest of their Equipage they

they left behind at the Village; left *Don Fabio* should get Intelligence of his Son's Arrival before the publick Diversions, (in which *Hippolito* and himself design'd to take a full share) were over. But as it happen'd they need not have used this extream Caution, for notwithstanding they enter'd *Florence* at the *Puerto de Romana*, before Sun-Rise, the Streets were as much crowded as if it had been noon-day, and a Nobleman with his Train might have pass'd thro' as unnoted as a single Cobler. The Eagerness of the People who were all busied in diverting themselves, or preparing some Device for the approaching Day, with their entire Disregard of Strangers, pleas'd our young Gentlemen so well, that they agreed to pass an Hour or two in observing the Humours of the Mob, while *Aurelian's* Servant went to provide a Lodging for them. The *Florentines* are all such Lovers of Musick, that they commonly teach their Children before they can well go, to scrape upon some Instrument or other, which renders it so natural to them, when grown up, that one shall not see either Tinker or Cobler without a Guittar or Theorbo: And on this solemn Festival, they were all exerting their Talents either at Door or Window! 'Twas merry enough for a transient View to behold the affected Languishments and awkward Gestures, (with which they thrum'd out their

their doleful Ditties. But as they kept no Time, our Travellers soon grew weary of the woful Discord, and the Servant being return'd, they withdrew to their Lodging; which, as they had order'd, was in one of the least frequented Streets of the City. The rest of the Day pass'd in sending about to hire Habits for the Ball at Night, but it so unluckily fell out, they were all dispos'd of, save one, which being but one and very magnificent, *Aurelian* complimented his Friend therewith; who as absolutely refusing, they were both like to be disappointed of that Night's Diversion, when *Hippolito's* Servant came running in with the joyful News, that he had met the Valet of one of the greatest Gallants about Court, whose Master being indispos'd the Fellow was ridiculous enough to design wearing it himself. But on a handsome Reward which they offer'd, he was soon brought to prefer Profit to Pleasure. Being thus compleatly accommodated, in the Dusk of the Evening they sallied out of their Lodging, and made the best of their way to the Palace. The Ceremony having been perform'd that Morning in the great Dome with the utmost Magnificence, I need not add, that the many Illuminations, cover'd Tables, and Conduits running Wine in every Street, had engag'd the Multitude in so eager a Repast, that *Aurelian* and *Hippolito* pass'd thro' with

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as little Notice as they had done in the Morning.

If our *Cavaliers* were dazled with the outward Glories of the Palace, how were they astonish'd, when upon entring in they found more dangerous Illuminations from the brightest Eyes in *Florence*; never was there seen a more illustrious Assembly of the most perfect Beauties and most accomplish'd *Cavaliers*. Their Habits were equally rich, tho' differently fancied; to which an easy Air, agreeable Motion, and the most exact Symmetry, contributed to attract the Eyes of each Beholder. Our Strangers were so well bred, as to conclude from all these visible Perfections, that there was not a Mask there which did not hide the Face of an Angel. Perhaps the Ladies were not behind-hand in their good Opinion. The *Cavaliers* were not only extreamly well dress'd, but had something in their Mien and Air, which was inexpressibly pleasing; different from all other People, as well as from each other. They fancied they were remark'd while standing together, and being unwilling to be thought Strangers, agreed upon an Hour of meeting, and so separating, mingled among the thickest of the Assembly. *Aurelian* had fix'd his Eye on a certain Lady, whom he had for some time observ'd to be in a Whisper with another.

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ther. As ſhe ſeem'd to him to have peculiar Attractions which diſtinguiſh'd her from all the reſt, ſo he waited with the utmoſt Impatience 'till they ſhou'd break off; which happy Minute being at laſt arriv'd, he accoſted her in the moſt gallant and reſpectful Manner. "Madam, cried he, if I do not uſurp a Privi- "lege reſerv'd for ſome happier Perſon, per- "mit me the Honour of your Converſation "till the Arrival of him whom you expect; "at leaſt if you grow weary of mine ſooner, "I ſhall do my ſelf the Violence of ſecuring "your Tranquillity by my Abſence." The Lady replied, ſhe did not expect any body: By which he might be well aſſur'd her Converſation wanted Merit to be beſpoke, and to hold a further Conference wou'd but convince him at her own Coſt. You have already, Madam, cried he, convinced me of that which I fear will prove to my Coſt in the End. She pretended not to underſtand him, and return'd, that if he found himſelf already uneaſy with her Converſation, he wou'd find cauſe to repent his Raſhneſs, for that ſhe now intended to hold a Diſcourſe with him that ſhe might puniſh his Unadviſedneſs in preſuming on a Perſon whoſe Dreſs and Mien might not perhaps be ſo diſagreeable as to have Wit. I confeſs my Crime, ſaid *Aurelian*, and gladly ſubmit to the Puniſhment, being now more than ever convinced that the Diſpoſition

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position of the Mind may be gueſſed by the Fancy and Choice of Dreſs.

The Humour or Conſtitution, I grant ye, ſaid the Lady, whether melancholick or gay; but I ſhould hardly paſs my Cenſure on ſo ſlight an Indication of Wit: There's your brisk Fool, as well as your brisk Man of Senſe, and ſo *Vice Verſâ* of the Melancholy. 'Tis not improbable, that a Fool may diſcover himſelf by the ridiculous Suiting of Colours, or ſome ſingular Extravagance in his Habit; but an elegant Decency, which is all that Men of Senſe aim at, may be acquired by Cuſtom or Example, without any ſuperfluous Charge of Wit: And there are but few People ſo unhappy as not to have ſome Friend capable of adviſing them, if they are not too conceited to receive it. *Aurelian* was ſo delighted with the Smartneſs of her Repartee, that he forgot to anſwer when ſhe ſeemed to expect it: But being of a quick Apprehenſion, and juſtly ſenſible of her own Perfections, ſhe ſoon perceived he did not grudge his Attention. Signior, ſaid ſhe, I have been looking round, and they are all ſo well dreſs'd, that, according to your Rule, I cannot diſcover one Fool in the Company.

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This Raillery awakened the Cavalier from the agreeable Reſvery he was fall'n into. 'Tis true, Madam, cried he; but, as you juſtly obſerved, the Invention may be foreign to the Perſon who puts it in practice; and as well as I love a good Dreſs, I ſhould be loth to anſwer for the Wit of all about us. I hope then, return'd the Lady, you are convinced of your Error, ſince 'tis impoſſible to ſay who in all this Aſſembly made choice of their own Fancy, or their Friend's. Not in the leaſt, ſaid he; I dare engage, that Lady who is playing with the Taſſels of her Girdle, though ſhe is agreeably dreſs'd, does not know it. You are not miſtaken in your Gueſs, cried ſhe, ſmiling; for I aſſure you, that Lady knows as little as any in the Room, except myſelf. Ah, Madam, ſaid *Aurelian*, you know every thing ſave your own Perfections, and thoſe only you will not know, as 'tis the height of human Wiſdom to ſeem ignorant of them. How, cried the Lady, I thought the Knowledge of one's ſelf had more juſtly deſerved that Character! *Aurelian* was a little at a loſs how to recover the Blunder; when the Muſick coming in (luckily for him) put a ſtop to the Diſcourſe. They danced together ſeveral times to their own mutual Satisfaction, and the Applauſe of the whole Aſſembly. Where let us leave them

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them a while, to see what's become of *Hippolito*: Who, soon after his Separation from *Aurelian*, fell in with a Set of Ladies and Gaveliers looking on a large Gold-Cup set with Jewels; in which the Duke having drank to the Prosperity of the new married Couple, made a Present of it to the Bride. While *Hippolito* was as busy as the rest in admiring the Beauty of the Workmanship, and the Richness of the Materials, a Lady giving him a pull by the Sleeve, made a Signal to speak with him: he was not a little surprized, being very certain he was entirely unknown; but supposing it to be a Mistake, followed her to a Window, where she accosted him in this manner: Don *Lorenzo*, said she, I rejoice to see you abroad at a time, when the whole City laments you as expiring under your Wounds: but give me leave to chide your Indiscretion for appearing in a Habit so remarkable, and so lately known at your Sister *Atalanta*'s Marriage with Don *Cynthio*. Believe me, *Juliana* and myself knew you at sight: she has that Concern for your Safety, that she engaged me to give you notice, her Brother *Fabritio* has eyed you very closely, and has now left the Assembly as abruptly. You know the irreconcilable Hatred he has borne you, since you had the Misfortune to kill his Kinsman in a Duel. Take care of

your

yourſelf when you depart this Place, leſt you meet with concealed Enemies. I perceive, continued ſhe, you have forgot your Couſin *Leonora*'s Voice; and therefore in complaiſance to your bad Memory will put you paſt doubt; at which Words, drawing aſide her Mask, diſcovered one of the fineſt Faces he had ever beheld. This ſecond Surprize ſeized him with ſuch Aſtoniſhment and Joy, that had ſhe not in clapping on her Mask continued the Diſcourſe, he had certainly betrayed himſelf by ſome imprudent Tranſport. Couſin, cried ſhe, taking him by the hand, though my Father's Severity on the Diſobligations you have lately given him, prevented my Inclination to ſee and ſerve you; yet ſince I have this lucky Opportunity to caution your Safety, I muſt add, that *Fabritio*, and his Father the Marquiſs of *Viterbo*, have a great Intereſt in this City; and notwithſtanding Signior *Fabio* eſpouſed your Cauſe, in oppoſition to the Marquiſs, yet there is no hopes of his Favour now, the paſt Animoſity being made up by a Marriage which is concluded on, between *Juliana* the Marquiſs's Daughter, and *Aurelian*, *Fabio*'s Son: to which effect *Fabio* having ſent for his Son from *Sienna*, the Meſſenger returned this Morning with the News, that *Aurelian* was ſet out for *Florence* with a young *Spaniard* of Quality, his

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his entire Friend. It is known they are in Town, and not unlikely may be in this Room. *Hippolito* ſmiled to himſelf at the laſt Words, and ſqueezing her hand with more Ardour than was requiſite for a meer Relation, in a low Voice acknowledged her Goodneſs, and beſought her Advice. *Leonora* who had not the leaſt miſtruſt of any Miſtake, imputed the Faintneſs of his Voice to the Heat of the Room, and his own want of Strength; and kindly told him, if he were as willing as ſhe to diſpenſe with the Remainder of the Diverſion, they would both ſlip out of the Aſſembly, and retire to her Houſe, where he might not only refreſh himſelf after his Fatigue, but at better Leiſure conſult what was to be done. She waited not for his Anſwer; but bidding him follow her at a diſtance, went down a Back Stairs into the Palace-Garden, which had a Door opened into the grand Piazza, where her Father Don *Mario* lived. Tranſported with Joy as *Hippolito* was, he had ſuch Command over his Paſſion as to conſider the Conſequence of undeceiving her too ſuddenly; he therefore feigning himſelf extremely indiſpoſed, took leave, at the ſame time begging her Direction how he might in the Morning acquaint her with his Health: Which ſhe, ſeeming deſirous he ſhould, pointed to a little Window where



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ſhe would order a Servant to wait for the Letter. Juſt as he was on the point of Departure, he fetched his breath with ſuch a Violence, as if ſome ſudden Stitch or Smart had occaſion'd it; and feeling in his Pocket haſtily, ſhe asked if he miſſed any thing. He replied, a Wound which was not quite healed, had burſt out a bleeding, and that he had loſt his Handkerchief: She immediately gave him hers, which as 'twas what he wanted, he could not refrain telling her, that he was now certain of a Cure, ſince 'twas impoſſible but a Medium which had been touched by her fair Hands, muſt have contracted a ſanative Virtue *beyond* any Drug whatſoever: So thruſting it into his Boſom, next his Heart, (where indeed was his only Wound) he departed, overjoyed he had obtained ſo early a Favour.

Having thus far accounted for *Hippolito*, let us now return to *Aurelian*, who had danced himſelf into a Net which he neither could, nor deſired to get out of. An Air ſo ſweet, ſo graceful, and withal ſo majeſtick, ſcarce ever meet in one Perſon! Envy itſelf could not find the leaſt Defect in her Shape, nor Detraction in her Conduct. When they had done dancing, he complained of his want of Breath to ſpeak her juſt Encomium; ſhe replied with a Smile, he had been

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been to blame to fatigue himself so much: however, since he had taken such pains on her account, she would bate him the Compliment, provided he would discover himself. *Aurelian*, for many reasons, unwilling to do that, and more unwilling to give her an absolute Denial, took upon him the Name and Character of *Hippolito*, whom he was sure was entirely unknown at *Florence*; adding, In obedience to your Commands, and contrary to my own Resolution (of continuing here unknown) I have informed you what I am: But what I shall be, I beg to know from your fair self, at least I hope my ingenuous Confession will incline you to intrust me with the Knowledge of your Person. Had I known, replied she with much Smartness, my Curiosity would have brought me in debt, I should have avoided the Occasion, or at least have articled before-hand for the Price of your Discovery; however, that you may not censure me as ungenerous, I now give you the Choice, whether to see my Face, or know who I am, being resolved to discover myself but in part.

*Aurelian*, who was really in love, eagerly chose the latter; but, lo! what followed? Such a Heaven of Beauty appeared to his Sight, as struck him speechless with Admiration! As soon as he could recover the

Uſe of his Organs he began; 'Tis enough, Madam, I have ſeen Divinity.—Nothing but Mercy can inhabit theſe Perfections; uſe me as you pleaſe, for by your fair ſelf I ſwear, I cannot think a Bliſs beyond what I now feel: Yet, ah! methinks to live! oh Heaven to have Life pronounced by thoſe bleſſed Lips!——Did they not inſpire as well as command, 'twould be an immediate Death of Joy. *Aurelian* growing a little too loud with his tumultuous Paſſion, ſhe clapped on her Mask, telling him his Love was too ſudden to be real, and too violent to be laſting. He replied with a deep Sigh, It might not indeed be very laſting, but he was well aſſured it would continue as long as his Life. He begg'd her to believe the Integrity of his Paſſion; and by ſome Task, the ſevereſt ſhe could deviſe, to make a Trial of it. I arreſt your Word, ſaid ſhe, and command you for this time, that you neither ſet any Perſon to dog me, or make the leaſt Enquiry yourſelf. *Aurelian* promis'd ſtrict Obedience; and in the moſt graceful and ſubmiſſive manner intreated the Favour of her Name, that he might in ſome degree alleviate the Affliction her Abſence would occaſion, if ſo be 'twere poſſible he could ſurvive it. Oh! cried ſhe, live by all means; and if you muſt have a Name to play with, call me *Incognita*. The Company breaking

up,

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up, she took her Leave with such an obliging Smile, (giving him a transient View of her Face;) as occasion'd a second Rapture. He continued immoveable, till she lost sight of her, and then recollecting himself walk'd slowly home, never once thinking of *Hippolito*, till upon turning the Corner of a Street, he heard fighting, and saw a Man making a vigorous Defence against two others, who violently assaulted him. He then flew eagerly to his Assistance, fancying he saw the Diamond Buttons which were on the Sleeves of *Hippolito*'s Habit. He soon put the Assassines to flight, and the rescued Person in addressing Thanks to his Preserver, dropt fainting at his Feet; he was then near enough to know the Habit perfectly, and raising up his dear *Hippolito*, was agreeably surpriz'd by the Lights of the Patrole to find it was not his Friend, but *Claudio* his Governor in *Hippolito*'s Habit: The Murderers, whom the Guards, meeting with their Swords drawn and bloody, had secured, own'd they were deceived by the Habit, which was well known to be *Lorenzo*'s, who had kill'd their Master in a Duel. The Guard carried off the Prisoners, and *Aurelian* got help to convey *Claudio* to his Lodging. But not having patience to stay till they came home, he ask'd eagerly for *Hippolito*. I left him well in his Chamber, return'd *Claudio*, about two Hours ago, whose early Return

gave me the unhappy Curiosity of going to the *Palace*, from whence as I came back I was set upon by those Men, and if I recover must owe my Life to your Generosity.

Being come into the House, *Aurelian* dismiss'd the Guard, and having sent for Surgeons, stay'd the Dressing of *Claudio*'s Wounds, which were many, tho' not mortal; and leaving him to his rest, went to give *Hippolito* an Account of what had pass'd, whom he found leaning with both Elbows on a Table, and his Face cover'd with his Hands so motionless, that concluding him to be asleep, and seeing several Papers half written and blotted out, he had the Curiosity to look what his Friend had been so deeply engag'd in; but just as he reach'd forth his hand, *Hippolito* starting up, without giving himself time to look on the Person, and thinking himself highly affronted by such a bold Intrusion, snatch'd up his Sword, and turning hastily about, overthrew the Table and Candles. Being now in the dark, he made several random Passes in vain. Mean while *Aurelian* endeavouring to recover the Door that he might inform his Friend of the Mistake, *Hippolito* heard him stir, and made a full Thrust with such Violence, that the Hilt of the Sword meeting with *Aurelian*'s Breast, beat him flat, *Hippolito* falling with him. A Servant alarm'd with the Noise came

came running in with a Candle; the Fellow trembled and thought them both dead, till *Hippolito* raising himself to see whom he had got under him, fell into a Swoon on the Discovery: but such was the Care of Providence in directing the Sword, that it only pass'd under *Aurelian's* Arm, and occasion'd a small Bruise with the Hilt between his Shoulder and Breast. He got up and by the Servant's help, laid *Hippolito* on the Bed; who when he came to himself cou'd scarce be persuaded that he saw his Friend alive and well, till he shew'd him his Breast without any Wound: He then begg'd a thousand Pardons, and dismissing the Servant, fell into each other's Embraces, congratulating their mutual Deliverance from so imminent a Danger, each blaming his own Temerity as the Occasion. Ah my Friend, said *Hippolito*, how cou'd I be so blind as not to know you? but Love is blind indeed. Here he gave a deep Sigh, and stopp'd. *Aurelian* cou'd not avoid sympathizing with his Friend, being too nearly touch'd himself: A profound Silence ensued, and each wonder'd why the other sigh'd, which at last *Aurelian* broke by telling him of *Claudio's* Misfortune. *Hippolito* seeming to rejoice at it, *Aurelian* demanded the reason of so ill-natured a Mirth. I rejoice not, cried the other, at my Governor's Disaster, and since you have assured me his Wounds are not mortal, I must own I think



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it the luckieſt Accident in Life. His State of Health, and Loſs of Blood, will not permit him to travel a while, and perhaps a longer ſtay may give a happy Period to an Affair I have in hand. His Friend thought him to be little better than delirious, when on a ſudden he ſaw him draw out of his Boſom a Handkerchief, which he kiſs'd with uncommon Ardor, and taking *Aurelian* by the Hand, Your *Florentine Cupid*, ſaid he, is the moſt expert Archer in the World; ſince I ſaw you, I have beheld the moſt beautiful of Women: I am in Love, I die for her! Thoſe blotted Papers you ſaw, were Eſſays toward diſcovering my Paſſion, and this Handkerchief you ſee me careſs, is the ineſtimable Token by which ſhe will know me in the Liſts to-morrow. Oh *Leonora!* continued he, how haſt thou ſtamp'd thine Image on my Soul! and how much dearer am I to my ſelf, ſince I have had thy heavenly Form in keeping? Now my *Aurelian* I am worthy thy Friendſhip, and my exalted Love has rais'd me beyond thy former deſpicable *Hippolito*.

*Aurelian*, ſeeing the Rapture he was in, thought it vain to expect a rational Account from him that Night; and reaching out his Hand to take one of the Papers, *Hippolito* requeſted his Patience, and he would give him an exact relation of the whole Adventure, which

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which he did *verbatim*; not omitting his being mistaken for *Lorenzo*. *Aurelian* highly commended his Discretion in concealing himself, and added, if he could spare so much time from the Contemplation of his Mistress, he would give him an Account of an Adventure, which, tho' not altogether so accidental, was of no less Consequence to his own future Happiness. He then recited all that had pass'd between him and his beautiful *Incognita*, and having ended his little History, they begun to consult of proper Measures in the pursuit of their Amours. He understood by *Hippolito*, that his Father knew of his being in Town, whom he must unavoidably disoblige by continuing longer conceal'd, and as certainly disobey if he came in his sight, having entertain'd an Aversion for *Juliana*; not that he had ever seen her, but merely as she was impos'd on him by the Authority of a Father. His lovely *Incognita* took up all his Thoughts, she was engrav'd on his Heart; yet he neither knew her Name, nor Place of abode, nor had she made any Promise of a second Conference: Then did he repent his inconsiderate Choice, in preferring a momentary Vision, to a certain Intelligence; every Thought distracted him; his sole Hopes were, that the remaining two Days might afford some lucky Opportunity for his Satisfaction, and the Applause he should win unknown in the publick



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Gallantry, would plead an excuſe to his Father for his Concealment.

In the mean time *Hippolito* was no leſs perplex'd for himſelf, the Difficulties he ſaw in his Friend's Circumſtances made him apprehend more than really were in his own; he conſider'd himſelf alſo as an entire Stranger, of whom *Leonora* could have no Idea to his advantage; he thought it an unlucky Turn for *Aurelian* to take upon him his Name, ſince poſſibly the Ladies might be acquainted, and communicate Adventures, which would look like one Perſon pretending two Paſſions at the ſame time.

The Remedy for that, reply'd *Aurelian*, is to ſubſcribe in my Name, when you write to *Leonora*, and intreat her Diſcretion, leſt your Father ſhould find out the Reaſon why you keep hidden from him; and my Life for yours, tho' ſhe may not immediately receive your Paſſion, ſhe will be oblig'd by the Confidence, and have Generoſity enough to conceal what is only obſcured for her ſake; and who knows but Fortune has befriended us with a better Plot than any regular Contrivance of our own? May it prove ſo, reply'd *Hippolito*: At which Words *Aurelian* retir'd to reſt in his own Chamber, and *Hippolito* apply'd himſelf to the moſt difficult Task

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Task of his whole Life, and perhaps perform'd it as little to his own Satisfaction. However, in despair of succeeding better, he chose that Copy which came the nearest to his Liking. The Servant, who had been employ'd in procuring Accoutrements for the Tilting, told him all things were in readiness, and that the young Cavaliers were preparing to be early in the Lists. *Hippolito,* having made a short Visit to his Governour, dispatch'd a trusty Messenger to his *Leonora,* who had the good Fortune, on the appointed Signal, to have the String let down, and the Letter drawn up, on which he return'd. *Leonora's* Astonishment is not to be imagined when she found this Superscription, *The unfortunate* Aurelian *to the beautiful* Leonora: No sooner had she begun to recover the Surprize, but she recollected all that had pass'd between her and her suppos'd Cousin, and was under the utmost Confusion, to think she had used such Freedom to a Stranger. She had once a Thought of throwing it into the Fire, or keeping it unopen'd, till she could find an Opportunity to return it. But Curiosity prevail'd; when breaking it open, she found as follows.

MADAM,

MADAM,

IF the opening of this gives you too quick a Surprize, reflect, I beseech you, on my Condition at the sudden Appearance of your celestial Charms, which depriv'd me not only of the Power, but even the Will, to let you know your Mistake: Your Voice pursu'd the Victory of your Eyes, and left me uncapable of a Retreat: And tho' you could not but perceive the Disorder I was in, yet your innocent Mistake charitably imputed that to my Weakness, which was an Effect of the most sudden and violent Passion, that ever Man felt. Pardon therefore the Continuance of the Deceit, or rather give it not so harsh a Name, since I was not my self then, nor can I be my own now. —— You told me something, Madam, of a Match that my Father design'd, which troubled me much, and the more so, as I was told it by you; for Heaven's sake discover me not to any body, that I be not drove to an Act of immediate Disobedience: For if my future Services, and most inviolable Passion, cannot recommend me to your Favour; I shall find more Comfort in the Embraces of a Grave, than in the Arms of the admir'd (tho' by me dreaded) *Juliana*. Think of the severe Circumstances I lie under; and withal please to consider that 'tis in your power, and in yours only, to make them as happy

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happy as I can wish, or more miserable than you can imagine. That dear, tho' undesign'd Favour, which I receiv'd from your fair Hands, shall this day distinguish me from the Crowd of your Admirers. Oh; most adorable *Leonora!* be as merciful as fair, and bestow a Glance of Compassion on your ever faithful

AURELIAN.

She read it again and again, laid it down, took it up, and was under a strange Consternation at the oddness of the Adventure: Sometimes she condemn'd her own Curiosity; and then immediately commended his Discretion, in deferring the Discovery of her Mistake till she could receive it alone, without a Witness to her Blushes. She wonder'd also, that she should be so stupid, to be led by a Habit only, and not regard the graceful becoming Air so different from *Lorenzo*'s. His personating a sick Man so readily, made her almost conclude him capable of acting any Part, and that perhaps he might no more be *Aurelian*, than *Lorenzo*: But then his Address to obtain a Favour, and by that Pretence the Means of writing to her, was with such Modesty, and Respect, that she knew not how to find fault with it. These, and a thousand other tormenting Diffidences reign'd by turns in her Bosom,

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Boſom, at laſt ſhe reſolv'd to preſerve the Truſt he had repos'd in her, and particularly obſerve his Conduct in the Liſts that enſuing Day; reſolving to muſter up all her Charms, and dreſs herſelf to the beſt Advantage, that ſhe might make an entire Conqueſt, if he prov'd deſerving. By the time *Leonora* was ready, ſeveral Ladies came in to accompany her; where we will leave them at their Chocolate, and return to our Cavaliers.

They had, by good Fortune, provided themſelves with two curious Suits of light Armour, enamell'd and gilt. *Hippolito* had ſent to *Poggio Imperiale* for a couple of fine led Horſes, which he had left there with his Train: Mounted on theſe, and equally well equip'd, they took their Way, attended only by two Lacqueys, towards the Church *de la Santa Croce*, before which the Exerciſes of Chivalry were to be perform'd. *Hippolito* wore upon his Helm a large Plume of crimſon Feathers, in the midſt of which *Leonora's* Handkerchief was artificially plac'd: His Armour being enamell'd with Gold and Crimſon.

*Aurelian* not being ſo fortunate as to have any Favour to recommend him to the Notice of his Miſtreſs, wore only a Plume of white and ſky-colour, ſuitable to his Armour, which

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which was Silver enamell'd with Azure. I shall not trouble my Reader with the Description of the other Cavaliers Armour, or the Ladies Dress; let it suffice that all was perfectly magnificent, on both sides: and the Scaffolding being circular, there was no End of the delightful Prospect. Our Gallants enter'd the Lists, and having made their Obeysance to the Duke, saluted the rest of the Company. Our Lovers soon perceiv'd the Planets that were to rule their Destiny, who were as distinguishable from the rest of the Company, as the Sun is in the Firmament. *Leonora* knew her Slave by his Badge, and blush'd till the Lillies and Roses in her Cheeks resembled his Plume and Handkerchief. He made her a low Bow, and rein'd his Horse back with a graceful Retreat. *Aurelian* had no way to discover himself to his beautiful *Incognita*, but by saluting, and bowing to her after the *Spanish* Mode: She guess'd by that he was her new Servant *Hippolito*, and signified her Apprehension, by a more particular and obliging Return, than to any of the Cavaliers who had saluted her before.

The Exercise in general was running at the Ring, after which two Knights were to defend the Beauty of *Donna Catherina*, against all who would not allow her the Pre-eminence of their Mistresses. This was only design'd

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ſign'd for Shew, and Form, none preſuming that any would affront the Bride (who was the Duke's Kinſwoman) by calling her Beauty in queſtion. But here our Cavaliers were guilty of a Miſtake, for ſeeing a large Shield with a Lady painted on it, with this Inſcription in Gold Letters, *Above the Inſolence of Competition*, carried before two Knights, they thought themſelves oblig'd by their Miſtreſſes Preſence to vindicate their Beauty, and were juſt ſpurring on to engage the Champions, when a Gentleman told them 'twas a particular Honour done to the Bride, by his Highneſs's Order, and not to be diſputed: Upon which they excus'd their Error, and would have retreated, but the Bridegroom *Don Ferdinand*, perceiving ſome ſhew of Oppoſition, would have begg'd leave of the Duke to maintain his Lady's Honour, which he by no means permitting, one of the Knights before whom the Shield was born, demanded the Duke's Permiſſion to inform the Strangers better of the Miſtake, by giving them the Foyle. Thro' *Don Ferdinand*'s Interceſſion, Leave was granted, when a civil Meſſage was ſent to the Cavaliers, giving them to underſtand, they muſt either maintain, by Force of Arms, what they had done, or make a publick Acknowledgment by riding bare-headed before the Picture once round the Liſts. The Strangers remonſtrated to the Duke, the due Senſe they

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they had of their Mistake, and that tho' they did not justify their Error, they cou'd not decline the Combat. To the Bride they sent a Compliment, and having begg'd her pardon for not knowing the Picture, gave her to understand, that they were not now going to dispute her undoubted Right to the Crown of Beauty, but that the Prize they sought was the Honour of being her Champions; requesting that if Fortune befriended them with Victory, they might have no other Reward than to wear the Titles of their Adversaries, and be ever after esteem'd as her most humble Servants. A Compliment so well design'd, took effect, and their Desire was granted. While the running at the Ring lasted, our two *Cavaliers* bore away great share of the Honour. That Sport ended, Marshals were appointed for the Field: The *Cavaliers* were all in good earnest, but Orders were given to bring them blunt Lances, and to forbid the Drawing of a Sword, on his Highness's Displeasure. The Trumpets sounded, and they began their Course. The Ladies Hearts beat Time to the Horses Hoofs, especially the *Incognita's* and *Leonora's*, each wishing, and doubting Success, according to her Inclination: But as the Generality of their Prayers were for the graceful Strangers, they prosper'd accordingly. *Aurelian's* Adversary was unhorsed the first Encounter, and *Hippolito's* not only lost both

Stirrups, but dropp'd his Lance to ſave himſelf. The Honour of the Field was immediately granted them, and the Bride ſent them both Favours, which ſhe prayed them to wear as her Knights. The Crowd breaking up, our Strangers ſtole off unmark'd, ſave by the watchful Eyes of their two Ladies. Enquiry was made after them, but to little purpoſe; for they had provided a Houſe diſtant from their Lodging, where a Servant having diſarmed them, they walk'd home unſuſpected. But *Incognita* had ordered a Page to dog them till Evening, and bring her Word where they laſt hous'd.

Several Conjectures paſs'd among the Company while they were at Dinner in the Palace, who theſe Cavaliers ſhould be; but Don *Fabio* thought himſelf the only Perſon capable of making a right gueſs. He knew for certain, that his Son and *Hippolito* were in Town, and was not diſpleas'd at his remaining Incog. till the Diverſions were over. But hearing the general Applauſes of every body, and in particular of the Great Duke, he could not refrain the Vanity of telling his Highneſs, that he believed he had ſome Intereſt in one of the Gentlemen whom he had been pleaſed ſo highly to honour, giving the Duke his Reaſons for it.



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The Discovery having thus got vent, was diffus'd like Air, and in half an Hour's time was talk'd of in the House where our Adventurers lodged. *Aurelian* was distracted with the News, for he knew what search would be made for him; and had not *Hippolito* been in love, he would have rid out of Town: Just then he could make no doubt of being discovered, and had reason to fear *Leonora*'s Resentment on his having deceived her twice. Well, while they are fretting and contriving to little purpose, let us see what is doing at the Palace, where their Doom was determined much quicker than they imagined.

Dinner being ended, the Duke retired with some select Friends to enjoy themselves over a Bottle, among which were the Marquiss of *Viterbo* and Don *Fabio*. His Highness was no Stranger to the long Feud which had been between the two Families, and also understood what Overtures had been made for a pacifick Alliance. Having waited till the Wine had taken effect, and the Company were arrived at the very Acme of good Humour, he took an occasion of rallying the two grave Signiors into an Accommodation; which being seconded by the Praises of the young Couple, in whose Encomium

the whole Company join'd, raiſed the two Fathers to the higheſt Pitch of Delight; which the Duke perceiving, generouſly urg'd the preſent Conſummation, telling them, there was yet one Day more of publick rejoycing; that it would be an Honour to his Couſin's Marriage to be accompanied by ſuch an extraordinary Pair, and not only increaſe the general Joy, but make the laſt Day outvie the firſt. The Marquiſs and Don *Fabio* were ſo moved with the Complaiſance and perſuaſive Authority of the Duke, that they embraced and vowed an eternal Friendſhip. This News was diſperſed like the former, and Don *Fabio* gave immediate Orders for finding out his Son's Lodgings, that the Marquiſs and he might give him a Viſit when he had acquainted *Juliana* with his Reſolution. He found her very pleaſant in the Bride's Apartment, and being in a gay Humour himſelf, told her aloud he was come to crown their Mirth with another Wedding, his Highneſs having been pleaſed to provide her a Husband, which ſhe muſt prepare to receive the next Day. *Juliana*, as well as the Company, thought he had rallied, till the Duke coming in, confirm'd the ſerious part of the Diſcourſe. *Juliana*, ſtruck with the utmoſt Surprize at the haſty Summons, beſought a little time but to conſider. To which her Father replied, ſhe ſhould have all the

rest of her Life to do that; but *Aurelian* should come and consider with her in the Morning.

*Juliana* took her leave of the Company very gravely, as if not much pleased with the Command. *Leonora* happened to be there, and was ready to swoon at what she heard; for tho' she was not unsensible she had a great Tenderness for *Aurelian* before, yet the Fears she had now of losing him for ever, convinced her that she had a real Passion for him: She therefore stole out of the Presence, and retired to her Closet to indulge her helpless Despair, and lament her ill-timed Affection.

Our two Lovers mean while had racked their Invention till it was quite jaded; both sat silent, each expecting the other should speak first, till they were both so absorb'd in Thought, that, without a Pun, one might almost say they were become thoughtless; Day-light having left them without being perceived, till a Servant bringing in Candles, rous'd them out of their Lethargick Cogitation. Well, cried *Hippolito*, what must we do? We must suffer, said *Aurelian*, with a faint Voice; when immediately raising it, Oh ye unequal Powers, cried he, why do you torture us with Desire, and forbid our

Enjoyment! Why furniſh us with a Will, and poſtpone our Election? Cruel Parents! muſt I be the Sacrifice to attone your paſt Offences, paſt before I was born?—Would my Life ſuffice, I would gladly ſeal your Reconcilement with my Blood: But, oh my Soul is free! You have no right to my immortal Part, That, That is independent of your Power: And muſt I loſe my Love, the Extract of your Being? No; I'll own my Flame, and plead my Title.———Title, to what? Wretched *Aurelian!* where does Paſſion drive thee? The cruel Fair-One loves thee not: knows not that thou loveſt her; or if ſhe did, what Merit canſt thou plead? Nothing but Love! Exceſs of Love! Alas, a Beggar's Claim! none ever miſſed of that who has but once beheld her. I have but once, 'tis true; but in that once I lov'd beyond the World! beyond myſelf! a Flame ſo pure! ſo vigorous! ſo intenſe! that ſure it muſt reflect its Heat, and warm her frozen Breaſt. Ah welcome pleaſing Thought! ſtill hover on my Soul, and cheat my drooping Spirits: Let me but think ſhe loves! and periſh my Deſpair!—Here *Aurelian* paus'd, and was falling into his former Silence, when his Lacquey coming into the Room haſtily, told him, a Coach was juſt ſtopt at the Door, but he did not ſtay to ſee who was in it, *Aurelian* concluding 'twas his Father, cried

he

he was ruined if he saw him, and catching up his Sword, ran down a Back Stair, which opened into another Street. *Hippolito* had not considered how to behave under this Exigence, when a Lady closely veil'd made toward him; he asked her in a gallant way, to whom the Honour of that Visit was designed: She replied, to Don *Hippolito de Saviolina*, with whom she had earnest Business. He had like to have told her he was the Man, but by good Chance he remembered his Friend's Adventure in taking his Name; so he only replied, he could not be far off, and that if she had but a Moment's Patience, he would enquire for him.

Having said this he withdrew, leaving the Lady in the Room, and sought for *Aurelian* all over the House and Garden, but in vain. She, impatient of his long Stay, and seeing Writing-Tackle on the Table, begun a Billet, which was almost finished when she heard Mens Footing on the Stairs, and concluding his Friend had found him, tore her Letter in pieces; which she repented, when on turning about she saw the Marquis of *Viterbo* and Don *Fabio* enter the Room. She gave a sudden Start on the Surprize, and the Marquis thinking they had been misinform'd, made an Apology for their Intrusion; but the Lady taking no

notice, walk'd directly down ſtairs, and drove away with all the ſpeed imaginable.

The Dons were at a loſs what to think, when *Hippolito* returning to tell the Lady he could not find the Perſon ſhe enquired for, was aſtoniſhed to ſee a gay Lady metamorphos'd into two old Men: He knew Don *Fabio* at ſight, having been ſhewn him at the Tilt; but being certain he could not know him, he ventured in and enquired for the Lady he left there. Don *Fabio* replied, ſhe was gone down, and that they feared they had been guilty of ſome Miſtake, which they were extreme ſorry for, and begg'd the Lady's and his Pardon; deſiring him to inform them about the two young Gentlemen they look'd for. He coolly replied, he was a Stranger in that Place, and only a Servant to the Lady they had diſturbed, whom he muſt ſeek after. Leaving them in this Perplexity, he went again in ſearch of *Aurelian*.

The old Gentlemen at laſt meeting a Servant of the Houſe, was by him guided to *Claudio's* Chamber, where they were no ſooner entered, but *Aurelian* came into the Houſe; and being told by *Hippolito's* Servant who followed him to his Chamber, of *Claudio's* Viſitors, he knew that was no

Place

Place for him; and having left Directions with the Servant where his Master should meet him, was going out of the Room; but spying the torn Paper, which the Lady had thrown on the Floor, the first Piece he took up had *Incognita* written upon it; which made him hastily gather up the rest, and betake himself to a Ramble: But he had not gone far, when his Curiosity tempted him to join the torn Pieces by the Light of a Lamp, from which he collected that his *Incognita* had writ the Note, and earnestly intreated him to meet her that Night at Twelve, at a Convent-Gate; but the Piece which contained the Name of the Convent was not to be found. Here was a large Field for *Aurelian*'s Passion to range in, nor did he fail to quarrel with his adverse Fate; The Repetition of his vehement Exclamations can afford no Delight to the Reader; let it therefore suffice, that he wander'd on unwittingly till he found himself in Darkness and such a dismal Solitude, that he could neither retreat nor go forward. While he stood collecting what he should do, he heard a Voice as of some Person whose Breath had been stopp'd, and by a violent Effort was just broke loose, Yet —— yet —— (still struggling for Speech,) forbear —— and I'll forgive what's past. —— I have done nothing yet that needs a Pardon, (says another)

ther) and what's to come will admit of none. Here the Perſon who ſeem'd to be oppreſt, made ſeveral inarticulate Sounds, but they were all choak'd in their Paſſage. *Aurelian* was ſufficiently aſtoniſh'd, and wou'd generouſly have made up to the Place, but being got among the Ruins of an old Monaſtery, the looſe Stones gave way under his Feet, and by their rumbling alarm'd the Villain, who opening a Dark-Lanthorn approach'd him, with a Piſtol ready cock'd. *Aurelian*'s Sword was drawn, but ſeeing the Ruffian's Advantage, wou'd have retreated; when by good Providence going backward, he fell over ſome of the Rubbiſh: at the ſame Inſtant the other diſcharg'd his Piſtol, who hearing him fall, concluded he was kill'd. The Cries of the afflicted Perſon, (which he took to be a Woman's Voice,) redoubled on this Accident; and the Murderer, with a drawn Poniard, ſwore the next Murmur ſhould be the laſt. *Aurelian* finding himſelf unhurt, and perceiving the Violence that was uſed to ſtop the injur'd Man's Mouth, (for he now plainly perceiv'd it was a Man,) cried, Turn Villain, and face thy Death. The Fellow amaz'd at the Voice, turn'd about to take up his Lanthorn, but *Aurelian* thinking there cou'd be no foul Play to ſuch a Wretch, run him directly thro' the Heart, ſo that he dropt down dead at his Feet. He wou'd have ſeen whom he had

deliver'd,

deliver'd, but the Carcass falling on the Lanthorn, had put out the Light. However coming toward him, he ask'd how he did, but was answer'd with nothing but Blessings and Thanks; and such was the Transport of Joy and Gratitude, that he wou'd certainly have crawl'd on his Knees to worship him, had he not been bound Hand and Foot; which *Aurelian* perceiving, cut the Bands, and was conducted out of the Ruins by the hand of him whom he had deliver'd. The Moon being then just rising, he cou'd discern it was a Youth, but coming into the frequented Part of the Town among the Lamps, he was amaz'd at his extream Beauty, only the Fright had left a Death-like Pale on his Visage. Curious to know the Meaning of so odd an Adventure, *Aurelian* desired him to tell it by the way, but the young Gentleman requested him to forbear, till they were got into some House; when he shou'd know all, after he had recover'd a little Breath and Spirits. *Aurelian* thought the Voice not entirely unknown, and ask'd if he had never been at *Sienna*. He look'd up at those Words, and something of a Joy appear'd in his Face, which yet he endeavour'd to smother; and telling *Aurelian* that he was very faint, pray'd he wou'd conduct him to his Lodging. *Aurelian* had much rather, as Circumstances then stood, have gone

any

any where else, but it being very late, he was oblig'd to be contented.

Being come to his Lodging, the extream Paleness quickened into a modest Blush, and while *Aurelian* with Impatience waited the promis'd Discovery, the Youth still struggling with his Resolution, pull'd off a Wig which conceal'd the finest Head of Hair that ever Woman wore; whose dischevel'd Tresses, as they at first discover'd her Sex, prov'd a modest Veil to hide the Blushes of the lovely *Incognita*. But oh what Pen can describe the inconceivable Joy and Amazement of her transported *Aurelian*, as soon as he durst think! He concluded it to be a Vision, and never doubted of any thing so much in his Life, as he then did of his being awake. But she taking him gently by the Hand, and desiring him to sit down by her, convinced him in part of the Reality of the Presence.

This is the second time, said she, *Don Hippolito*, that I have been here this Night; what was the occasion of my seeking you out, and how I came to be in that Danger, from which as by Miracle you deliver'd me, would add too much to the Surprize I see you under, nor will I make any further Discovery, till I know what Censure you put on my Confidence and present unhappy Circumstances. I con-

confess them to be such as deserve your severest Conjectures, but when you know the Occasion, I doubt not but to convince you of my Virtue!

Your Virtue, cried *Aurelian*, what Infidel dares to doubt it! Then kneeling down and kissing her hand, Ah Madam, wrong not your Creature with a Thought that he can be guilty of such Impiety.

Enough, *Hippolito*, said she, enough of Rapture, you cannot much accuse me of Ingratitude; but moderate your Joy till I have told my Case, and if it be for my sake you are raised to this Delight, it will be but of short continuance. At those Words she fetch'd a deep Sigh, and liquid Grief o'erwhelmed her lovely Eyes: Oh what a sudden Change to poor *Aurelian*! Sighs choak'd each other's Passage; and if one may be allowed to use a Metaphor in a literal Sense, his Heart bled Tears of Blood; he long'd to know, yet fear'd to ask the Cause, and trembling sat expecting of his Doom.

At last the lovely Fair-One having collecting her dissipated Spirits, began in this manner. Having been in my Infancy contracted to a Man whom I could not like, and now being compelled by my Parents to marry

marry him out of hand, I fancied something so uncommonly generous in your Behaviour at the Ball, (when you only rallied me with meer Gallantry) that I rather chose to make a Confidance to a noble Stranger than to any Acquaintance I have; who, perhaps, through a mistaken View of my future Happiness and Grandeur, might betray me to my Parents Displeasure, and my utter Ruin. This Thought, as it confirmed my first Intent of begging your generous Assistance; so now, as a Cavalier engaged by a Lady's Distress, I crave your Aid in conveying me to a Monastery about four Leagues hence, where I have an Aunt that will receive me, as she is the only Relation I have averse to the Match. I was surprized at the Appearance of some Persons whom I did not expect at your Lodgings, which made me tear the Note where I had appointed you to meet me, and get hastily away to an old Servant's House, whom I entrusted with my Designs, and by whose means I was furnished with this Habit. I entrusted myself with her Brother, but he proving a Villain, reduced me to the Extremity you found me under, and whom you requited as he deserved. This is the Sum of my Case, bating the Apprehensions of my Discovery.

*Aure-*

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*Aurelian* was extremely surprized at her Discourse, and began to fear his Passion was in a more desperate State than he had so lately imagined. He said all that was possible to convince her of the Sincerity of his Love; nor do I believe she was willing to doubt of it, for though what she told him was truth, yet not the whole truth; for the Convent she designed to retire to, was not out of the Town, but where she intended to secure herself for his sake only. *Aurelian* with the utmost Impatience heard her out, and then with a mournful Look asked his Doom. She replied, if he would assist her flight to that Monastery, he would oblige her for ever.

Your Commands, Madam, returned he, shall be obeyed, though it were to lay my Life at your Feet, (as indeed this is little less.) But late as it is, 'twill be impossible to provide Carriage at this time of the Night; could you be content to lock yourself in my Room, (I can provide me a Lodging elsewhere) and in the Morning I shall approve myself (though with the utmost Peril of Life) to be your most devoted Slave. Necessity having no Law, she was obliged to make a Virtue of Necessity, and accept of the offered Accommodation; when having said all

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all that a love-sick Heart could inspire, he modestly withdrew, and went to repose himself by Signior *Claudio*.

In the mean time it may not be amiss to enquire what became of *Hippolito*. He wandered much in quest of *Aurelian*, tho' *Leonora* engrossed his Thoughts: And as he was reflecting on the extravagant Situation of his Affairs, he was interrupted by the opening the Gates of the Convent of *St. Lawrence*, which was the Place *Aurelian* had appointed to meet him at. Surprized to see them unlock'd at so unseasonable an Hour, he went in and found the Religious all up, and Tapers lighting; and asking the Cause of these Preparations, was answered, they were intreated to pray for the Soul of a Cavalier who was just then departing; *viz.* one Signior *Lorenzo*, (the same who has been so often mentioned.) Don *Mario* his Uncle, Father to *Leonora*, had a private Door out of his Garden into that of the Convent; which Door the Father was now going to unlock, that himself and Family might come and offer up their Oraisons for the Soul of their Kinsman. *Hippolito* having informed himself of all he could wish, and overjoyed at the Hopes of seeing *Leonora*, took his leave of the Fryar; but instead of going into the Chapel, struck in through

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through a covered Walk into the Garden, and from that of the Convent into Don *Mario's*, which he surveyed with great Circumspection, (the Moon being just then beginning to rise) that he might know where to make his Retreat in case of a Surprize. He took his Stand behind a well-grown Myrtle, which was shaded by an antient Bay-Tree, and was delighted with his Choice, having found a Hollow therein, as if contrived by *Venus* for the Shelter of a faithful Lover. He looked upon it as a propitious Omen, that the Goddess of Love should provide such a Retreat for him in her own Tree; and the Consideration of his Obligation to the Muses for the large Crown of Bays over his Head, had certainly set him a Rhyming, if he had not been interrupted by the Appearance of Don *Mario*, with the beautiful *Leonora:* towards whom, a Priest, quite out of breath, came running to tell him *Lorenzo* lay at the point of Death, and begg'd to see him. Don *Mario*, who had been some time at variance with his Nephew, thought it his Duty to be reconciled; and turning to *Leonora*, bid her go into the Chapel to her Devotions. While he went on with the Priest, *Hippolito* saw *Leonora* come forward attended only by her Women; she was in an Undress, and appear'd more pensive than usual, which in our Lover's Eye



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added new Graces to her Charms: He had not Leiſure to contemplate the beautiful Viſion, for ſhe paſſed directly (as her Father commanded) to the Convent, leaving him confounded with Love, Joy, Grief, Deſpair, and all the Medley of Paſſions, which by turns, or rather all at once, torment a diſappointed Lover: However, he had neither Power nor Will to go away, and after two long Hours tedious Suſpenſe (two Ages at that time in his Calender) ſhe returned, bidding her Maid bolt the Garden-Door, leſt her Father ſhould ſurprize her if he came home the Convent way; and having fetch'd down her Lute, ſhe bid her leave her alone.

All this *Hippolito* ſaw and heard, to his inexpreſſible Satisfaction, and had much ado to refrain caſting himſelf at her Feet; but his Diſcretion over-ruled the Violence of his Deſires, and he ſet bounds to his Paſſion, that he might not loſe an Opportunity ſo favourable, as he could never hope to recall. Mean while *Leonora* withdrew into a Bower, ſo near as to be diſtinctly heard, and having tun'd her Lute, with a Voice ſoft as the Breath of Angels, ſung to it the following Stanzas.



I. *Ah*

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I.

*Ah whither, whither shall I fly!*
*A poor unhappy Maid,*
*To hopeless Love and Misery,*
*By my own Heart betray'd.*
*Not by* Alexis' *Eyes undone,*
*Nor by his charming flatt'ring Tongue,*
*Or any practis'd Art:*
*Such real Ills may hope a Cure,*
*But the sad Pains which I endure,*
*Proceed from fancy'd Smart.*

II.

*'Twas Fancy gave* Alexis *Charms,*
*E'er I beheld his Face;*
*Kind Fancy then could fold our Arms,*
*And form a soft Embrace:*
*But since I've seen the real Swain,*
*And try'd to fancy him again,*
*I'm by my Fancy taught,*
*Tho' 'tis a Bliss no Tongue can tell,*
*To have* Alexis, *yet 'tis Hell,*
*To have him but in Thought.*

*Hippolito* was concern'd she ended so soon; and having flatter'd himself that he was the *Alexis* of the Song, could have been content almost to have expired with it. When she thus went on;



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Unhappy *Leonora!* What art thou become? How is thy poor unwary Heart misled! The falſe deluding Lights of thy imagin'd Flame have led me, poor benighted Victim, to a real Fire! Thoſe Beams whoſe temperate Warmth I wantoned in before now, flaſh Deſtruction on my Soul, and hopeleſs Love. Oh, *Aurelian!* Thou ſoon haſt conquered, and muſt ſoon forſake!—Thrice happy *Juliana!* to thee *Aurelian* brings the Tribute of my Heart, and glories in his broken Vows. Alas! what do I ſay? Can he be falſe who never made me Promiſe? Fooliſh Maid, recall thy baniſh'd Reaſon; ah would I could! would I could rave! ſure that would eaſe my Soul, at leaſt deprive me of the Senſe of Pain, and midſt my wandring Thoughts, kind Madneſs may befriend me, and make me think *Aurelian* is not loſt.—No, not for ever loſt.—

*Hippolito* could contain no longer from diſcovering himſelf; and *Leonora*, when ſhe ſaw a Man ſo near, trembled with Fear and Shame: But *Hippolito* approach'd her with the utmoſt Reverence, and when near enough, fell on his Knees. Behold, oh divine *Leonora*, cried he, your raviſh'd *Aurelian*; behold at your Feet the happieſt of Men, whom Providence has thus ſecretly conducted hither,

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ther, to hear his Bliss pronounced by your dear Mouth. She had not Power to speak, but would have fled from him; when he seizing her Hand, (which he kiss'd with as much Devotion, as he would the Shrine of a canonized Saint) and in the humblest and most ardent Transport requested her Stay. She was a long time in the greatest Confusion; but at last with many Blushes recovering her Speech, she intreated him to let her go where she might hide her guilty Head for ever, and not expose her Shame before his Eyes, since his Ears had been sufficient Witnesses of her Crime. *Hippolito*, on the other side begg'd pardon for his Treachery in overhearing her, which he own'd to be a Fault he repented; and with a thousand Intreaties, Submissions, Prayers, Praises, Blessings, and passionate Expressions, he prevail'd with her to stay and hear him. It was now that *Hippolito* made use of all his Rhetorick; it wou'd be tedious to the Reader, to repeat all his ingenious Arguments, and her nice Objections: Let it suffice, that he convinced her of the Sincerity of his Passion, and the Necessity they were under of being speedy in their Resolution: That his Father, (for still he was *Aurelian*) wou'd find him in the Morning, and then 'twou'd be too late to repent. She on the other hand, knew 'twas in vain to deny a Passion he had heard her so frankly own, and

having ſome Fears of his Father's Authority and *Juliana*'s Beauty, after a decent Denial ſhe conſented he ſhou'd lead her to the Convent, where ſhe wou'd endeavour to prevail with her Confeſſor to marry them. He was a timorous old Fellow, in ſo much that e'er they had perſuaded him, Don *Mario* was return'd by the way of his own Houſe, where miſſing his Daughter, and her Maid not being able to give any further account, than that ſhe left her in the Garden, he concluded ſhe was gone back to her Devotions; and indeed he found her in the Chapel on her Knees with *Hippolito* in her hand, receiving the Father's Benediction, on concluding the Ceremony.

It wou'd be no eaſy Task for a Painter to draw the Faces of theſe three on the Appearance of Don *Mario*, who was himſelf in a ſort of a Wood, till *Hippolito* and *Leonora* falling at his Feet, begg'd his Forgiveneſs and Bleſſing. Inſtead of which, he gave way to ſo violent a Paſſion, as muſt have ended in ſome extravagant Action, had he not been reſtrained more by the Sanctity of the Place, than the Perſuaſion of the Religious, who by this time were all gather'd about him. *Leonora* kept ſtill on her Knees, begging to be heard.

Hear thee, ungrateful Wretch! (cried her Father) How can'ſt thou hope to be heard, or what

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what canst thou plead in Defence of thy Disobedience? Thou who hadst no Right to dispose of thy self, and oughtst to have been a Comfort to my Age: Hast not thou, thou *Leonora*, cast thy self away on a Stranger, perhaps a Villain, to me at least he is such, who has robb'd me of all the Pleasure of my Life, my darling Joy and sole Delight! Go, thou forgotten Girl, no more my Child, no more call me thy Father——These last Words were spoke with so much Passion and feeling Concern, that *Leonora* fainted at his Feet, just as she caught hold of his Knees to embrace them; he wou'd have cast her off, but fatherly Love return'd. He melted into Tears, and held her in his Arms, while they endeavour'd to restore her Senses. *Hippolito* was so concern'd he cou'd not speak, but while he was busily employ'd in rubbing her Temples, she open'd her Eyes, and with a faint Voice, cried, Oh my *Aurelian*, how unhappy have you made me! Don *Mario* hearing this Name, began to hope Things were not so bad as he fear'd. He then listen'd to her Excuse, and having ask'd *Aurelian*'s pardon for his harsh Opinion, gave his Consent.

The Night was now past, and it was broad Day, when as they three were returning from Chapel, they were met by a Servant of the Marquis of *Viterbo*'s, who had been sent



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to ask if *Juliana* had been with *Leonora* that Night, (ſhe being gone from her Father's Houſe.) They were all ſtartled at the News, and having enquired where the Marquiſs then was, had an anſwer, that he was gone with Don *Fabio* and *Fabricio*, to *Aurelian's* Lodging. He aſſured the Servant, they had not ſeen *Juliana*, and having diſmiſs'd him, adviſed with his Son and Daughter, how to undeceive the Marquiſs and Don *Fabio* in their Expectations of *Aurelian*. *Hippolito* cou'd ſcarce forbear ſmiling at Don *Mario's* Contrivances, who was the moſt deceiv'd himſelf; but at laſt perſuaded him they might all three go to his Lodging, where he wou'd preſent himſelf to his Father, and having confeſs'd the Truth, he did not queſtion an Approbation of his Choice.

This being agreed to, a Coach was made ready: While they were on the way, *Hippolito* pray'd heartily his Friend might be at home, to ſatisfy Don *Mario* and *Leonora* of his Fortune and Quality. His Wiſhes ſucceeded, Don *Fabio* having beſet the Houſe long e'er *Aurelian* was awake.

On the Arrival of Don *Mario* and the young Couple, they heard a Noiſe and Buſtle above ſtairs, which he concluded was occaſion'd by their not finding *Aurelian*, whoſe Abſence he

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he thought he was best able to account for: So that 'twas not in *Hippolito*'s power to prevent Don *Mario* from going up alone to prepare his Father to receive and forgive him. While *Hippolito* and *Leonora* were left alone in the Coach, he made himself known to her, begging a thousand pardons for continuing the Deceit. She was under some Consternation at first, to find herself still mistaken; but being convinced by the Reasons he gave, and finding his Estate and Quality no way inferiour to *Aurelian*'s, she was soon reconcil'd. In the mean time, the true *Aurelian*, who had seen his Father, begg'd leave to withdraw for a few Moments, in which time he went into the Chamber, where *Incognita* was dressing herself in Woman's Apparel as he desired, and by good fortune had procured for her.

While they were consulting how to break it to his Father, Don *Mario* came up stairs, and making an Apology for *Aurelian*, told the Marquis and Don *Fabio* he wou'd produce him immediately, if they wou'd promise to forgive him. They both thought Don *Mario* mad, and asking him if *Juliana* had been with *Leonora* that Night, he answer'd with a Question in behalf of *Aurelian*; so that neither side being able to understand one another, and each concluding the other mad, Don *Mario* in a great Passion desired *Hippolito* to come

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come up quickly, for that he cou'd not perſuade his Father, but that he had ſeen and ſpoke with him already. *Hippolito* by this knowing that his Friend was there, went chearfully up with *Leonora* in his hand, after Don *Mario*, where they found *Aurelian* on his Knees, begging his Father to forgive him: That he cou'd not comply with his Choice, having diſpos'd of himſelf before he heard of his Intentions, which was the Reaſon of his concealing himſelf from him. Don *Fabio* knew not what to ſay, he look'd on the Marquiſs, and the Marquiſs on him, without Power to ſpeak to each other.

Don *Mario*, for his part, took it to be all Conjuration, and was coming forward to preſent *Hippolito* to Don *Fabio*, whom *Aurelian* ſpying, ſtarted from his Knees and ran to embrace him. My dear *Hippolito*, cried he, where have you been, and what happy Chance has brought you hither at my Neceſſity? That there, replied the other, waving his hand towards Don *Mario* and *Leonora*, and withal telling him upon what Terms. Don *Mario* was ready to burſt with Anger at hearing him call'd *Hippolito*, and examin'd his Daughter a-new, who inform'd him of the whole Truth. Mean while the Marquiſs's Servants return'd with the heavy News that his Daughter was no where to be found, who abandoning

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abandoning himself to Grief, little regarded what pass'd beside him. In this Interim *Hippolito* address'd Don *Fabio*, and interceeded for his Son, saying, perhaps the Lady might have withdrawn her self out of an Aversion to the Match. *Fabio*, tho' greatly incens'd, forgot not the Regard due to *Hippolito*'s Quality: And on his Intreaty spoke to *Aurelian*, tho' with a stern Voice and angry Brow, asking where he had disposed the Cause of his Disobedience, and if he did not think his Father worthy to see her? *Aurelian* replied, he desired no more, and with a low Bow added, he doubted not of his Approbation and Pardon. Well, said his Father, you are vain of your own Wisdom? Let us see your Rarity. While *Aurelian* was gone for the Lady, the Marquiss and *Fabricio* were taking their leave in great disorder for his Loss, and the Disappointment. But Don *Fabio* intreated his Stay till the Return of his Son, who led a veil'd Lady into the Room, and was going to present to his Father, but *Fabio* in a blunt way lifting up her Veil, beheld the fair *Incognita*, differing nothing but in Name from the beautiful *Juliana*. This Discovery was so agreeable a Surprize, that for a few Moments they were all silent with Joy, too big for Speech; *Aurelian* only was unacquainted with his Happiness; for *Juliana* taking him for *Hippolito*, thought he wou'd

not

not consent to deprive his Friend of so great a Match, and therefore with the utmost Care conceal'd her Family from him. She was now the first who spoke, and falling at her Father's Feet, besought his Pardon. He rais'd her up with joyful Tears of Welcome. All strove who first shou'd pay their Compliment: *Aurelian* was out of his wits with Joy, and *Juliana* not much behind him to find Love and Duty so happily reconcil'd. Don *Fabio* embrac'd and forgave his Son the Marquiss, and *Fabricio* gave *Juliana* to *Aurelian*, who receiv'd the Blessing on his Knee. Don *Mario* was not a little proud of his Son-in-Law, whom *Aurelian* display'd with all the Elegance of Truth and Friendship. *Juliana* and *Leonora* had pleasant Discourse about their mistaken Rivalship, and it was the Subject of much Mirth, to hear *Juliana* tell what pains she took to avoid *Aurelian* for the sake of *Hippolito*.

Having diverted themselves with many Remarks on the pleasing Surprize, they all thought it proper to wait on the Great Duke that Morning, to acquaint him with what had pass'd: And by the way the Two young Couple entertain'd the Company with many diverting Incidents of their Three Days Adventures.

Tho'

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Tho' the Scene of the foregoing Novel be laid in *Italy*, every Incident was tranſacted in *England*. But as ſome of the Perſons are dead, and others living, yet 'till they are all gather'd to their Fathers, I dare not preſume to decypher any one Character, eſpecially ſince ſome Folks, much more grand in their Talk than their Power, threaten to proſecute us *to the Extent of their Fortunes, and the Hazard of our own Lives*; But I reply with *Horace*——*Riſum teneatis amici?*

Now, ſince *Love* is our *preſent Topic*, I will venture to relate an Inſtance of the moſt uncommon Affection, which I was an Earwitneſs of at the *Bath*. A Gentleman asking a certain Lady, why ſhe did not bring Miſs abroad for an Airing, conſidering the Fineneſs of the Weather: No, ſays the indulgent Mother, *Miſs is very much indiſpos'd, and has got the Vapours moſt inordinately, and if ſhe ſhould go abroad, perhaps ſhe might fancy the* SUN *or the* MOON, *and thoſe are Things ſhe can't have; but every thing that is under them, ſhe may, and ſhall have.*

Thus ſpoke the Mother moſt magnificent.

IN

IN the Year 1720, *Thomas Tickell* Esq; having publish'd the Works of Mr. Secretary *Addison* very imperfectly *, Sir *Richard Steele*, upon his Return out of *Scotland*, not long after brought the following *Appeal* before Mr. *Congreve*, in order to do himself and Mr. *Addison* Justice.

" When I take myself, says Sir *Richard*, " to be ill treated with regard to my Behaviour to the Merit of other Men, my " Conduct towards you is an Argument of " my Candour that way, as well as that your " Name and Authority will be my Protection in it. You will give me leave therefore, in a Matter that concerns us in " the Poetical World, to make you my " Judge, whether I am not injur'd in the " highest manner; for with Men of your " Taste and Delicacy, it is a high Crime and " Misdemeanour to be guilty of any thing " that is disingenuous."

The subject Matter of this *Debate* is very curious, and highly worthy the Perusal of

* By omitting, 1. The DRUMMER: Or, the HAUNTED HOUSE. A Comedy. 2, The OLD WHIG, in two Parts. Written against the *Peerage-Bill*. 3. A *Dissertation* concerning the most celebrated *Roman* Poets. All by Mr. *Addison*.

every

every Gentleman; I have only mention'd the Fact in this Place, as being a Part of Mr. *Congreve*'s History, and shall therefore refer to the Letter itself, which is prefix'd to an Edition of the *Drummer*, publish'd by Sir *Richard Steele* in *Duodecimo*.

But one thing I can't help observing, Mr. *Tickell* wou'd have had the DRUMMER pass'd upon the World as a Comedy of his own, for which piece of Insolence Sir *Richard* has indeed handsomely chastis'd him. "If a certain "Gentleman, says he, is injur'd *by what I* "*have said*, I will allow I have wrong'd "him, upon this Issue, that (if the reputed "Translator of the first Book of HOMER, shall "please to give us another Book) there shall "appear another very good Judge in Poetry, "besides Mr. *Alexander Pope*, who shall like "it." By which it is manifest that Mr. *Addison* was the Translator of that Book of HOMER, which was publish'd under Mr. *Tickell*'s Name. Upon concluding the whole, says Sir *Richard* to Mr. *Congreve*, "I will be "contented with assuring You, which I do "very honestly, I had rather have You satisfy'd "with me on this Subject, than any other "Man living.

"You will please to pardon me, that I "have thus laid this nice Affair before a "Person,

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" Perſon, who has the acknowledg'd Superio-
" rity to all others, not only in the moſt ex-
" cellent Talents, but poſſeſſing them with
" an Æquanimity, Candour and Benevo-
" lence, which render thoſe Advantages a
" Pleaſure as great to the reſt of the World,
" as they can be to the Owner of them. And
" ſince Fame conſiſts in the Opinion of wiſe
" and good Men, you muſt not blame me for
" taking the readieſt way to baffle an Attempt
" upon my Reputation, by an Addreſs to one
" whom every wiſe and good Man looks up-
" on with the greateſt Affection and Vene-
" ration."

Mr. *Congreve's* Opinion, in this Caſe, was undoubtedly on Mr. *Addiſon's* ſide, and Mr. *Tickell's* Error is ſufficiently manifeſted by his Silence. Our Author never engaged himſelf in any publick Controverſy, but the foregoing one with Mr. *Collier*, naturally chuſing to avoid all Diſputes; but the ill-manner'd, as well as pedantick Treatment of that Prieſt, peculiar to his Function, was not to be paſs'd over without Correction.

Some Years before his Death, Mr. *Congreve* was not only violently afflicted with the *Gout*, but was likewiſe thought to be under an Hectical and Conſumptive Indiſpoſition, for which he was adviſ'd to drink the *Snail-Water*, but

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but having a ſtrong Averſion to this *Inſect*, he rather choſe *Aſs's-Milk*; till laſt Summer he became a Convert to the *Snail*, by reading at *Bath*, in the *Poſthumous Works* of that ingenious Poet and Phyſician Dr. *Sewell* of *Hampſtead*, * a ſmall but very curious Diſſertation *of the Uſefulneſs of* SNAILS in MEDICINE, written by him, but the Year before his own Death, which for its Excellence and publick Benefit I ſhall here inſert, *viz.*

THERE have been great Diſputes about this Creature's Uſefulneſs in Medicine; the *Old* Phyſicians favour them, the *New* ſpeak doubtfully, and ſome with Contempt, rank this Remedy among but *Female-Recipes* at the higheſt.

From their natural Clammineſs, or Viſcoſity, (their whole Subſtance being nothing but a Compages of natural Jelly) they bid fair to balſamiſe the Blood, at leaſt to ſheath great Part of its Acidities, to make its Returns on the finer Glands and Tubes leſs pungent, and by Conſequence, in Time, heal, at leaſt, beginning Ulcers.

* Printed for *E. Curll*, 8vo. pag. 27.



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I had occaſion to experience what this *Viſcus* does to the Animal it ſelf; for having a Garden over-run with them, I ſometimes only cruſhed them with my Foot againſt the Wall, breaking the Shell ſo much, that a Quantity of Matter iſſued from the Wounds. Theſe I left (uſually in *Roſemary-Buſhes*, where I ſtamped them) not expecting the Effect their own Balm would have on them: In a Fortnight after I had ſuppoſed them dead, I found them whole, except in the Parts of the Shell, whoſe Weakneſs could not be diſcerned by the Eye, but was plain to the Touch.

This Experiment was often repeated with the Preſſure of a ſtrong Shoe, and yet almoſt all the *Snails* recovered, and carried their Houſes, ſeemingly, unmaimed.

It was amazing enough, to obſerve the *viſcous Fluid* ſqueezed from the Body, retiring by degrees inward, and ſupplying the Place of an artificial Cement to the broken Shell, while as it increaſed to its uſual Dimenſion, it puſhed forward the fractured and depreſſed Parts to a Union, with the reſt of the Houſe or Building.

The Experiment extends to all Ages and Sizes of *Snails*; for, in the ſmall Crevices of

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of the Wall, I often crushed the young ones Sides together with my Finger, and with all my Watchfulness could not find that they gathered any Restorative from the neighbouring Trees, till they were able to march out for fresh Plunder.

These Remarks may, perhaps, give some Hints about their *Use* in *Physick*: The most natural seems to me, that *we over-cleanse them*, by which they lose great part of that *salutary Slime* which helps to bind the broken *Continuum* of minute Bodies.

Their Age and Rankness of Feed, no doubt, makes a material Difference in their Effects; I cannot positively say what: My Remarks reaching only the *Apricot*, *Nectorine*, *Peach*, and *Rosemary*; all of the Odoriferous Kind.

# *SOLILOQUY.*

WHY DAMON, with the forward Day
Dost thou thy little Spot survey?
From Tree to Tree, with doubtful Cheer,
Observe the Progress of the Year;
What Winds arise, what Rains descend,
When thou before that Year shalt end?

What do thy Noon-day-Walks avail,
To cleat the Leaf, and pick the SNAIL?
Then wantonly to *Death* decree
An *Insect* usefuller than *Thee*.
*Thou*, and the *Worm*, are *Brother-kind*,
As low, as earthy, and as blind.

*Vain* Wretch, canst thou expect to see
The downy *Peach* make Court to *Thee*?
Or that thy Sense shall ever meet
The *Bean-Flower*'s deep-embosom'd Sweet?
Exhaling with an Evening's Blast,
Thy Evenings then will all be past.

Thy narrow Pride, thy fancied Green,
(For Vanity's in little seen)
All must be left when *Death* appears,
In spite of Wishes, Groans and Tears;
Nor one of all thy *Plants* that grow,
But *Rosemary*, will with *Thee* go.

## OBSERVATION.

Doubtless, the *Snail* is of great Efficacy in *Medicine*, and I have known most surprizing Cures wrought by them in Coughs, Catarrhs, and Consumptive Indispositions. It is very plain, from this *small Essay*, that had Dr. *Sewell* liv'd, he wou'd have made some signal Discoveries concerning the Virtues of this *Insect*.

Mr.

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Mr. *Congreve* upon subscribing a Crown at the Bookseller's Shop, the Custom at BATH, was mightily pleas'd with a *Description* of the *Place* which he found in Mr. LOVEDAY's *Letters*, that he had taken to his Lodgings to pass away a Rainy Evening. As it is true in Fact, I shall here transcribe it for the Entertainment of those Readers who have never been at BATH.

Mr. *Loveday* writes thus to his Brother,— "We are now in a *Town* where most of the "*People* get their *Bread* by their *Water*; "and to strengthen the Paradox, those that "never knew how to govern themselves are "yet Guides to others; of a City it is doubt-"less the prettiest in *England*, in a double "Sense, as it is little and handsome. (Most "of the Inhabitants live the Life of *Fishes* "in Summer, and *Flies* in Winter; for "then they have nothing else to do but sleep "in their Crannies.) I have been something "curious to inform my self of its Original; "but the best account I could get, does afford "but poor Satisfaction: The sobereſt have "only told me my own Conjectures, that "the Eruption of these *Hot-Springs*, which "certainly borrow their *Warmth* in their "Passage thro' a sulphureous Mineral, was "the cause of building this City; but in the

" Conveyance of Particulars to Posterity, as " the Time, Founders, with other Circum- " stance, Tradition has been very unfaithful, " in suffering the Truth to be swallow'd up " by a Fable, which goes very current among " the common People, and talks of a King " called BLADUD, that being a great " Necromancer, (I know not for what rea- " son) caused by the Power of his Art, these " *Waters* to be *boiled* under Ground into " such an immense Quantity, as hath served " to *Par-boil* all those that have since resorted " hither *to wash off their Diseases.*".

Mr. *Congreve* laughed heartily at this Fic- tion, and said that *Powel* had sufficient Ground to erect his *Puppet-show* upon so notable a Plan, wherein, there was Conjura- tion in Perfection.

But to proceed with Mr. *Loveday*,—— " In my Perusal of the Cathedral here, a " Structure that is rather handsome than mag- " nificent, and claims as little Admiration as " Contempt, I met with an old Inscription " upon the Wall, which at first startled me: " The Words were these,

*The Frees going to chuse their King,*
*Said be to us thou* OLIVER *King.*

" But

" But upon Enquiry I learned from a Per-
" ſon that had read the Ancient Records, this
" Inſcription was made in honour of one
" *Oliver King*, Abbot of a Monaſtery, that
" laid the Foundation of this Minſter; the
" *Rebus* is alluſive to a Paſſage in *Judges*
" where the Trees convented to chuſe them,
" a *King*, and pitched firſt upon the *Olive*,
" tho, at laſt the *Bramble* carried it. So this
" pitiful Piece of Wit was ſet up as a grate-
" ful Memorial of that Abbot's Piety." *

Now, to what more immediately relates to Mr. *Congreve*;—by a ſcurrilous Piece of *John Dennis*'s juſt publiſh'd, † I am oblig'd, like the *Crab*, to go backward a little. I find Mr. *Congreve* was the univerſal Peace-Maker among the Poets, for Mr. *Pope* having complai'd to him of *Dennis*'s Billing's-Gate-Attacks upon his Writings, Mr. *Congreve* preſcribed a very eaſy Method of healing all Breaches, by giving *Dennis* a little Money in ſubſcribing for ſome of his Books, (which to ſpeak the Truth were only re-printed for thoſe Perſons of whom he begg'd the ſmall Pittance of a Guinea Subſcription, there being no Demand

* See, *Loveday*'s Letters, Domeſtick and Foreign, *&c. Lond.* 1684. 8*vo.* (pag. 49 and 163.) the 7th Impreſſion.
† *Remarks* upon the DUNCIAD.

for them by the Publick, nor never will.) This Mr. *Pope* readily came into, and ſubſcrib'd to *Four Volumes* of his Trumpery; two of which were *Plays*, *Poems*, &c. and the other two call'd *Familiar Letters*, tho' moſt ſcandalouſly abuſive, as may be ſeen by ſeveral of them being wrote againſt Mr. *Addiſon*, and others of them ſcandalouſly addreſs'd to Mr. *Booth*, under the Name of *Judas Iſcariot*, for which the Scribler is juſtly intitled to *Argumentum Baculinum*.

However, Mr. *Pope* upon his ſecond Payment, ſent *Dennis* the following Letter, *viz.*

*SIR*,

I Call'd to receive the two Books of your *Letters* from Mr. *Congreve*, and have left with him the little Money I am in your Debt. I look upon my ſelf to be much more ſo, for the Omiſſions you have been pleas'd to make in thoſe *Letters* in my Favour, and ſincerely join with you in the Deſire, that not the leaſt Traces may remain of that Difference between us which indeed I am ſorry for. You may therefore believe me, without either Ceremony or Falſeneſs,

*May* 3d 1721. *SIR*, *Your moſt obedient Humble Servant*, A. POPE.

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It was Mr. *Congreve's* good Fortune never to be attack'd by this vile, mercenary, universal Defamer of Mankind. But this I attribute rather to his great Humanity, who was continually bestowing upon *Dennis* Pecuniary Favours, than to any Esteem for his just Merit. Having often heard him say, *it was of the two Evils, better to have* Dennis's *Flattery than his Gall.*

The *first* Piece, to use his own Words, which felt, "*the Effect of his impotent* "*Envy and Malice,*" was, *The* ESSAY *upon* CRITICISM, by this attempt verifying the Fable of the *Viper* and the *File*, "and *endea-* "*vouring to destroy the Reputation of a* "*Man,*" who had by this single Poem justly acquir'd more Applause, than the scribling of his whole Life will amount to. Now observe that *Money*, not *Merit*, is the Point *Dennis* always has in View; "Mr. *Pope*, says "he, subscrib'd to the two Volumes of *select* "*Works*, and afterwards to the two Volumes "of *Letters*, which engag'd me to strike "out several severe Reflections against him, "which were scatter'd up and down in those "*Letters.*" * A fine Method of Subsistence

* *Remarks* on the DUNCIAD. *pag.* 39, 40.

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this! which is no other than making this publick Declaration.——GENTLEMEN *if you won't ſubſcribe for my Abuſes of other People, I'll certainly Abuſe you.*

Nothing can be more baſe, than what he himſelf confeſſes. Hear the Miſcreant, *ex Ore te Judico.* " Perhaps, ſays he, it may " be thought, † that I had Reaſon to be ſatis- " fied, and to regard Mr. *Pope* (from his " ſubſcribing to me) as a Friend. I indeed " from that Hour ceas'd to be his Enemy, but " could not put an entire Confidence in him, " as often as I reflected on a Piece of mon- " ſtrous Perfidy, which he had been guilty of " ſeven Years before.——The great Suc- " ceſs of Mr. *Addiſon*'s CATO fermented his " (Mr. *Pope*'s) Envy, and provok'd his Ma- " lice exceedingly. To diſcharge ſome part " of his *Spleen*, he goes to Mr. *Lintot* his " Bookſeller, and perſuades *Him* to en- " gage *me* to write ſome Remarks upon Mr. " *Addiſon*'s Play. Mr. *Pope* prevail'd upon " Mr. *Lintot*," Mr. *Lintot* prevail'd upon *himſelf* to ſhew me a brace of Guineas, and the Gold (*Judas* like) as it always does, *prevail'd upon me.* " But Mr. *Pope*'s Gratitude " for my complying with his Requeſt, is not " a little ſurprizing: He writes a very ſcur- " rilous and impertinent Pamphlet, in which

† Ibid. p. 41, 42.

" he

" he acquaints his Reader, that I was in the " Hands of Dr. *Norris*, a Curer of Mad- " People, at his House in *Hatton-Garden*, " tho' at the same time I appear'd publickly " every day both in the Park and in the " Town."

Here I must observe that *John Partridge* the Astrologer, as well as his Name-sake *John Dennis*, had the Assurance to assert that he was *alive* and *well*, after *Isaac Bickerstaffe* had prov'd him *Dead* and *Buried*.

But let our modern *Zoilus* go on. The Manuscript of this Pamphlet, says *Dennis*, (*viz.* Dr. *Norris*'s Narrative, *&c.*) " Mr. " *Pope* offer'd to shew to Mr. *Addison* before " it was printed, who had too much Honour, " and too much good Sense to approve of so " black a Proceeding. He was so far from " approving of it, that he immediately en- " gag'd Sir *Richard Steele* to write the fol- " lowing Letter to *Lintot*."

*August* 4, 1713.

Mr. LINTOT,

MR. *Addison* desir'd me to tell you, that he wholly disapproves the Manner of treating Mr *Dennis* in a little Pamphlet, by way of Dr. *Norris*'s Account. When *he* thinks

thinks fit to take notice of Mr. *Dennis's* Objections to *his Writings*, *he* will do it in a way Mr. *Dennis* shall have no just Reason to complain of. But when the Papers above-mention'd were offer'd to be communicated to *him*, *he said*, *he could not either in Honour or Conscience, be privy to such a Treatment, and was sorry to hear of it.* I am,

SIR,

Your very Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

This silly Detail puts me in Mind of the learned Dr. *South's* excellent Remark on this Text, *The* Fool *hath said in his Heart, there is no* God. And *who, but a* Fool, says the Preacher, *would have said so?* Who but an Idiot, under the Dotage *John Dennis* is now arriv'd to would ever have told this Story, or even at the time have taken such an *Ironical-Joke* as Dr. *Norris's* Narrative to have been meant as a *serious Truth.* But now let us examine how *he* used Mr. *Addison*, who at Mr. *Congreve's* Request, (rather than be *bated*, any more by this *Man-Tyger*,) became a Subscriber to *Dennis*, for his two Volumes of *select Works*, who promis'd Mr. *Addison* at an Interview with him and Mr. *Rowe*,

*Rowe*, that he would burn some other *Remarks* on *Cato* which he had then by him, and never more engage in any Controversy against him. Now what does *this most perfidious Wretch*, who taxes other Men with *Perfidy*, do?——Why, remain *silent* during Mr. *Addison*'s Life; but six years after his Death (the most inhuman Act that can be committed) from his *foul Papers*, truly so called, muster up *seven* very stupid *Letters upon the Sentiments of the two first Acts of* CATO.

And I am sorry, in this place, to take notice, that the same Charge, of reviling Mr. *Addison* since his decease, lies against Mr. *Pope*, tho' he would endeavour to persuade us, it was sent to Mr. *Addison* in his Lifetime, and only meant as a *Friendly Admonition*.

To get rid of this irksome Debate, *Dennis*'s Pamphlet against Mr. *Pope*'s DUNCIAD * is the most scurrilous and contemptible Libel that ever stain'd Paper, and adorn'd with the Flowers of no other Rhetorick, than Dunce, Idiot, Blockhead, and such distinguishing *Billingsgate*-Appellations; he defends his *foul Language* with the *Excuse*

* *Remarks* upon the *Dunciad*. *Ibid.* p. 11.

of

of a Child, but what ought to be the *Shame* of a *Man*——*Læsit prior*, *i. e.* Mr. *Pope* call'd *me* Names first.

Besides, this mighty Pretender to Correctness is continually blundering himself, of which I shall produce a flagrant Instance. Major *Pack*, in his excellent, tho' short, *Memoire* of Mr. *Wycherley*'s Life, brings him from *one* of the *Universities*, to the *Temple*, &c. *Dennis* in *Contradiction* to the Major's *Assertion*, replies (in a Letter to Him) with an equal Degree of *Impudence* and *Ignorance*; that, "He never could learn, "either from Mr. *Wycherley* himself, or from "Mr. *Dryden*, or Sir *Harry Sheers*, or Mr. "*Walkeden*, or from any of those who had "been longest acquainted with Mr. *Wy-* "*cherley*, that he had ever resided at *either* "of our *Universities* *."

Mr. *Wycherley* and his Friends, had more Manners than to examine one another about the Places of their Education; it was sufficient for them, that they enjoy'd the Fruits of it in Concert with each other. But had Critic-*Dennis* been as conversant in Books, as he is in Scandal, he might have found, that "*William Wycherley*, the eldest Son of

* See *Dennis*'s Letters. Vol. 1. p. 215. 8vo. *Lond.* 1721.

"*Daniel*

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" *Daniel Wycherley*, of *Clive* in *Shropshire*, " became a Fellow-Commoner of *Queen's*- " College a little before the Restoration of " King CHARLES II. but wore not a Gown, " only liv'd in the Provost's Lodgings, was " enter'd in the Public Library, under the " Title of *Philosophiæ Studiosus*, in *July*, " 1660. being then about Twenty Years of " Age, departed without being matriculated, " or a Degree conferred on him, having " been by Dr. *Barlow* reconcil'd to the Pro- " testant-Religion, which he had a little be- " fore left in his Travels beyond the Seas. " Afterwards he retired to the *Inner-Temple*, " *&c.**" So that with this notorious Blunder relating to Mr. *Wycherley*, and all his other Imperfections on his Head, I shall here leave him.

How different from this Conduct, was that of Mr. *Addison*, who, as *Dennis* himself observes, " *had too much Honour, and too* " *much good Sense*," to approve of any Writer's giving Another unhandsome Treatment. And whose *Honour*, and *good Sense*, *Dennis* was well assur'd, would prevent him from entering the Lists with such a foul-mouth'd Antagonist as Himself, had he been to have writ *Remarks* upon *CATO*, and the SPECTATOR every Month in the Year.

* *See* Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* Fol. Vol. 2. p. 976.

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In Juſtice therefore, to Mr. ADDISON's Honour and good Senſe, which in every Action of his Life were ſo conſpicuous, I ſhall produce one ſingle example, which will for ever embalm his Memory.

In all his publick Stations and Truſts he gain'd a wonderful Applauſe. His great Vivacity, Penetration, Learning, and Obſervations, render'd him perfectly Maſter of the moſt important Buſineſs of the State; neither was he wanting in Diſpatch, which in him was ſo eaſy, that, in many Caſes, what was a Pleaſure to Mr. ADDISON, was almoſt inſuperable to others.

And what is a peculiar Commendation of Perſons in ſuch advantageous Stations, his Aſſiduity to ſerve his Friends, and great Diſintereſtedneſs in ſo doing, was very remarkable. I have Authority to communicate to the World an Inſtance of this Nature, in the Caſe of the Honourable Major *David Dunbar*, to whom Mr. ADDISON had done a very ſignal piece of Service in the Year 1715. when he was Secretary to the Earl of *Sunderland*, then Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*. This favour, in the Major's Eſtimation of it, deſerv'd a very handſome Return, and accordingly he ſent the Secretary a *Bank-Bill* for

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300 Guineas, which he would not by any means accept. I am farther to inform the Reader, that upon Mr. ADDISON's refusal of the *Bill*, the Major purchas'd a *Diamond-Ring* of the same Value, and upon his Tender of that Present, it was rejected with some Warmth.

How heartily he espous'd this Gentleman's Interest, will appear to his Honour, from the following Letters; as well as the *honest Reason* he gives for *not accepting*, what the Major thought, only, an *Equitable Gratuity*.

*To the Honourable Major* DUNBAR.

SIR,

I This Morning urged to my Lord Lieutenant every thing you suggest in your Letter, and what else came into my thoughts. He told me it stopped with the Secretary, and that he would still see what could be done in it. I spoke to Sir *William St. Quintin* to remove all Difficulties with the Secretary, and will again plead your Cause with His Excellency to-morrow Morning. If you send me word where I may wait on you about Eleven o'clock, in some Bye-*Coffee-House*, I will inform you of the Issue of this matter, if I find my Lord *Sunderland*



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at home, and will convince you that I was in Earneſt when I wrote to you before, by ſhewing my ſelf,

Sir,

Your moſt Diſintereſted

Humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

*To the Honourable Major* DUNBAR.

SIR,

I Find there is a very ſtrong Oppoſition formed againſt you, but I ſhall wait on my Lord Lieutenant this Morning and lay your Caſe before him as advantageouſly as I can, if he is not engaged in other Company. I am afraid what you ſay of his * Grace does not portend you any Good.

And now Sir believe me, when I aſſure you, I never did, nor ever will, on any Pretence whatſoever, take more than the ſtated and cuſtomary Fees of my Office. I might keep the contrary practice concealed from

* The Duke of *Marlborough*.

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the World, were I capable of it, but I could not from my self. And I hope I shall always fear the Reproaches of my own Heart more than those of all Mankind. In the mean time if I can serve a Gentleman of Merit, and such a Character as you bear in the World, the satisfaction I meet with on such an occasion is always a sufficient, and the only Reward to, Sir,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

He gave a Lustre to the Places he enjoy'd and the great Personages he had the Honour to serve: He manag'd his greatest Charge with known Ability; and resign'd it only on account of his Health, the want of which, was a very great Loss to the Publick. If any Objection has been made to his Character, it has proceeded from over-much Modesty, a Fault easily to be forgiven.

These two invaluable Letters of Friendship, from Mr. *Addison* to Major *Dunbar*, might have been accompany'd with some others of the like Nature from Mr. *Moyle* to Mr. *Congreve*, but I rather chuse to refer the Reader to the new



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Edition of Mr. *Moyle*'s Pieces, with some *Memoirs* of His *Life* and *Writings*, by *Anthony Hammond* Esq; *.

In this collection of Mr. *Moyle*'s Tracts, are several Letters which pass'd between *Him*, Mr. *Congreve*, and some other of their Acquaintance; so, that in this place I shall only insert Mr. *Congreve*'s last Letter to that Gentleman.

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* The whole Works of *Walter Moyle*, Esq; that were publish'd by Himself. Consisting of the following Pieces. I. On Improving the *Athenian*-Revenue: Done from the *Greek* of *Xenophon*, with Observations. II. Select Translations from *Lucan*: Concerning the Pagan Worship, Superstition, and Sacrifices: With a Parallel between Antient and Modern Priestcraft. III. An Argument, shewing that a *Standing Army* is inconsistent with a Free Government, and absolutely destructive of the Constitution of the *English* Monarchy. IV. An Essay on the *Lacedæmonian* Government. V. Familiar Letters which passed between Mr. *Moyle*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Hopkins*, *Anthony Hammond* Esq; &c. VI. The best Method of forming a Library, with Characters of the Principal Historians. VII. Remarks on the Government of *England*; on the Corruption of our Ministry and Parliaments; the honest Notions of the Laity perplex'd by the Clergy; the Obstinacy of Ecclesiasticks the Cause of our Civil Wars, and of the Embroilments in all States. An Apology for the Writings of Mr. *Moyle*, against the ridiculous Cavils of Mr. *Hearne* of *Oxford*, the late Dr. *Woodward*, Mr. *Whiston* and Mr. *Woolston*, relating to the *Thundering Legion*. Beautifully printed, by *E. Curll*, in the *Strand*, 1727. Price 5 *s*.

To

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## *To* Walter Moyle, *Esq; at* Bake, *near* Loo, *in* Cornwall.

*Dear* Sir;

I Can't but think that a Letter from me in *London* to you in *Cornwall*, is like some ancient Correspondence between an Inhabitant of *Rome* and a *Cimmerian*. May be my Way of Writing may not be so modestly compared with *Roman* Epistles; but the Resemblance of the Place will justify the other Part of the Parallel: The subterraneous Habitations of the *Miners*, and the Proximity of the *Bajæ*, help a little; and while you are at *Bake*, let *Bake* be *Cumæ*, and do you supply the Place of *Sibylla*. You may look on this as Raillery; but I can assure you, nothing less than *Oracles* are expected from you in the next Parliament, if you succeed in your Election, as we are pretty well assured you will †. You wish your self with us at *Will's* Coffee-House; all here wish for you, from the President of the *Grave-Club*, to the most puny Member of the Rabble: They, who can Think, think of you, and the rest talk of you. There is no such Monster in this *Africa* that is not sensible of your

† He was chosen for *Saltash*.

Abſence; even the worſt-natur'd People, and thoſe of leaſt Wit, lament it; I mean half Criticks and Quibblers. To tell you all that want you, I ſhould name all the Creatures of *Covent-Garden*, which, like thoſe of *Eden-Garden*, would want ſome *Adam* to be a Godfather, and give them Names. I can't tell whether I may juſtly compare our *Covent-Garden* to that of *Eden*, or no; for tho' I believe we may have variety of ſtrange Animals equal to Paradiſe, yet I fear we have not amongſt us the Tree of Knowledge. It had been much to the diſadvantage of *Pliny*, had the Coffee-Houſe been in his Days; for ſure he would have deſcribed ſome who frequent it, which would have given him the Reputation of a more fabulous Writer than he has now. But being in our Age, it does him a Service; for we who know it, can give Faith to all his Monſters. You who took care to go down into the Country unlike a Poet, I hope will take care not to come up again like a Politician; for then, you will add a new Monſter to the Coffee-Houſe, that was never ſeen there before. So you may come back again in your Soldier's Coat; for, in that, you will no more be ſuſpected for a Politician than a Poet. Pray come, upon any Terms, for you are wiſh'd for by every body, but moſt wanted by your

*Affectionate Friend and Servant,*

W. CONGREVE.

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In all the *Civil-Posts*, which Mr. *Congreve* had the Honour to fill, he was never *once* remov'd from any; unless, it were to his Advancement. A full Proof, that Merit, *only*, occasion'd the Alteration. The Principal of which, were his *Office* in the *Customs*, and his Secretaryship of *Jamaica*.

From the Accident of his being over-turn'd last Summer, in his Chariot at *Bath*, it was thought he had receiv'd some internal Bruise, because he often complain'd of a violent Pain in his Side. But finding himself in a very declining-way, under a complicated Indisposition, he settled his Affairs (as every prudent Man ought to do) above four Years before, 1725, as, by his WILL, appears.

*P. S.* Since the Edition of Mr. *Congreve's* Works in *Octavo*, there has been another in *Duodecimo*, Three Volumes, to which he has added Translations of two of *Fontaine's* TALES. I. *Le Chose Impossible*. The Impossible Thing. II. The *Peasant* in Search of his *Heifer*. The first of these, is address'd to Sir *Richard Steele*; wherein, as to the Fable, Mr. *Congreve* says,

He tells it with some Variation,
Not altogether a Translation.

FONTAINE relates, "That a Gentleman, finding "it very difficult to gain the Affections of his Mis- "tress, a good-natur'd *Devil* proffer'd his Service "to help him out; and assur'd him, that the Lady "should instantly comply; only upon Condition, "that he would undertake to find him *continual* "*Employment*; but that if he stood one Moment



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" *idle*, the Gentleman's Bond was forfeited. Our " young Spark thought that there was no *Mystery* " in *commanding*, and fancying that he had *Bit the* " *Devil*, signs the Agreement. Upon which *Satan* " set a *Spell* upon the Lady; the Operation had " its immediate Effect, the Fair-one comply'd, and " our Gallant was happy. But lo! after Consum- " mation, he could take no Repose, because the " Devil wanted *Employment*. SATAN was sent on " several Dispatches, but return'd in a Trice, so " that our *Lover* grew quite heartless, and was " oblig'd to make his melancholy Case known to his " Mistress; telling her, that unless *she* could assist " him, by some *female Stratagem*, he had by Com- " pact forfeited both *Soul* and *Body* to the *Devil*.

——And is this all? replies the Fair:
Let me alone to cure this Care.
When next your *Demon* shall appear,
Pray give him——look——What I hold here;
And bid him labour soon or late,
To lay *these* RINGLETS *lank* and *strait*.
Then something, scarcely to be seen,
Her Finger and her Thumb between
She held, and, sweetly smiling, cry'd,
Your Goblin's Skill shall now be try'd.
She said; and gave——what shall I call
That Thing so shining, crisp, and small,
Which round his Finger strove to twine?
A Tendril of the *Cyprian*-Vine?
Or Sprig from *Cytherea's*-Grove;
Shade of the Labyrinth of Love?
With Awe *He* now takes from *her* Hand
That Fleece-like-Flow'r of Fairy Land:
And to *Pug* issues his Command.
This HAIR, thus Curve, and thus Orbicular,
Hammer thou Strait and Perpendicular;
So Strait be it, that in no sort
It ever may in Rings retort.
See me no more till this be done,
Hence to thy Task——avaunt, be gone.

Away

Away the Fiend like Light'ning flies,
And all his Wit to Work applies:
Anvils and Preſſes he employs,
And dins all Hell with *Cyclop*-Noiſe.
In vain: he to no Terms can bring
One Twirl of that reluctant Thing;
Th' elaſtic-Fibre works his Pains,
And its firſt Spiral-Form retains.
New Stratagems the Sprite contrives,
Down in the Ocean, deep, he dives:
This Sprunt, its Buckle ſure will loſe,
When laid, ſays he, to ſoak in Ooze.
Poor fooliſh Fiend! he little knew
Whence *Venus* and her Garden grew.
Old *Neptune*, with paternal Waves,
The Child of his own Bed receives:
Which oft as dipt, new Force exerts,
And in more vig'rous Curls reverts.
The baffled *Goblin* grows perplext,
Nor knows what Sleight to practiſe next.
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor Charm, nor Art, nor Force avails:
But all concur his Shame to ſhow,
And more exaſperate the Foe.
Sometimes he twirls, and twirls it round,
Then pauſing, meditates profound:
No End he ſees of his Surprize,
Nor *what it ſhou'd be*, cou'd deviſe:
For never yet did Wool or Feather,
Stand buff againſt all ſorts of Weather:
And unrelax'd like this reſiſt
Both Wind and Rain, and Snow and Miſt.
What Stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What Spinſter-Witch cou'd ſpin ſuch Thread,
He cou'dn't gueſs; but to his Coſt,
Found all his Fame and Labour loſt.
Defeated thus, thus diſcontent,
Back to the Lover, Satan went:
I grant, quoth He, our *Contract* null,
And give you a *Diſcharge* in full.
But tell me now, in Name of Wonder,
Since I ſo candidly knock under,
What is this *Thing*? where cou'd it grow?
Pray take it——'tis in *ſtatu quo*.
Much good may't do you, for my part
I waſh my Hands on't from my Heart.

Reply'd

Reply'd the Lover, brisk and airy,
*Satan*, indeed, you're too soon weary.
What leave this trifling Task undone!
And think'ſt Thou This the only one?
Alas! were this *Hair* ſtrait, thou'd'ſt find
Millions of more ſuch, ſtill behind.
Which wou'd employ, Time without End,
Both You and ev'ry Helliſh Fiend.

The *Second* Tale, Of the *Lout* who loſt his *Heifer*, is, as the Proverb ſays, ſhort and ſweet. "The "honeſt Countryman, climbing one of the higheſt "Trees, was in hopes of ſpying his Heifer in ſome "neighbouring Paſture. But,

——It chanc'd, *as fond*, that way to paſs
A Jolly-Lad, and Buxom-Laſs:
The Girl agog, the Gallant ready;
So lightly-down he lays my Lady.
But ſo ſhe turn'd, or ſo was laid,
That he ſome certain Scene diſplay'd!
And loudly cry'd, in Rapture, *What!*
*What ſee I*, Gods! *What ſee I not!*
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis gueſs'd,
'Twas *more than well cou'd be expreſs'd.*
The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,
Strait ſtopt him ſhort in mid career:
And bauling out, cry'd, *Honeſt Friend*,
*That of thy* Seeing, *ſee'ſt no End*;
*Doſt* See *the* Heifer *that I ſeek*?
*If doſt*—*pray be ſo kind to ſpeak.*

Nothing now remains, but that I ſhould cloſe theſe *Memoirs*; wherein I have had no other Views, than a ſtrict Regard to *Truth*, and to do that *Juſtice* to the *Memory* of my departed Friend, which, in my Judgment, his Merit deſerv'd; and which is farther confirm'd by the following Teſtimony of Sir *Richard Steele*, who, ſpeaking of Mr. *Congreve's*

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*greve's* Talents, upon a very particular Occasion, thus delivers Himself, *viz.* *.

His great *Discernment* in distinguishing the *Characters* of *Mankind*, which is manifested in his COMEDIES, render'd his good Opinion a just Foundation for the Esteem of other Men.

He acquir'd a just Success, in the various Parts of Poetry; that gentle, free, and easy Faculty, which also in *Songs* and *Short Poems*, He possess'd, above all others, distinguish'd it self where-ever it appear'd. I cannot but instance his inimitable DORIS, † which excels for Politeness, fine Raillery, and courtly Satire, any Thing we can meet with in any Language. I cannot leave my Favourite DORIS, ‡ without taking notice how much that short Performance discovers a true Knowledge of Life. DORIS is the Character of a Libertine-Woman of Condition, and

* See, The *Dedication*, of his *Poetical Miscellanies*, to Mr. *Congreve*.

† The Viscountess *F——ut supra*, p. 62.

‡ The Point of this fine Satire, lies, chiefly, in the two last Stanzas of it, *viz.*

*Doris*, our Thanks, nor asks, nor needs,
For all her Favours done:
From her, Love flows, as Light proceeds,
Spontaneous, from the *Sun*.
On *One*, or *Other*, still her Fires
Display their Gen'ral Force;
And *She*, like *Sol*, alone retires,
To shine elsewhere o' course.

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the Satire is work'd up accordingly: For People of Quality are ſeldom touched with any Repreſentation of their Vices, but in a Light which makes them Ridiculous.

As much as He was to be eſteem'd for his excellent Writings (by which He was an Honour to our Nation) I chuſe rather, as one that has paſs'd many happy Hours with Him, to celebrate that eaſy Condeſcenſion of Mind, and Command of a pleaſant Imagination, which gave him the uncommon Praiſe of a Man of Wit, always to pleaſe, and never to offend. No one, after a joyful Evening, could reflect upon an Expreſſion of Mr. *Congreve's*, that dwelt upon *him* with Pain.

In a Man capable of exerting himſelf any way, this (whatſoever the Vain and Ill-natur'd may think of the matter) was an Excellence above the brighteſt Sallies of Imagination.

The Reflection upon this moſt equal, amiable and correct Behaviour, which could be obſerv'd only by his intimate Acquaintance, has quite diverted me from acknowledging *his ſeveral Excellencies* as a *Writer*; for to have dwelt particularly on *thoſe Subjects* would have had no very good Effect upon my *own Performances*: Thus I confeſs his *Merit* is ſpar'd only by my *Vanity*; and yet I hope I may have Leave to indulge *it* farther, by telling all the World, I was, with great Truth, proud of having it thought, that He was my Friend.

RICHARD STEELE.

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A TRUE

# COPY

OF THE

## Laſt Will and Teſtament of *William Congreve*, Eſq;

*E' Regiſtro Curiæ Prærogat. Cantuar. Extract.*

**In the Name of God,** *Amen.*

THIS is the laſt Will of me *William Congreve*, of the Pariſh of St. *Clement-Danes*, *Weſtminſter*, in the County of *Middleſex*, Eſq; made



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the twenty-ſixth Day of *February*, *Anno Dom.* 1725; And firſt I deſire, and direct, that my Funeral ſhall be privately performed, without the leaſt Oſtentation, and the Place where, I refer to my Executor to appoint.

I give to the ſeveral Perſons hereinafter named, the reſpective Legacies following (that is to ſay) To * * * * * * * * * * * my Intention is, that the following Legacies be given to the reſpective Perſons herein named, as if they were inſerted in the blank Space left in this Will for that purpoſe.

IMPRIMIS, I give and bequeath to *Anne Jellet*, twenty Pounds a Year during her Life.

*Item*,

* *Sic Orig.*

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*Item*, To *William Congreve*, Son of Colonel *William Congreve* of *Highgate*, and my Godſon, three hundred Pounds.

To Mrs. *Anne Congreve*, Daughter to my late Kinſman Colonel *Ralph Congreve* of *Clarges-ſtreet*, two hundred Pounds.

To Mrs. *Anne Bracegirdle*, of *Howard-ſtreet*, two hundred Pounds.

To Mrs. *Francis Porter*, fifty Pounds.

*Item*, To Mrs. *Deborah Rooke*, one hundred Pounds, with all my Linnen and Apparel; for other leſs Legacies, I leave them as ſpecified in a Codicil incloſed in the Duplicate of this Will, and left in the Cuſtody of the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough* * * *

* * * *

 All

* *Sic Orig.*

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ALL the Reſt and Reſidue of my Eſtate, the ſame conſiſting in perſonal Things only (not having any Lands, or other real Eſtate) I give and bequeath to the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, the now Wife of *Francis* Earl of *Godolphin* in the County of *Cornwall*; but not ſo as to veſt in him the ſaid Earl of *Godolphin*, the equitable Right and Intereſt of ſuch Reſt and Reſidue, but that the ſame and every Part thereof; and the Intereſt, Produce, and Benefit thereof; ſhall and may, at all times, from and after my Deceaſe, be had and received by her the ſaid Dutcheſs, namely, *Henrietta*, Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, to her ſole and ſeparate Uſe, and wherewith her ſaid Husband, or any after-taken Huſband, of her the ſaid Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, ſhall not intermeddle, or have

any

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any controuling Power over, nor ſhall the ſaid Reſt and Reſidue, or the Intereſt and Produce thereof, be liable to the Debts and Incumbrances of the ſaid Earl of *Godolphin*, or of any after-taken Husband, of her the ſaid Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, in any wiſe; but ſhall be had and received, iſſued and paid, as ſhe the ſaid Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, ſhall by writing under her Hand, from time to time direct and appoint; and her own Acquittance ſhall be a ſufficient diſcharge for all, or any Part of the Eſtate ſo given to her as aforeſaid. And in Confidence of the Honeſty and Juſtice of him the ſaid *Francis* Earl of *Godolphin*, I do hereby conſtitute and appoint him, the ſole Executor of this my Will, in Truſt, for his ſaid Wife, as aforeſaid.

In

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In Witneſs whereof, I have hereunto ſubſcribed my Name, and ſet my Seal, the Day and Year aforeſaid. *Wil-*

*William Congreve* (*L. S.*)

Signed, ſealed, and declared by the ſaid *William Congreve* Teſtator, to be his laſt Will, in the Preſence of Us,

TIMO. KIPLIN,

THOMAS SWAN.

THE

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THE

Duplicate WILL and CODICIL.

## In the Name of God, *Amen.*

THIS is the laſt Will of me *William Congreve*, of the Pariſh of St. *Clement-Danes*, *Weſtminſter*, in the County of *Middleſex*, Eſq; made the twenty-ſixth of *February*, *Anno Dom.* 1725. And firſt I deſire and direct, that my Funeral ſhall be privately performed without the leaſt Oſtentation, and the Place where, I refer to my Executor to appoint. I give to the ſeveral Perſons herein after-named, the reſpective Legacies following (that is to ſay) To * * * * * * * * * * Le-

* *Sic Orig.*

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Legacies intended to be inſerted in the blank Space of this Will, and which I deſire may be paid, tho' any Thing ſhould prevent my inſerting them with my own Hand, in Manner as I have filled up the other Blanks in the ſame.

IMPRIMIS, To *Anne Jellet*, twenty Pounds a Year for her Life.

*Item*, To my Godſon *William Congreve*, Son of Colonel *William Congreve* of *Highgate*, three hundred Pounds.

*Item*, To *Anne Congreve*, Daughter of the late Colonel *Ralph Congreve* of *Clarges-ſtreet*, two hundred Pounds.

*Item*,

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*Item*, To Mrs. *Anne Congreve*, Her Mother, and to Colonel *William Congreve* of *Highgate*, each twenty Pounds.

*Item*, To Mrs. *Anne Bracegirdle* of *Howard-ſtreet*, two hundred Pounds.

*Item*, To Mrs. *Deborah Rook*, one hundred Pounds, and all my wearing Apparel and Linnen of all Sorts.

*Item*, To Mrs. *Francis Porter*, fifty Pounds.

*Item*, To *Peter Walter*, Eſq; of St. *Margaret Weſtminſter*, twenty Pounds.

*Item*, To *Richard* Lord Viſcount *Cobham*, and *Richard* Lord Viſcount *Shannon*, twenty Pounds each.

*Item*, To *Charles Mein*, Eſq; and Mr.



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*Edward Porter*, and Mr. *Joſhua White*, twelve Pounds each.

*Item*, To her Grace *Henrietta* Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle*, I give and bequeath the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*'s Picture, by *Kneller*.

*Item*, To the Lady *Mary Godolphin*, youngeſt Daughter to the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, I give and bequeath her Mother's Picture Enamelled, in Miniature, together with my white Brilliant Diamond Ring.

*Item*, To Colonel *Charles Churchill*, twenty Pounds, together with my Gold-headed Cane.

*Item*, To all and each of my Domeſtick Servants, a Year's Wages, and proper Mourning.

*Item*,

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*Item*, To the Poor of the Parish, ten Pounds.

ALL the Rest and Residue of my Estate, the same consisting in personal Things only (not having any Lands, or other real Estate) I give and bequeath to *Henrietta*, Dutchess of *Marlborough*, the now Wife of *Francis* Earl of *Godolphin* in the County of *Cornwall*; but not so as to vest in him the said Earl of *Godolphin*, the equitable Right and Interest of such Rest and Residue, but that the same and every Part thereof; and the Interest, Produce, and Benefit thereof; shall and may, at all times, from and after my Decease, be had and received by her the said Dutchess of *Marlborough*, to her sole and separate Use, and wherewith her said Husband, or any after-

taken Husband, of her the ſaid Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, ſhall not intermeddle, or have any controuling Power over, nor ſhall the ſaid Reſt and Reſidue, or the Intereſt and Produce thereof, be liable to the Debts and Incumbrances of the ſaid Earl of *Godolphin*, or of any after-taken Husband, of her the ſaid Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, in any wiſe; but ſhall be had and received, iſſued and paid, as ſhe the ſaid Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, ſhall by writing under her Hand, from time to time direct and appoint; and her own Acquittance ſhall be a ſufficient Diſcharge for all, or any Part of the Eſtate ſo given to her as aforeſaid. And in Confidence of the Honeſty and Juſtice of him the ſaid *Francis* Earl of *Godolphin*, I do hereby conſtitute and appoint him, the ſole Execu-

tor

tor of this my Will in Truſt, for his ſaid Wife as aforeſaid. In Witneſs whereof, I have hereunto ſubſcribed my Name, and ſet my Seal, the Day and Year aforeſaid.

*William Congreve*, (*L. S.*)

Signed, ſealed, and declared by the, ſaid *William Congreve* the Teſtator, to be his laſt Will, in the Preſence of Us,

WILLIAM HUMPSTONE,

GEORGE THORPE,

JONATHAN WHITE.

WHEREAS

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WHEREAS I *William Congreve*, did by my laſt Will and Teſtament, bearing Date the ſixth Day of *February* 1725; affix a Schedule of Legacies, written in my own Hand, over a blank Space left for that Purpoſe in the ſaid Will; I do hereby revoke and annul thoſe Legacies, excepting ſuch as are bequeathed to Perſons related to me, and bearing my own Hand; as alſo what is therein bequeathed to Mrs. *Anne Jellet*, and Mrs. *Anne Bracegirdle*; which ſaid Legacies, I do hereby confirm, and do hereby revoke and annul, all other Legacies therein mentioned, or in the Counter-part of the ſaid Will, more at large ſet down; which Counter-part is by me left in Cuſtody of her Grace, *Henrietta*, Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, my ſole Executrix, as is ſpecified in the ſaid Will and Counter-

part

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part thereof; be it underſtood, that my Intention is by this Writing to revoke thoſe Legacies, not herein confirmed as above-mentioned, in ſuch manner only as to leave them abſolutely in the Power and Determination of the above-named *Henrietta* Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, my ſole Executrix, either to pay, or refuſe to pay to them, to take from them, or add to them, as ſhe ſhall judge the Perſons therein named, eſpecially my Domeſtick Servants, therein mentioned, or not mentioned, may have merited of me,

*William Congreve*, (*L. S.*)

Signed and ſealed, in Preſence of,

JOSEPH LEE.

WILLIAM HUMPSTONE.

PRO-

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PROBATUM Londini *cum quatuor Codicillis ſive ſchedulis teſtamentis, annex: tertio Die Menſis* Februarij 1728. *Coram venli viro* Georgio Paul, *legum Doctore ſurrog:* &c. *Jurato prenobilis; & honli viri* Franciſci *Comitis: de* Godolphin, *Extris unici,* &c. *Cui,* &c. *Dè bene & Jurat. Lata prius ſententia definitiva pro valore, & validitate dicti teſtamenti prout, ex actis curiæ liquet.*

LINTHWAITE FARRANT,
*Regiſtrar: Deputat: Aſſumpt.*

Mr.

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Mr. CONGREVE died about five o'Clock, on *Sunday* Morning, *January* the 19th 1728-9, at his Houſe in *Surrey-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, in the 57th Year of his Age; and on the *Sunday* following, *January* 26th, his Corps lay in State in the *Jeruſalem* Chamber; from whence, the ſame Evening, between the Hours of Nine and Ten, it was carried, with great Decency and Solemnity, into King HENRY the VIIth's Chapel in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, and Interred near the late Earl of *Godolphin*. The PALL was ſupported by, I. the Duke of *Bridgewater*. II. Earl of *Godolphin*. III. Lord *Cobham*. IV. Lord *Wilmington*. V. The Honourable *George Berkeley*, Eſq; VI. Brigadier-General *Churchill*. And Colonel *Congreve* followed the Corps as Chief Mourner.



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# CHARACTERS OF Mr. CONGREVE.

IN *easy Dialogue* is FLETCHER's Praise:
He mov'd the *Soul*, but had not Power to *raise*.
Great JOHNSON did by *Strength of Judgment* please,
Yet doubling FLETCHER's *Force*, he wants his *Ease*:
In diff'ring Talents, *Both* adorn'd their Age;
One for the *Study*, t'other for the *Stage*.
But *Both* to CONGREVE justly shall submit,
ONE match'd in *Judgment*, BOTH o'er-match'd in *Wit*.
In *Him*, All Beauties of this Age we see;
ETHEREGE's *Courtship*, SOUTHERN's *Purity*;
The *Satire*, *Wit*, and *Strength*, of manly WYCHERLEY.

DRYDEN.

Mr.

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# Mr. *Addiſon*'s Character OF THE Old *BATCHELOR.* *

IN the Character which gives Name to this Play, there is excellently repreſented the Reluctance of a battered Debaucheé to come into the Trammels of Order and Decency: He neither languiſhes, nor burns, but frets for Love. The Gentlemen of more regular Behaviour, are drawn with much Spirit and Wit; and the *Drama* introduced by the Dialogue of the firſt Scene, with uncommon, yet natural Converſation. The Part of *Fondlewife* is a lively Image of the unſeaſonable Fondneſs of Age and Impotence.



* *See*, The TATLER, Nº 9.

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Sir *Richard Blackmore's*

# CHARACTER

OF THE

# Mourning Bride. *

THIS *Poem* has received, and in my Opinion, very juſtly, univerſal Applauſe; being look'd on as the moſt perfect *Tragedy* that has been wrote in this Age. The *Fable*, as far as I can judge at firſt Sight, is a very artful and maſterly Contrivance; the *Characters* are well choſen and well de-

* *See*, His *Preface* to *Prince* ARTHUR, Fol. 1697.

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delineated; that of ZARA is admirable. The *Passions* are well touch'd, and skilfully wrought up. The *Diction*, proper, clear, beautiful, noble, and diversified agreeably to the Variety of the Subject. *Vice*, as it ought to be, is punish'd; and *oppressed-Innocence* at last rewarded. *Nature* appears very happily imitated (excepting one or two doubtful Instances) thro' the whole Piece; in which there are no immodest Images or Expressions; no wild unnatural Rants, but (some Exceptions being allowed) all Things are chaste, just, and decent.

This *Tragedy*, as I said before, has mightily obtained, and that without the unnatural and foolish Mixture of *Force* and *Buffoonery*; without so much as a *Song*, or a *Dance*, to make it more

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more agreeable. By this it appears, that as a ſufficient Genius can recommend itſelf, and furniſh out abundant Matter of Pleaſure and Admiration, without the paultry Helps above named; ſo likewiſe, that the Taſte of the Nation is not ſo far deprav'd, but that a regular and chaſte Play will not only be forgiven, but highly applauded.

Major

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# Major *PACK*'s
# SENTIMENTS
## IN
## His *Eſſay* on *Study*.

CONGREVE of all the Moderns, ſeems to me, to have the righteſt Turn for *Comedy*. In all his Plays there is a great deal of *lively* and *uncommon Humour*, and ſuch as yet, for the moſt Part, is a *Picture* of *true Life*. Beſides, he hath raiſed the Vein of *Ridicule*, and made the STAGE, which had been too much proſtituted to the Mob, *edifying* to Perſons of the firſt

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first Condition. And as his *Fable* is *Diverting*, so is it wrought according to the *strictest Rules*.

The following EPISTLE, *Of rightly improving the present Time*, written to Lord *Cobham*, is here printed from a Manuscript of the Author, with which I was obliged by a Person of the first Rank: The Public having been notoriously abused, by a very erroneous Copy, surreptitiously obtained by one LEWIS in *Covent-Garden*, and vended under the Cover of A. DODD, and E. NUTT!

VER-

# VERSES

To the Right Honourable the

## Lord Viſcount *Cobham.*

## *Of Improving the preſent Time.*

SINCEREST Critic of my Proſe, or Rhime,
Tell how thy pleaſing STOWE * employs
thy Time.
Say, COBHAM, what amuſes thy Retreat?
Or Stratagems of War, or Schemes of State?
Doſt thou recal to Mind with Joy, or Grief,
Great *MARLBRO*'s Actions? That immortal
*Chief*,
Whoſe ſlighteſt Trophy rais'd in each Campaign,
More than ſuffic'd to ſignalize a Reign?

* The Name of his Lordſhip's SEAT in *Buckinghamſhire.*



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Does thy Remembrance riſing warm thy Heart,
With Glory paſt, where Thou thy ſelf hadſt Part,
Or doſt thou grieve indignant, now to ſee,
The fruitleſs End of all thy Victory?
To ſee th' Audacious Foe, ſo late ſubdu'd,
Diſpute thoſe Terms for which ſo long they ſu'd,
As if BRITANNIA now were ſunk ſo low,
To beg that PEACE ſhe wonted to beſtow,
Be far that Guilt! be never known that Shame!
That ENGLAND ſhou'd retract her *rightful Claim*,
Or ceaſing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her Pen the *Luſtre of her Sword.*
Or doſt thou give the Winds a-far to blow,
Each vexing-Thought, and Heart-devouring Woe,
And fix thy Mind alone on rural Scenes,
To turn the level'd Lawns to liquid Plains,
To raiſe the creeping Rills from humble Beds,
And force the latent Springs to lift their Heads,
On watry Columns, Capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing Curls with upper Air.
Or doſt Thou, weary grown, theſe Works neglect,
No Temples, Statues, Obelisks erect,
But catch the morning Breeze from fragrant Meads,
Or ſhun the Noon-tide Ray in wholſom Shades,

Or

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Or ſlowly walk, along the mazy Wood,
To meditate on all that's wiſe and good,
For Nature bountiful, in Thee has join'd,
A Perſon pleaſing with a worthy Mind,
Not given the Form alone, but Means, and Art,
To draw the Eye, or to allure the Heart.
Poor were the Praiſe in Fortune to excel,
Yet want the Way to uſe that Fortune well.
While thus adorn'd, while thus with Virtue crown'd,
At Home, in Peace; Abroad, in Arms renown'd;
Graceful in Form, and winning in Addreſs,
While well you think, what aptly you expreſs,
With Health, with Honour, with a fair Eſtate,
A Table free, and elegantly neat.
What can be added more to mortal Bliſs?
What can he want that ſtands poſſeſt of This?
What can the fondeſt wiſhing Mother more,
Of Heaven attentive for her Son implore?
And yet a *Happineſs* remains *unknown*,
Or to *Philoſophy* reveal'd *alone*;
A *Precept*, which unpractis'd renders vain,
Thy flowing Hopes, and Pleaſure turns to Pain.
Shou'd Hope, and Fear thy Heart alternate tear,
Or Love, or Hate, or Rage, or anxious Care,



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Whatever Paſſions may thy Mind infeſt,
(Where is that Mind which Paſſions ne'er moleſt?)
Amidſt the Pangs of ſuch inteſtine Strife,
Still *think the* PRESENT DAY, *the* LAST *of* LIFE;
Defer not till to *Morrow* to be *Wiſe*,
To *Morrow's* SUN, to *Thee* may never *riſe*.
Or ſhou'd to *Morrow* chance to cheer thy *Sight*,
With her enliv'ning and unlookt-for *Light*,
How grateful will appear her *dawning Rays!*
As Favours *unexpected* doubly *pleaſe*.
Who thus can think, and who ſuch Thoughts purſues,
Content may keep his Life, or calmly loſe:
All Proofs of this Thou may'ſt thy ſelf receive,
When Leiſure from Affairs will give thee Leave.
Come, ſee thy Friend, retir'd without Regret,
Forgetting Care, or ſtriving to forget;
In eaſy Contemplation ſoothing Time
With Morals much, and now and then with Rhime,
Not ſo robuſt in Body, as in Mind,
And always undejected, tho' declin'd;
Not wond'ring at the World's new wicked Ways,
Compar'd with thoſe of our Fore-fathers Days,

For

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For Virtue now is neither more or leſs,
And Vice is only vary'd in the Dreſs:
Believe it, *Men* have ever been the *ſame*,
And *Ovid*'s GOLDEN AGE, is but a *Dream*.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

THE

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THE TRUE

# COPY

OF AN

# *AFFIDAVIT,*

Made before one of His Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace for the City of *Weſtminſter*.

THAT *four* LADIES, whom the Deponent does not care to Name, repair nightly to a certain convenient Place, near St. *James*'s, to meet their GALLANTS of the firſt Rank; whom your Deponent will not Name, but ſo far deſcribe them, that *two* of

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of them are *Sallow*, and *two* of the *ruddy* Complexion; and that he verily believes, they were moſt abominably painted.

The LADIES when they begin their Gambols, call their GALLANTS by the fond Nick-names of *Hercules*, *Cupid*, *Pit*, and the *Gardiner*. After a plentiful Service of the moſt coſtly Fare, they begin their *Tricks* which they play like the *Tumblers* in *Bartholomew-Fair* upon a Carpet, *ſtrip is the Word*; nay, your Deponent has known them ſtrip a Gentleman who came accidently into the Houſe. At *firſt*, they begin pretty courtly, at leaſt in their Expreſſions, as, *Madam*, *by your leave*, or ſo; which the LADIES are ſo good as *ſeldom to deny*. Afterwards, it is ſhameful to deſcribe the *Tricks* that are play'd by this *lewd Pack*. By *an eſta-*

*bliſhed*

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*bliſhed Rule*, each *Lady* has the Choice of her *Gallant* in her *Turn*, and ſome have been known ſo unreaſonable, after they have had *Three*, to call for a *Fourth*. Your Deponent has ſeen a *Lady* on her *Back*, a *Man* o' Top of *her*, and a *Lady* o' Top of *him*; and he avers, it has been known, that a *Court Valet* has *ſtript them all*. Sometimes they are thrown on their *Backs*, ſometimes on their *Bellies* now higgledy piggledy, and anon, they are *all* o' Top of *one another*; and if *any one* is call'd upon, they are oblig'd *to ſhow* ALL. Of the ſame Nature is their Diſcourſe, your Deponent has often over-heard them talking of their *A——es*, with the ſame Familiarity as their *Faces*; *I have a Black* one, ſays one, and named the *Thing* directly; *mine is better than yours*, ſays the other,

and

and Names her *Thing*; *muſt I be laught at*; ſays a Third, *becauſe I have a red one*. There is *one monſtrous Thing* that your Deponent is almoſt aſhamed to mention; after *Six*, a *Lady* has asked *if they could do no more*; nay, a certain *Lady* has been known to play all the *Tricks over* by *her ſelf*. Your Deponent likewiſe avers, that he has full Proof, after the LADIES have been tired with their GALLANTS, they have called for *freſh ones*: In ſhort the aforeſaid LADIES, have not only, *ſpent their Pin-Money, but their Husband's Eſtates*, upon *Hercules*, *Cupid*, *Pit*, and the *Gardiner*, and when they want more Money, they commonly *Pawn* their *Jewels*, &c.

*Weſtminſter ſſ.*
*Jurat. Coram me*,
T. T.



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*P. S.* The above *Information* is a faithful Deſcription of the GAME of QUADRILLE, not to be *Litterally*, but *Allegorically*, underſtood.

THO. WOOLSTON.

*There is now in the Preſs,*

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